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FEBRUARY, 1947

The Ninth of March — *Eleanor T. Hughes*

Impatience — — — *Katherine M. Chisholm*

A Note On Franz Werfel's Poems —
Catherine M. Harkins

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THE NINTH OF MARCH

Eleanor T. Hughes, '48

THE rain fell in teeming sheets and lashed heavily against the pavement. The wind cut the darkness in flint like thrusts. The girl pulled her collar closer about her neck and tugged at the brim of her rain-soaked hat. Despite the driving rain her steps were leisurely, almost hesitating. She walked the length of the darkened block and crossed the deserted street. In the light of the street lamp, her regular features were pale and drawn. Her eyes were completely expressionless. She hesitated a minute longer, then lowered her head once more against the wind. She walked steadily until she came to a little park which was the center of the town. She stopped beside one of the benches which faced the main street. The heart of the little town was deserted. Directly across from the park the lights from within Jim's Place cast an uneven, blurred reflection on the streaming pavement. For a long time she stood completely motionless her eyes riveted to the lighted spot. Then as if driven she started in its direction. As she reached the curb the clock on the town hall struck the half hour. For a minute the sound seemed to panic her and she hesitated. She drew her hand across her wet face, then crossed the sidewalk. She opened the door and entered Jim's Place. Jim was not in his usual place behind the soda fountain. For that much she was thankful. She couldn't stand the look of pity that would spread on his kindly face at sight of her. Behind the counter a young, freckled faced boy was wiping and shining glasses.

"What'll it be lady?" He grinned across at her familiarly.

"Hot chocolate, please." Her voice sounded strange and unfamiliar in her ears.

She placed some change on the counter. He slid the drink across to her. She picked it up and made her way to the nearest booth. For the first time since she entered she looked around her. A young boy and a girl were the only other people in the place. They sat together in the booth farthest away from her. Their heads bent low over their drinks, they were oblivious to all about them. She slid silently into the booth. Idly she picked up the spoon and drew it aimlessly back and forth through the chocolate. She lifted the cup to her lips then put it down again, untouched. With an unconscious gesture she pushed it away from her and folded her elbows on the table. Her eyes stared unseeingly at the vacant bench opposite her.

The young couple meanwhile had strolled over to the silent Juke-Box. After a few minutes deliberation the girl pressed one of the buttons. She looked questioningly up at the boy. He nodded his head and pressed a nickel into the slot. A moment of silence followed as the record fell into place. Then the soft haunting strains of the Intermezzo filled the room. The young couple moved together and began to dance.

The girl in the booth seemed slowly to come to life. The empty stare left her eyes and for a moment they were very lovely. The Intermezzo! She had come back to this place tonight to be close to Joey. But the haunting tune brought him too close. She couldn't stand it. With a low strangled cry she rose and fled from the music. When she reached the sidewalk, she stopped. Her eyes darted wildly about her. Across the street the deserted park offered refuge. She ran

toward it. Like one dazed she dropped down on the nearest bench. Although it was only partly sheltered from the teeming rain yet she seemed unaware of it. Her eyes wandered aimlessly. Finally they came to rest on the patch of lighted pavement before Jim's Place. Once again they became riveted to it.

How very different this is, she thought, from the first time I ever entered Jim's Place. It had been during her first summer in Evans. She had just moved to the little town with her parents. She was seventeen then. Gay and pretty, she immediately became one of the crowd. At first, when not many people knew her by name they referred to her as the girl with the lovely eyes. Jim's Place had been, as it still is, the gathering place of the teen-age crowd. The first time she went there was on a hot, sticky July evening. She sat with a group of girls in the booth beside the blaring Juke-Box. Every booth in the place was filled. There were three or four couples dancing in the aisle. In the noisy, cheerful atmosphere she felt easy and relaxed. She gazed smilingly about her. It was then that she saw him. He had been staring at her, she never knew how long, and when he caught her eye he came toward her.

"Like to dance?" he asked in a low voice.

Without answering she rose and moved to meet him. His eyes looking down at her were slightly teasing.

"So you're Jeannie Clare, the new girl with the lovely eyes."

"How did you know my name?" she asked.

"I simply inquired," he answered, then added softly, "Your eyes are lovely."

She laughed back at him. He was not much older than she.

"I suppose you know who I am," he said.

"No, I don't" she murmured swaying gently with the music.

"You mean you haven't heard about Joey Masters, the rogue of Evans?" He rolled the "r" dramatically.

"Sorry," she grinned, "but I haven't."

"My dear girl," he bowed with a great flourish, "you are now dancing with him."

"Hello Joey Masters," she said softly.

"Hello Jeannie Clare," he murmured.

They danced in silence then. The music ended and he was gone. She would never forget that song, as she would never forget that night. The beautiful Intermezzo somehow belonged to the night her life really began.

The following evening she met him again at a party. The moment she entered the room she saw him. His dark well-shaped head towered over everybody in the room. Seeing her, he immediately came toward her. From that night on they were inseparable.

She was happy that summer, happier than she'd ever been in her life. She swam, and danced, and took long hikes and always at her side was Joey. He was never serious, and she realized it was impossible to make him so. She was recognized by everyone as Joey's girl and no other boy in town dared even to think of dating her. More than a few of them had come in contact with Joey's temper and they had no desire to thwart him again. The older people in the town marvelled at the effect she had on the boy. Some of them agreed that he'd outgrown his prankishness, but others claimed he'd have a bad streak in him until he died.

They entered their senior year together that fall. Then, for the first time Jeannie got a glimpse of another side of

Joey. In the classroom he acted completely bored. He refused to study and paid little heed to any teacher.

One afternoon in late fall Jeannie ran down the steps of the school, eager as always at the thought of meeting Joey. His familiar figure was nowhere about. She sat down to wait on one of the lower steps, confident he would never leave without her. After several minutes he bounded down the steps in back of her and strode past her with a long, angry stride. Startled she called after him. He didn't turn but kept up a quick unbroken pace. She ran until she caught up with him. He looked neither to the right nor left. He was puffing angrily on a cigarette.

"Joey, it's me. What's wrong?" He did not answer. "Joey, will you please slow down!" Her voice broke.

His pace slackened a little and he turned to her.

"You'd better go home by yourself tonight, Jeannie. I'm going for a long walk, alone." At the emphasis placed on the last word, her mounting anger turned to amazement.

"Joey, what's wrong?" she persisted.

He stopped short, threw the cigarette down and ground it slowly into the earth with his heel.

"I was called on the carpet today. They gave me a choice." He grinned sardonically, "Either settle down or get out."

"Well, you have to admit Joey, you did have it coming to you," she said. "Your whole attitude . . ."

"You too?" he broke in angrily. "I thought at least you understood me."

"I do, Joey," she answered quietly.

"Then can't you see, I can't be told what to do and how to do it at every turn, I want to do the things I like, go where I . . ." He stopped. "Oh what's the use, Jeannie? You'd better go home. I'll see you tomorrow." He turned

and walked off in the opposite direction without another word.

He remained in school but the change in him was slight. She never mentioned the subject to him again. The remainder of the school year passed smoothly and they graduated that June.

Like the majority of the graduates Jean registered for the fall term at the University, which was located in the next town. To the surprise of his parents and teachers alike, Joey announced his intention to register also.

Jean noticed a new restlessness about him that summer. They did all the usual things, went to all the usual places but his enthusiasm seemed a little forced. She was deeply in love with him by now. She pretended to notice no change in him.

It came as a shock to her the day he told her he was not going back to the University.

It was a hot lazy day in early September. They had been canoeing. Joey suddenly turned the canoe toward the bank and edged it into the shade of the overhanging trees. He dipped the paddle in and out of the water idly. With his back still toward her he said:

"I'm not going back to the University."

Her voice was incredulous, "But Joey, why? You've been doing so well these past two years."

"Have I?" he asked. "That's funny, because I've hated every minute of it. There's only one reason I went there and only one reason I stuck it out as long as I did. That's you, Jeannie. But even for you I couldn't go back there this year."

"What do you want, Joey? I mean really want?" she asked.

"I want to get out of here, Jeannie. Out of Evans, where

I can make real money. I want to be free to live a big and easy life." His voice rose in his excitement and his face was slightly flushed.

She stared at him as if seeing him for the first time.

"Where would you go, Joey?" she asked.

"Some big city," he answered. "It doesn't make much difference which one. Chicago maybe."

"When do you think you'll go?" Her voice was very low.

He didn't answer but sat looking across at her. He knew he'd hurt her. Suddenly he reached over and took her hand and the old gentleness came back into his eyes.

"I want to marry you Jeannie, you know that. But it wouldn't be fair to you now. I can't ask you until I can give you the best that money can buy."

"I'm not asking for that kind of 'best', Joey," she said simply.

He let go of her hand and she repeated her question. "When are you going, will it be soon?"

"No, not right away. At least not until after Christmas."

She nodded slowly, her eyes searching his face. He hesitated then turned and dipped the paddle into the water. The canoe glided out onto the lake. She was the first to break the silence.

"Joey, please take me home."

He nodded without turning. With a quick deliberate stroke he headed for shore.

She saw very little of him during the next few months. He was working at odd jobs that took up most of his time. She studied harder and read hours on end to occupy her mind. By the time the Christmas holidays arrived she was tired, mentally and physically. She could not push the thought of Joey's going away from her mind. It was there

night and day. She was a little resigned to it when it did come, as a result.

From the first year they'd known each other they had spent Christmas Eve together. It was a special ceremony of their own to walk out into the country and to see a huge fir tree on the edge of the woods. They had discovered it once on one of their long hikes together. They were both struck by the air of aloofness that hung about it. They agreed to come each Christmas Eve and decorate one of its branches.

This year as usual they followed the road that led out of town. Neither of them talked very much. The countryside was very beautiful. Snow lay in thick white mounds on either side of the road. The air was crystal clear. They left the road and plowed through the snowy fields side by side. They stopped before a huge tree that stood alone. Its branches were heavily laden with snow. Joey shook one of the lowest boughs free of its white burden and held it down as Jeannie wound a string of silvery tinsel about the branches. Somehow the ceremony seemed sad tonight. Their usual laughter and easy chatter was missing. When they were finished Jeannie turned toward Joey. She put her hands on his shoulders, reached up and kissed him. For a moment he held her. Then she drew away.

"I'm leaving tomorrow night, Jeannie," he said.

"Does it have to be so soon? Can't you wait until after the holidays, Joey?"

"I'm sorry Jeannie, but I can't. It's all settled. I'm leaving on the midnight train for Chicago."

She sighed. "Then this is good-bye, Joey?"

He reached for her hand and drew her to him. For a moment he was silent, then he laughed.

"Don't sound so tragic, darling. I'll be back. And I'll write often. I'll miss you Jeannie, more than anyone in the world. I'll miss you. Write me, please. Promise?"

Her voice was very low. "I promise, Joey." She smiled. "Shall we go back now?"

He nodded and they started back across the fields. When they reached the road snow was falling gently.

Joey left the following night. She heard from him regularly and he seemed happy. He was never out of her thoughts.

Late that spring his father died and he came home for the funeral. With him was a man whom he introduced as a friend of his from Chicago. He called him Rocky. Jean immediately disliked him. Joey seemed overjoyed to see her but she sensed his restlessness to be gone again. He said very little about his work in Chicago and when she asked him, he evaded replies. She pretended not to notice.

He left within a month, Rocky with him. He continued to write at regular intervals but his letters were very trivial. They told her nothing about his work.

She missed him very much that summer. They had always been happiest and closest during the summertime. It passed quickly, however, as did the autumn that followed it. She was a senior at the University now and her studies took up most of her time. Christmas Eve she received a lovely gift from Joey and she took the long walk to their tree by herself. She spent much of her time alone now. She sought out no new friends. People thought it a pity, she was such a pretty girl and could be so popular. But she seemed happy.

The months passed quickly and the letters came regularly from Chicago. That June she sent Joey an invitation to her graduation. She hoped with all her heart that he would

come. A week before graduation day, she received a beautiful string of pearls but with them came an apology. He sent all his love but it was impossible for him to come. The words of the letter blurred before her eyes. Graduation day lost all its glitter and became just another ordinary day.

At the back of her mind for a long time now had been the desire to leave Evans. She had become very much interested in writing at college and she felt she had a better chance to advance in this line of work in a larger city. She hated to have to leave the little town for she had grown to love it. Yet with Joey gone from it there was nothing to hold her here.

The State Capitol was located about fifty miles from Evans and she decided to try this first. She visited it several times and made the rounds of all the leading magazine offices. Her appearance and intelligence made a good impression and after a short while she secured a position on a small but exclusive fashion magazine. She found a small two-room apartment which suited her perfectly. It was bright and sunny and located in a good neighborhood.

She wrote in detail to Joey. She sent him her new address. He wrote a long letter congratulating her warmly on her move. As usual he said very little about himself and nothing about his work.

She became intensely absorbed in her work and advanced steadily. Outside of it Joey's letters were her only other interest. Eagerly she looked forward to getting one and when there was none waiting for her "the leaves fell from the day."

Joey had occasionally mentioned Rocky in his letters and it gave her an uneasy feeling. She still remembered his hard,

cold eyes and the way Joey had looked at him, almost as if he were afraid of him.

It was almost a year now since she'd seen Joey. His letters came less regularly and each one was shorter than the previous one. Then for a whole month she received none. She continued to write but as the days went by she became more desperate. Her letters begged for an answer. Finally a letter came. It allayed all her fears. He was coming to see her the following Friday night. She drifted through the week. She hadn't felt so happy for a very long time.

She was ready hours ahead of time Friday night. At the sound of the bell she moved toward the door then stopped before the mirror to regain her composure. Her reflection was very lovely. It gave her a little self-confidence. She moved to the door and swung it wide. Her eyes lit up with happiness at the sight of him. Then the light slowly died. Standing just behind Joey was Rocky.

Joey seized both her hands and moved towards her.

"Jeannie you look beautiful. How are you?"

"Fine, Joey, just fine. You look wonderful yourself."

Her greeting was strained. Her throat ached. She thought how different it was from the one she'd planned for so long. She looked resentfully at the man standing behind Joey.

"Won't you come in?" Her voice was politely cool. She stepped aside and the two men entered the room.

Gazing across the dinner table at Joey that night she realized with a shock how much older he looked. Beneath the bright lights of the smart supper club he looked very tired. She could see he was under a strain but she determined not to ruin the evening with a lot of questions. He looked prosperous enough she thought. His light gabardine suit was impeccably tailored and fit smoothly across his straight

broad shoulders. The light topcoat slung carelessly over the back of an empty chair displayed the label of one of Chicago's most exclusive clothiers.

Rocky was not with Joey that night and their conversation flowed free and easy, reminiscent of the old days. They stopped at three of the city's gayest and most extravagant night clubs. Joey spent money lavishly determined to show her a good time. It was very late when they arrived back at her apartment. At her door Jeannie asked, "Will you be here tomorrow, Joey?"

He shook his head, "No, Jeannie, we're going back on the early morning train."

"Joey, why did Rocky come with you?"

He shifted uneasily beneath her gaze. He didn't answer.

"Are you in some kind of trouble, Joey? Is he holding something over you?"

His answer was too quick.

"Of course not. Why do you ask that?"

"It seems rather odd . . ." she began.

He broke in irritable. "He's a friend of mine, that's all. He came along to keep me company. That's a long train ride from Chicago."

She saw he was annoyed. She changed the subject.

"It's been wonderful tonight, Joey. If only you could come more often."

He smiled and drew her closer. "I'll try, Jeannie. You don't know how hard it is not seeing you." He bent his head and kissed her. Close to her ear he whispered, "I love you Jeannie, never forget that." He released her then, turned and went swiftly down the stairs. That was the last time she was ever to see Joey.

Her days slipped back into their normal routine. Her

work kept her busy. She went out occasionally to the theater or dinner with some of the other girls on the staff. Outside of that her social life was very limited. At night she worked about her apartment. Later in the evening she would settle down with a book, or write letters, the radio turned very low beside her. She rarely listened to anything but music. Unconsciously she would turn the dial drowning out announcements with more music.

One night in late summer she stayed up far beyond her usual hour. The heat was stifling. She made no attempt to sleep. She felt too restless to read. Crossing to her writing table she drew out Joey's last letter. It was more than a week since she'd received it. She glanced through it again. It bore the marks of a hasty writer. She could almost sense the nervous tension it must have been written under. She had already answered it but she decided to write again. Turning the radio lower she settled herself behind the table. She wrote steadily for several minutes before she became aware of the voice on the radio. The music had stopped. Out of habit she reached over to turn the dial. As she leaned closer some of the speech caught her ear and instead of turning it off, she turned the radio louder. The words of the announcer filled the room, he was repeating slowly:

"At eleven o'clock tonight one of the worst hold-up crimes in the history of the city of Chicago took place. In a bold attempt to rob the Third Street National Bank an armed band shot and killed two guards and fatally wounded a policeman who answered the alarm. It is believed there were five men in the gang. One of them was wounded and left unconscious. The other four escaped. The wounded man has been identified as Joey Masters, 24, believed to be a member of the Rocky . . ."

Jeannie heard no more. A slow numbness crept over her. It froze her heart within her. She couldn't speak. For a long time she sat motionless then slowly she crumpled to the floor.

The weeks that followed were filled with horror for Jeannie. She remembered little of her trip to Chicago. Joey was under police guard at the hospital. It was impossible to see him.

Evidence piled up against Rocky's gang and they were taken into custody. She remained in Chicago all during the trial which followed. Each day she went to the courthouse but spectators were forbidden to attend the trial. She stood outside the courtroom for hours straining for every bit of news. She never even got a glimpse of Joey. Each night she went wearily back to her hotel room, scanning the papers for more news of the trial.

She stood in her usual place in the corridor, pale from lack of sleep. It was the sixth day of the trial. Suddenly the door of the courtroom burst open and two men hustled through on their way to the phones. One of them shouted to the policeman on guard:

"Hey Mac, it's over. Yeh, the whole gang got it. Murder in the first degree. Sentenced to die March 9th at midnight."

The policeman nodded satisfied.

"Got just what they deserved, every one of them."

He reeled as a girl, sobbing wildly, stumbled against him and ran toward the street.

Every attempt to see Joey now, she knew, would be futile. Nothing mattered to her now. The months passed slowly. Each day that brought March closer saw a part of her die. A longing to go back to Evans grew in her mind as the weeks passed. She fought the desire. The little town was

so closely knit with her memories of Joey she knew it would be torture to return. But the feeling grew until it became too strong for her. She knew she had to go back once more.

The girl huddled on the park bench started suddenly as a hand touched her shoulder. Her eyes darted from the lighted patch of pavement opposite her.

"Here, Miss, you can't sit there in this pouring rain, why you'll catch your . . ." The kindly voice trailed off. The big policeman bent and peered into her face.

"Why it's you, Miss Jeannie." His voice was unbelieving.

She looked blankly at his face. Then she seemed to recognize him. She answered dully, "Yes, it's me, Mike. I've come back to Evans, but just for a while." Her voice broke.

Pity flooded his broad face.

"But you shouldn't be sittin' . . ."

She broke in, her voice steady again.

"Mike, do you know what day in March this is?"

"Why yes, Miss Jeannie, it's the ninth, the ninth of March." He stopped. The realization of what he said slowly crept over him.

The girl rose slowly to her feet. Her voice scarcely a whisper, she repeated, "The ninth of March." She added very low, "Can I ever forget it?"

For a brief moment she turned to the stricken man. The ghost of a smile lit her eyes. Then she turned and walked slowly toward the street. As she reached the curb the clock on the town hall began to strike the hour of midnight. She paused. Each stroke cut into her like a sharp knife. In the silence that followed she slowly raised her head and looked up at the sky above the little town. The falling rain mingled with the tears that streamed silently from her lovely eyes. She crossed the street and walked on into the darkness.

IMPATIENCE

Katherine M. Chisholm, '48

Oh why does not the future race to me
With swift, unerring steps so that I may
Fulfill the dreams I've dreamed? I want to see
The present slip its grasp and pass away.
My heart is in the future, and my dreams,
My dreams have long been there; and that is why
The present so enthralling always seems—
A living, breathing, soul-bestirring sigh.
But I should not regret slow-passing years,
For future days will soon enough be mine,
And dreams fulfilled will then converge with tears
To trace my life's indefinite faint line.
For dreams can never be fulfilled at all
Unless the curtains of the present fall.

STRATEGY

Margaret C. Federico, '48

Against my love you built a barricade
High-walled and strong,
A fortress impregnable to love's light song.
Yet I'll not come to storm and batter at your heart,
Or soldier like search out a vulnerable part.
But like tides lapping against the beaches
Of a sea town,
I shall return again and yet again,
And with persistent tenderness
Will wear your fortress down.

A NOTE ON FRANZ WERFEL'S POEMS

Catherine M. Harkins, '47

I am profoundly grateful to Mrs. Edith Abercrombie Snow for her years of unrelenting struggle with my poems, many of which are not easily accessible even in their native tongue. . . . I am deeply conscious of the fact that Mrs. Snow was the first to give the Anglo-American public access to that part of my life-work which I myself regard as the most important.

FROM Franz Werfel's foreword we may expect to find in this collection cryptic, challenging poems presenting the essence of his philosophy and fragments of his biography. In this first compilation of her skillful translations, Mrs. Snow has included selections which are lyric in character, some more intense than others, all fraught with hidden meaning, all poignant, compelling, defiant of a cursory reading.

Werfel's themes are those common to poetry: nature, childhood, and old age, the good life, death, relations between God and man, with the interpolation of a less common theme, the heartache of the refugee, the wretchedness of a persecuted Jew. The general interpretation is somewhat hampered by the omission of dates, but by proceeding on the supposition that the poems are in chronological order, we can discern the emphasis in change in Werfel, a naturally virtuous man to a supernaturally virtuous man, not yet blessed with complete Faith.

His early nature poems are graphic presentations of the succession of the seasons, with the persistent analogous idea

of the inevitable, regrettable waning of life. The later nature poems enlarge the application of nature and transfer it from creature to Creator: every beauty thrills through Werfel "as surest proof of God." The contrast between childhood and old age, between joy and despair becomes a serene acceptance of finiteness.

"My Father, I am ready, should'st Thou call."

From the gratification accompanying a good deed of the natural order Werfel advances to an ennobled humility in recognizing a Divine primacy and conceding it.

"I'd stand with how and penance-speech
Before the every-out-of reach."

In analyzing the "supreme kinship" of death, Werfel's frightened, ingratiating attitude of finality:

"Oh pity the dead! We shall soon be among them"

is supplanted by fervent Christian prayers for death-bed consolations and for eternal life:

"Dona eis requiem . . .
Et lux perpetua luceat eis."

After a timid approach to Christ, "that envoy from a better sphere," Werfel narrates unorthodoxly, Christ's magnanimity in assuming the debts of mankind.

"My Father, Thou, if Thou my Father be." Gradually his religious poems to God the Father become ardent pleas for divine aid for purity of life, for mercy, for submission:

"And what I *think, think, Father*
Thou, through me!"

The most touching poems, interspersed toward the end, are the pathetic whimperings of the outcast, the Jewish refugee:

"You folk of the earth, in my breast
Stirs the permanence you manifest,
I, myself, without folk, without land,
Now bury my face in my hand."

He tries to abate the wrath of his scourgers:

" 'I have done nothing wrong' I scream aloud,
'Except I spoke in your own tongue, *my* tongue'."

Werfel, "a house that yesterday

"Unwitting stood, is being razed,"

finds refuge in the paternity of God,

". . . and as I moan,
Into His open Father-hand I've flown."

The progression from the aura of natural virtue to supernatural virtue is not constant. Some poems evidence a retrogression bordering on despair; however, in the series presented by Mrs. Snow, the recovery is usually immediate. Werfel's "search in darkness" for "the gleam of truth" within himself accounts for the obscurity of some poems, for the flashes of the exaltation of discovery in others, for the intellectual pain and unrest enveloping all.

"I am myself only in my poetry," claims Werfel, and through the medium of exquisite verse he reveals himself to be sensitive, charitable, devout, patient, reverent, humble, resigned, Faith-ward. Although the volume leaves the reader with a provoking sense of incompleteness, much credit is due Mrs. Snow for arranging a compilation of only forty-nine poems which so aptly indicate why the poet could assure himself of a mortal eternity:

"So we lift up a song and lift ourselves up,
Arias, blessed, we flutter about,
And hang in the hearts of the mortal ones,
And draw out the eternal tears.
Tear-drop, planet so clear! Here do we live,
Live here in grace, are nothing but song."

VALUE

Sarah W. Rollins, '48

A common book should be a worthy thing,
Consisting of the pages which may fill
Between the front and back as covering.

Among them sometimes is the value nil.
They pride themselves upon the author's name,
Instead of theme, material, or skill.

A common life attempts to be the same,
With years that time so quickly can dismiss,
Between birth's setting-forth and death's sure claim.

How often in our judgments we may miss,
Concluding wrong, determining the worth
Of many by who he is, not what he is.

STRUGGLE

Grace Joan O'Neill, '47

SOMETIMES life seemed like a vast, unending chasm of fear. A chasm from which there seemed no escape; an all-enveloping, horrible thing, filled with the breath of despair, an uneasy breath of despair born of the confusion and indecision of youth.

Andrea Royal stiffened suddenly and wondered when this labyrinth of disorder would disappear from her mind. A chill passed up and down her spine and she clasped her coat together around her neck, quickened her step. The wind was cold and brisk, although the autumn sun was pouring its warmth into the corners of the day. Andrea watched her fellow students walking back and forth from class, laughing, planning. It must be nice to have something to plan for. She sighed and the old feeling of frustration came back. Why was it? When would it end?

She smiled as she passed a dilapidated old car, painted yellow and black, labeled "Euphoria, II". Probably worth about twenty-five dollars, she thought, peering into the empty space that should have held an entire motor. Some girl, however, gets a big kick out of this car; warns him every time he picks her up in it that if he doesn't get something decent to take her out in, she won't be available much longer. It must be fun, she thought.

"Hey, bright eyes, hurry up. It's almost time for the prison doors to open!" Chris Halliday was pulling Andrea toward Chisholm School. "Say, kid, what did you think of that accounting? Godfrey, I was up half the night doing

it. Of course Davie did call and we talked for, well, a few minutes, but that stuff was really gruesome. Well, say something, darling. Don't just stand there. Agree with me." Chris was slightly intoxicating; she had that freshness and sparkle that old people talk about and some try desperately to hang onto.

"I would say something if given the chance," Andrea smiled. She didn't have Chris' flashing smile. Hers was slow and easy but just as beautiful.

Chris was about the only one with whom Andrea could feel at ease. Chris treated her as if she were just as good looking, just as popular as she.

"Enough said, chum. Listen, to get down to business, Davie wants us to go to the game Saturday, then dinner, and dancing. He's bringing his roommate. I told him we'd love it."

A look of panic flashed across Andrea's face. "Oh, no, Chris! I can't. You know I can't." The pain of embarrassment painted her face a deep crimson.

"And why not? For heaven's sake, Andrea, I'm getting slightly fed up with you, to say the least. You're just as good looking as the next, only you want me to keep telling you every minute. Why don't you forget yourself and enjoy life?"

"That's easy enough to say. What's the advertisement? 'She's lovely, she uses Pond's.' " Cynicism didn't become Andrea.

"I don't know what I can say to convince you, Andrea, that your face is not the mess you think it is. What else can I say?"

"You think it's such a little matter, not important."

Chris pulled a strand of Andrea's hair tenderly. "I know

it is important to you, honey. And I know what a big thing it must be in your own mind. But I wouldn't lie to you. Your face doesn't spoil your appearance, Andrea. Not at all. Why, you've got more than enough good points to make up for it. You're tall and sleek looking, you have lovely features, and," she added sweetly, "such a nice, warm heart."

"I honestly wish I could go with you, Chris. But I'm afraid. I'd only be miserable. And spoil it for you and Dave. Remember the last time?"

"I won't take no for an answer, my pet. I'll give you until noon to tell me. Then I'm going to tell him yes anyway." And she gave Andrea a gentle push down the stairway leading to the lockers of Chisholm School. . . .

* * *

The accounting class dragged on, then typing, then shorthand.

"Miss Royal. Kindly read me what you have taken in shorthand." Miss Cross was a mannish looking woman of about forty-five. Her hair was cut in a boyish bob and her thin, practically shapeless body was garbed in an unbecoming dark, conservative tweed suit.

Andrea felt her hands getting moist and a feeling of utter panic seized her. This is ridiculous, she told herself. Every girl in this room is my friend, yet I can't get up and read a paragraph of transcription. What's the matter with me? She wanted the earth to open up and swallow her. Her heart was beating loudly and little beads of perspiration were forming on her brow.

The raspy voice of Miss Cross was persistent. "Miss Royal!" Andrea hurried to her feet, stumbled through the transcription, then sank to her seat. Her legs were trembling

with weakness. When would this awful inferior feeling leave her? It was making her dread the actual routine of living.

After the shorthand class was over, sitting in the reception room at Chisholm, Andrea thought what an agonizing experience school was for her. Would it be better to leave and get a job somewhere? But then, the same thing would happen. She'd build a little wall around herself wherever she'd go. Other girls had such a nice life. School had its place in it, but the social life was the main thing. Dances, parties—why did she have to sit at home while everybody else was having a good time? Who would ever ask her for a date, once having seen her face? Every time a boy looked at her she cringed inwardly. There are other kinds of torture besides the physical. Who knows what the next person feels, is going through? The words she had so often heard kept racing through her mind—"She'd be such a lovely girl, only for her face."

Chris awakened her out of the morbid mood with a gay, "Come on, darling, get your coat. We're going over to the Campus for lunch today."

"No thanks, Chris. I've got a lot of shorthand to catch up on."

"I said you're coming. We can talk about Saturday over there." She tugged gently at Andrea's sweater, persuading her to her feet and on the way to the door.

The Campus was the favorite haunt of the college crowd. They came to hash and rehash remarks about professors, exams, dates, sports, everything; everything that belonged to those four, precious, soon-to-be-regretted years of college life. Andrea and Chris made a pretty picture, walking casually along; Chris in a dark coat slung carelessly over her shoulders, Andrea in a white coat contrasting her dark

coloring. Chris waved to a group of young people driving by, one of whom stuck her head out of the car window and shouted, "Hey, Chris. You're one and only is waiting for you in the Campus."

Andrea clutched Chris' arm nervously. "Chris, why didn't you tell me they were going to be here today?"

"And what would you have done if I did?"

"I would have, I, oh, worn something else."

"You know that isn't what you're thinking. If I told you they were going to be here you'd never come over."

"What a shabby trick, Chris."

"Yes, and it's the only way to break you of that stupid complex or whatever it is that's got a hold on you. Meet him now and everything will be fine for Saturday."

"There'll probably be no date for me Saturday after he sees me now."

Allan Hall was tall, blond, good-looking. He played football. He was the type of fellow every girl at Chisholm would give anything to have a date with. The strains of "Melancholy Baby" were echoing their way through the smoke-filled air of the Campus. Davie Bennett was his usual self; personality personified. He seemed to have that unending, gay, wisecracking way that wears one out. Chris was madly infatuated with him. He soon took her off to another booth.

Andrea felt awkward with this handsome stranger, this Allan Hall. What would she say to him? She wished he were sitting on the other side of her. She avoided looking at him.

"Are you afraid of me or am I that hard to take?" His eyes were laughing. Something about his voice was kind.

"Afraid of you? For heaven's sakes, why?" She was trying to be flip and gay like Chris.

He reached over and placed his hand under her face. "Look at me, Andrea. Look at me the way I'm looking at you. And see me, the way I see you."

She tried to move away from him, her face clouded with embarrassment.

"No, don't. I see a beautiful girl, with a beautiful mark on her face, keeping the real beauty hidden, not for everyone to see."

A flood of mixed emotions surged through her. I see a beautiful girl, he said, a beautiful girl. It didn't make him ill to look at her. He didn't feel sorry for her; she wasn't repulsive to him. Oh, thank you, thank you, Allan Hall. She tried not to show her gladness but the tears were almost flowing.

"Do you really think so?"

He was less serious now. "Certainly. I wouldn't have said so if I didn't mean it. I like your face and that's all there is to it. In fact, I'd like to see more of it." He grinned sheepishly. "A lot more of it."

The ice was broken. Oh, glorious life; probably a half hour since it was cold and empty. An unexplainable lightness played around her heart. She relaxed and talked to him, the way she knew secretly she would talk to him when she met him, but never dared to hope.

Soon it was time to go back to school for the next class. The boys drove them back with a last word about the Saturday date. The afternoon flew by. Andrea heard practically nothing that the professors were saying. They moved, gestured, but nothing they said registered. She was living in a wild, reckless, wonderful dream; all she could hear coming from the professor's lips was Allan's voice.

The game was close Saturday. Benton won by a touch-

down scored almost at the closing minutes. Allan did a wonderful piece of blocking and Andrea was proud to be in the stands to cheer him on. The day was cold and clear—a perfect fotoball day. The night was even better, but it passed too quickly.

After that, Allan and Andrea became a familiar phrase. He took her everywhere, showed her off. He was proud of her, of her face. She began to feel as though she were losing some of the old pent-up feeling of strain and it was almost as though she were losing the thing she thought she had been cursed with. But it wasn't a curse—it was a means of finding Allan.

One day he told her he was going away. That day she thought her whole existence was wrenched from her. He was pre-med and had the opportunity to go to Paris to study. It was the opportunity of a lifetime. She would not keep him from it. They would be separated two years. This new, wonderful treasure she had just found was leaving her.

"Two years' separation should make our love stronger, make us ready for the life we're going to share forever, Andrea." He could make her see things clearly. "You've been living in a little glass cage for a long time. Now you've got to get out of it. Chris says you have a remarkable flair for writing. Why didn't you tell me? Don't you care enough to tell me those things?"

Andrea was hurt. "Care enough. Oh, Allan, if you only knew just how much I do care, you wouldn't say that to me. I never felt that anything I did was so remarkable that I should go around telling people."

"I want you to develop yourself completely. Write, try to sell your work. You'll never succeed, Andrea, unless you

try. Go out and enjoy yourself. See if your love for me can stand that sort of a test."

"You know it can, Allan. That's why I don't have any desire to do anything, or be anywhere but with you."

"Then do what I want. And write to me. Write to me every day."

"Every single day, Allan. . . ."

* * *

"Good morning, Miss Royal. Beautiful day, isn't it?" The middle-aged receptionist spoke her regular greeting. Andrea murmured a response as she signed her name in the book provided for the hospital's volunteer workers. She turned away, up the stairs toward the dressing rooms, where she changed into a white uniform. What a farce, this volunteer work. She combed her hair and looked carefully in the mirror at her face. She smiled cynically as she thought that now she looked more like a model than a volunteer worker at a hospital.

A door opened forcefully and the big hulk of Mrs. Van Druten forced its way in. Her fast diminishing hair was tinted its usual bright blue and her flabby, thick set face was heavily painted.

"Hello, darling. How are you today? My, such a nasty, rainy day. I did so want to stay in bed, but I just made myself come to work." She ranted on about her house, her servants, jewels, and the great work she was doing for the hospital. She's certainly a disgusting sight, Andrea thought. A perfect example of the idle rich. Yet, how ironic that she was trying to join the ranks. Less than six months ago Mrs. Van Druten would pass her without as much as a nod. Less than six months ago her face was marked. Less than

six months ago she was no one. Today she is the author of the current best-seller.

The hospital routine rounded itself out; feeding children, polio cases, in ward five, helping in the laundry, and assisting Mrs. Carr in her administration of the whole service.

A call came for her as she was on duty in the children's ward.

"Darling, hello. I've got good news for you. You have just sold another new book. Dwight says you'll net a cool ten thousand on this one."

Andrea was glad. "How can I thank you, Chris? You're the best agent a girl ever had."

"Is that what I am? I had to get in on this affair somehow, didn't I? I only wish I could be the glamorous authoress of the day that you are. Come on over tonight. I want you to meet Dwight. He's in town until midnight, then he's got to get back to Washington."

"I'd love to Chris, but I can't. I've got a lot of work to do and then I've got to stop off at the hospital later on this evening."

"It's been a long time since I've heard you make a lame excuse like that, my sweet."

"I guess I'm not being very nice. All right, I'll come, Chris."

* * *

"Dwight, darling, this is Andrea; my very own Andrea." Chris was smiling up into Dwight's face.

A very fascinating young man stepped forward. "I knew somehow that you must be lovely. You could never write the way you do and be otherwise," said Dwight Carson.

Andrea was flattered. She colored a little. "Thank you,

Mr. Carson, for that terrifice piece of, what shall we call it, campaigning?"

"Ah, but that came from the heart, Miss Royal."

Chris' smile was too gay. "Let's forget formalities. Even though you two have never met you know each other very well. Let's not pretend now."

This Dwight Carson certainly fulfilled all that Chris had said about him. Did he really think she was lovely? It was difficult to believe people now when they paid her compliments. It was very hard to get out of the old ways. Plastic surgery could change the appearance. It took more than that to change a person.

"So you think I'm campaigning when I tell you you're lovely, Andrea?"

"Hey, now. I'm getting a bit upset here." Chris was trying, but couldn't be quite convincing enough. "All these compliments flying around and me just looking on." Her mouth was laughing but her eyes weren't. "Let's go into dinner, shall we?"

During the dinner Chris was just as sweet as always, but probably a little more possessive than usual with Dwight. He noticed it.

"Tell us about your plans for the next election, dear?"

"I've no plans as yet, Chris. Everything is in the embryo stage at this point."

The conversation revolved around Dwight and his activities until the end of dinner, when Andrea announced that she had to leave. Chris did not urge her to stay.

"Break up my dinner party, for all I care. Go ahead." But Chris was smiling.

"May I drive you home, Andrea? I've got to take care

of a few things myself before I catch the plane back to Washington."

"Andrea probably brought her own car, Dwight."

"As a matter of fact, I didn't. I took a taxi out here."

"Then drive her by all means, Dwight." Chris' resentment was beginning to show. She actually was jealous. Andrea never thought she would see the time when Chris Halliday, the beautiful Chris Halliday, would be jealous of her.

"Call you tomorrow, darling."

Andrea was apologetic. "I hate to run out on you like this, Chris. But I really do have to get back to the hospital."

"I know you do, darling. It was unthinkably selfish of me to invite you over here. I wish I hadn't." Her words came more forcefully than she meant.

The drive to the hospital wasn't long. Andrea kept thinking to herself, I can't actually believe that this is I, sitting here beside the famous Dwight Carson. Life certainly was wonderful now, except when she didn't think of Allan and her responsibility to him. Ever since she had been operated on, her need for Allan's letters, his words of encouragement seemed less and less important.

She let that disturbing thought ebb slowly from her mind and concentrated on her amazement that such a wonderful person, so young and handsome, would be interested in her. Oh, he was interested in her. She sensed it in his voice, the way he looked at her. People said that some day he would be in the White House. Andrea felt as though she had been reborn, that the old fear would never come back. For the first time, she felt like a woman, confident in her powers as a woman.

They talked politics, the school days that were now be-

hind them both, they found they had the same likes and dislikes.

"I like you Andrea. I enjoy talking to you. You're intelligent. And your vocabulary doesn't stop at 'darling'. Your mind isn't on clothes and your pretty face." He was making no attempt to hide his admiration.

They began to see each other constantly, from Washington to Boston and back again. The newspapers printed the pictures of the beautiful young novelist and the handsome young politician. What a perfect pair. Allan's face became more obscure as time went on. Andrea's last thoughts at night were of Dwight, not Allan, as they had been for so long. Her excuses to him for not writing were hollow and empty ones like "I'm terribly busy, darling, with women's clubs and teas and so forth." She'd have to be careful not to say darling so much. Dwight didn't like it. It sounded cold and empty and dry.

On a rainy afternoon in December, Andrea was waiting for Dwight to call in her newly decorated, expensive apartment on Beacon Street in Boston. Glancing in the mirror she joyed to behold herself. She wore a pale gold satin dress, long and simple and shimmering. Sophisticated was the word. As sophisticated as Dwight Carson.

Andrea thought, I wish the sun would come out; this is the kind of a day for a good crying spell and I'll spoil my mascara if I cry. She played a few records at random to waste time. "Melancholy Baby" was among them. Andrea stood motionless in the middle of the room. An odd, long-unfelt feeling captured her. Certainly she was old enough not to feel like a silly schoolgirl now. She could now make up her mind about Allan. She would write and tell him that she had found someone else. Someone who loved her

and who would probably ask her to marry him. After all, Allan had suggested that she go out. He had said to stop living in her glass cage.

The bell rang. It was the mail delivery. A letter post-marked Paris! Poor Allan! He wrote so faithfully despite his terrific amount of studying. She felt a little guilty as she tore the letter open. She read:

"My darling,

You have possessed my thoughts in a new way, every moment, since last Saturday evening. Of course, you are always in my thoughts, but since Saturday it's your voice, you, all the time. I want to feel your cheek against mine, your hand in mine, the very loveliness of you near me.

I have been studying very hard trying to make the time go quicker. Every day brings me that much nearer you. I know you feel the same way.

I've got something to tell you. I'm very proud of it and I know you will be. Last Saturday some of my fellow students and I went out for an evening of entertainment, to a little French village. On the way we were stopped and asked for help for a woman about to give birth to her first baby. The husband was frantic, and, not even knowing then that we were doctors, asked us to help. The fellows elected me. Everything went along smoothly. It was a little girl. They asked me to select a name for her and I'm calling her Andrea. She's really my little girl, you see. That is, until we have one of our very own. I'm her godfather. I've been to see her twice. Every time I see her I think of you. I think she even looks like you. She has a mop of dark curly hair, your expression. All that is missing is that beautiful mark. I wouldn't want her to have it. It is yours and yours alone."

Andrea wiped her eyes carelessly, forgetting the mascara. The telephone rang. It was Dwight, saying he was coming upstairs.

"Come up, Dwight. I've something to tell you about Allan and me." And she smiled through her tears.

SONG FOR THE SECOND CHILD

Laure E. Thibert, '47

Only a bud
Unoped before:
Never this rose.
'Tenderest twig
Unbowed before:
Now the wind blows.

Butterfly wings
Untried before:
Now soaring high.
Hesitant star
Unseen before:
No longer shy.

Only a tune
Unsung before:
Never this rhapsody!
I did not dream,
Dear Second One,
Such love could be.

KATHY'S CLUE

Alice T. Carew, '48

AMID the pink feathers and lacy veiling of the hat, snuggled a revolver. Kathy, suppressing a little gasp, gingerly replaced the hat in its box. She shut the lid tightly as though she thought the gun would jump out at any moment. Still shaking with fright, Kathy leaned on the counter for support. This was more than she had bargained for when she had stolen an innocent peek into the imposing hat box. Vividly, the events of the past few hours flashed through her mind.

* * *

"Something sophisticated, but not extreme," Kathy muttered as she carelessly flipped through the case of blouses, "Wait till she gets a look at this little number, she'll probably change her tune."

With a matter-of-fact flourish, Kathy displayed the candy-striped sheer blouse. Flashing her "you'd-better-buy-or-else" smile, she showered the young, feminine customer with a torrent of oft-repeated sales phrases. The prospective buyer skillfully dodged the sales points with equally trite excuses.

She doesn't want a blouse any more than my grandmother, Kathy thought dejectedly; but I suppose I'll have to humor her or Miss Jones will politely invite me to another of her delightful pep talks. Miss Lollis is supposed to be a wonderful customer when she is in the mood for buying . . . which isn't now.

"How about one of these lovely velveteens? We got them

in this morning from New York," Kathy appealed in a "will-you-make-up-your-mind" monotone.

The object of Kathy's pleadings: a blond, expensively, though not tastefully dressed, raised her pencil-thin eyebrows and said: "Miss, I can't look at any more blouses just now, but could you hold this package until I get back in a few hours? If I don't call for it, my brother will. You know who *I* am, don't you?" she asked insinuatingly.

Before Kathy could protest that Store Regulations would not permit such service, the impulsive creature shoved a large grey hat box over the counter and plunged into the throngs milling about the hosiery counter. Bewildered, Kathy stood gaping at the bulky package before her.

"Miss, would you *please* show me what you have in a size forty dinner jacket," a massive woman irritably demanded.

"What, what? Oh, certainly, Mam," Kathy responded. Why should I bother about that other character? Kathy grumbled, giving the box a kick under the counter. She's got a lot of nerve thinking that I would spend my good time watching her junk. I wouldn't mind, but she didn't even buy a blouse.

For two hours Kathy raced from one end of the counter to the other, squeezing a size thirty-eight blouse on a size forty figure, convincing a mousy school teacher that she would look charming in a dynamite-red faille jacket. Her blond ringlets had wilted in the heat of the rush and her eyes, usually sparkling with life, were a tired, faded blue.

Fortunately for her tired feet, not a customer ventured near the counter at three o'clock. Kathy gratefully flopped down on her stool and propped her tiny feet upon the stock drawer. Suddenly, aware of the hollow feeling in the direction of her stomach, she bent below the counter to gulp

down a piece of chocolate. Just as she dug her teeth into the bar, she started. The delicious morsel fell on the not too clean floor. Hardly noticing the fallen candy, Kathy muttered to herself: 'That box of Miss Lollis'; I'd almost forgotten about it. I've a good mind to pitch it in with the waste cartons, but I suppose she'd raise the roof. Of course, she had no right to leave it here, but she being *she* could probably manage to justify herself.

She continued her catty musings while she ate the rest of the candy: I wonder what creation she has bought for herself now. I heard that she has her hats made up special. She'd need something special to go with that face. I think I'll take a peek. It's easy enough to lift up the cover.

Apparently, Miss Lollis did not suspect that young sales-girls had any curiosity, for she had left the box practically open. Kathy's eyes lighted up with excitement. She was probably showing the hat to one of her society friends and forgot to seal up the box again. I should worry—all the better to see with.

* * *

Kathy sighed. Why didn't I mind my own business? Curiosity certainly killed this cat.

Her imagination, bred on *True Story* romances and Rex Stout mysteries, was tormenting the poor girl with vivid phantasms of time set revolvers, bloody store hold-ups and every melodramatic incident conceivable.

Before she had a chance to clarify her muddled thoughts, the call of duty arrested her and Kathy found herself moving about in a semi-conscious state. You can imagine how startled the young Navy lieutenant was to hear the apparently sane salesgirl blithely remark, "I have a darling little

gun that will just match your wife's green suit." Kathy hardly noticed his surprised expression.

Nor could Dolly, the tall, delicate brunette, who sold sweaters across the aisle imagine what the matter was with Kathy. "Why she even ignored a handsome Naval lieutenant while she waited on three *female* customers," Dolly confided to the cashier.

Unaware that she was not acting normally, Kathy was deliberating about Miss Lollis. I wonder what she wanted with a gun; and of all places to carry it. You'd think she'd at least have enough sense to hide it in her purse. Maybe she was going to be searched; I wonder if the police are after her.

While Kathy was meditating on the possibilities of Miss Lollis's being a blackmailer, counterfeiter, or spy, Dolly startled her into reality. "Say, Kathy, aren't you going off the floor with me today?"

Absent-mindedly Kathy muttered, "Sure, Dolly," and reluctantly dragged herself down to the club room. As the two friends leaned over their bottles of coke, Dolly graphically described her newest find, Tom. "You know the type, Kathy, tall, smooth, not exactly handsome, but . . ."

Kathy was staring into the mirror in front of the lounge. Quite apparently she was not at all enthusiastic about Tom.

"Say, what is the matter with you Kathy? You've been moping around like my cat, Oswald. Don't tell me *you're* in love."

Kathy faced her irritated friend. "I've just got to tell you," she blurted out.

She leaned over closer to Dolly's ear and lowered her voice to an audible whisper, "You remember Miss Lollis, that blond deb whom Miss Jones is always catering to? Well, she

all but forced me to mind a package of hers today and then dashed off without even thanking me, let alone buying a blouse."

"I wouldn't put it past her; she's an old pill."

"You haven't heard the half of it," Kathy exclaimed. "Naturally, I figured that if I was minding the old package I had a perfect right to see what I was protecting."

"Why, sure! What did the hat look like? I bet it was something out of this world."

"Oh, the hat! I guess it was some sort of a pink affair with veiling or flowers. But it's not the hat, it's what was in it."

"Did she leave some money?"

"No, not money, but a revolver, a real one."

"Heavens!" Dolly gasped, "what did you do with it? I'd be perishing with fear."

"That's just it. What shall I do with it? You've got to help me; I think I have a swell plan worked out."

"Me? What can I do? Besides it's your responsibility, you opened the package." Dolly tried to sound convincing.

"You're not afraid are you? Have you any idea? Perhaps you could think of a better solution. I know I'm not *always* right."

"Well," Dolly deliberated, "you could report to Miss Jones that a customer had left a package with you. You wouldn't have to mention the part about the gun. The bundle girl could easily reseal the box."

Kathy shrugged her shoulders. "Sure, that would be perfect except that—what excuse can I give to Miss Jones for not reporting it before? You know how she loves me anyway."

"I suppose you're right, she isn't exactly the understanding type."

After a moment of weighty deliberation she added, "Why not just give the box to Miss Lollis and forget that you ever saw the gun there?"

Kathy gazed pathetically at her. "Oh, don't be foolish. I just couldn't; I'd be dying of curiosity; it's so exciting, just like something in a magazine. And besides, don't you think it's our civic duty to find out about this? After all, people don't just hide guns in hat boxes for the fun of it."

Dolly nodded her head. "I suppose you're right again, but what can we do? I don't relish getting into any trouble."

"Honest, Dolly, sometimes I wonder about you, you're so selfish. I can do this myself; I just thought you might like to help." Kathy leaned back in her chair

Dolly looked pleadingly at her. "I didn't mean it that way. I just thought we shouldn't be hasty, that's all."

Kathy tried to conceal her relief at Dolly's reassuring remark. She jumped out of the chair and started to powder her pert nose. "I'll have to hurry if I'm going to get all this explained before we go back on the floor. Is Miss Jones up there or has she gone home?"

"I saw her go off with Mr. Arnold."

Kathy raised her eyebrows. "Who?"

"You know, that smooth buyer from the Shoe Department. I think they went out to the Rockville branch."

Kathy clapped her hands. "Wonderful! That's one snarl untangled. Perhaps we *shall* get to the bottom of this."

"For heaven's sake, will you please tell me what you are going to do?"

"Don't get excited," Kathy cautioned. She tried to tone down her own high pitched voice as she pulled Dolly over

to the far corner of the lounge. "Are you sure you're not scared? Well, I've decided that we can't just leave the gun in there and forget about it, but of course we can't take it out either."

"Goodness, no!" Dolly shuddered. "I'm simply terrified at the sight of a gun; you know many people have been killed by handling guns they thought were harmless. You remember that boy on Carver Street"

"Never mind that now, I said we *weren't* going to take the gun out. I would leave it in there; but you can't tell what that horrible woman is planning to do. She looks like the type who would murder her best friend."

Dolly nodded in agreement. She could vividly picture Miss Lollis (who, up to now, she had always considered a rather harmless creature) glaring viciously at her behind a drawn pistol. "I'm glad I'm not on her black list."

"Don't be too sure you're not," Kathy grinned sarcastically, "you can't be sure where we'll be after this."

Just as the two girls were in the midst of their plans, Mrs. Mead, the matron, sauntered in by the rear door. Carefully scrutinizing the conspirators, snuggled up in the two chairs at the other end of the room, she mused: The cats! They're probably tearing somebody's boy friend apart. I'll soon break it up.

"Listen you two," she commanded, tapping Kathy none too gently, "I want to close this place up. Don't you think it's about time you got back to work? You know you aren't getting paid for gabbing down here."

Kathy glanced nervously at her watch. She completely ignored the fuming matron beside her. "Heavens, Dolly, Miss Lollis may be back for her gun already! What'll we do?"

Dolly glared at the matron and pulled Kathy toward the door. "Stop getting so excited. Do you want to ruin everything? Let's get upstairs before it's too late."

The two flustered girls tripped along the ramp and went out the stock room door. Mrs. Mead, looking after them, shook her head and pondered: These girls nowadays! All excited about nothing at all. You'd think the way they carry on they had something to worry about besides making their daily quota.

Upstairs Kathy resumed her post, but she certainly was anything but a calm, poised salesgirl. One customer after another turned away indignantly. She handed a size forty blouse to a petite stenographer and assured a white haired matron, "This fushia and gold will bring out all the golden highlights in your hair. It is just perfect for a supper dance."

Across the aisle, Dolly was not faring much better. Although she carried on the sales more or less intelligently, she annoyed the customers by constantly looking out the door and over at Kathy.

"It's certainly disgraceful," one irritated customer complained to her husband, "the way these girls have no interest in their work. All this salesgirl does is look from her watch to the door. I wish that boy friend of hers would hurry and show up; perhaps we'd get some better service then."

Between sales Kathy ran over to Dolly. "Are you sure that one can't carry a revolver like that around with her? Suppose Miss Lollis is all right, we'll look awfully foolish."

"Listen, don't get cold feet; this was all your idea in the first place. Of course you can't carry a gun without a permit and you can't get a permit without a good reason."

"Didn't you read about the girl in the paper the other day?" she continued. "You remember, the one who was

arrested wearing men's clothes and carrying a gun in a brief case? I should think carrying a gun in a hat box would be even worse."

As Kathy slipped back to her own counter, she stole a glance into the buyer's office. Thank heaven; her coat is gone. She'll never know it if Dolly runs out to get Patrolman O'Connor when Miss Lollis shows up. I only hope he doesn't decide to go off duty early.

Four forty-five. In only three quarters of an hour the store would close. As usual business was slackening and the endless waiting tore on Kathy's tense nerves. She tried sitting down, but every few minutes she popped up to look down the aisle. Every time a blond head would appear around the corner of the glove department next door, chills ran up and down her spine. She had to grasp the counter edge to steady her shaking limbs.

Finally she resorted to cleaning the display windows. If Miss Jones had been around she would have been suspicious; Kathy Doyle cleaning her counter without even being asked. As she dusted Lizzie, her favorite mannequin, she confided to the unresponsive plaster head, "You don't know it, Lizzie, but you're going to help us trap that horrible Miss Lollis. Don't say 'no', because you are whether you like it or not."

"I know you must be sick of that horrible yellow tam you've been wearing for the last couple of weeks. Well, believe it or not, you're going to get a new one this very afternoon," Kathy asserted. She was more relaxed now that she had some outlet for her thoughts. "In fact, it's going to be a lovely red one. When Miss Lollis comes back I'm going to put the new hat on you, so Dolly will know it's time to run out to get the nice policeman. You're not afraid, are you? I'll just keep on talking to Miss Lollis until Dolly get's back

and then I'll get the package out. I wonder what she'll do when Patrolman O'Connor steps up?" Kathy managed an apprehensive shiver. I'm not really scared, she mused. After all, what can happen, we have it all planned out. Besides this place is too prominent for anyone to do anything like shooting a gun or . . . anything. "Don't you think so, Lizzie?" she pleadingly asked her mute consoler.

Kathy was startled by the sound of a high-pitched voice over the counter, "Salesgirl, are you keeping a hat box here for me?"

Kathy turned. "Why, yes, . . ." she gasped; clamped her lips tight in amazement. "You're . . . you're not Miss Lollis," she stammered at the eleven year old boy who stood grinning at her.

"Of course I'm not," he laughed as he tossed his brown curly head. "I'm her brother, Tommy!"

Good grief, Kathy hastily thought, she did say that she or her brother might pick up the package. But this child . . . I've got to stall for time.

"Sonny, will you . . . ?"

"Don't Sonny me; are you going to give me the box?" he shouted.

"Gosh, but he's fresh; perhaps I'd better go on with the plans. He'll probably lead us to Miss Lollis anyway," Kathy muttered to herself.

She tried to smile bravely. "I'll have to ask the buyer, the woman in charge, if it's all right to give it to you, Tommy," Kathy explained, with the air of a first grade teacher.

Before Tommy could object, Kathy hurried down toward the office at the other end of the counter. On the way by Lizzie she hastily and quite obviously (although she tried to be subtle) changed the model's hat.

Dolly immediately jumped to attention, but hesitated before rushing out to get the law. I wonder if this is getting on Kathy's nerves; she's changed that hat, but all I can see is a little boy over by her counter. Where's Miss Lollis? But Kathy must know what she's doing. Dolly dashed off, figuring out what she would say to Patrolman O'Connor in case Kathy had made a mistake in the signal.

Meanwhile Kathy was trying to deal with Master Lollis in her most diplomatic manner. "You'll have to wait a few minutes, dear; do you have to meet your sister somewhere?" she asked.

"She's coming over here to get me, but I'm supposed to have the package to give her. She'll meet me outside," Tommy answered irritably.

What luck! Kathy let loose a little shout. "Do you like Hershey's chocolate?" she asked as she handed him a piece of her treasured supply.

"Do I!" Tommy shouted and grabbed it out of her hands. As he devoured the candy, he pleaded, "Could I please just see the box? I am dying to see Sis' hat!"

Kathy gulped. "No," she almost screamed, but Tommy was too fast for her and scooted right past her to get hold of the box he had already discovered lodged under the counter.

"Don't hit me," he pleaded. He looked at Kathy enraged with fright and indignation. "I'll stay back here until Sis comes."

But Kathy could not be so easily convinced. She tried to stay off his advances by vehement attacks from her left shoe, followed up by swift sallies from her right. However, Tommy, more agile in the act of defense, retreated to the rear and gathered all his forces for an all out attack through his

enemy's main defense lines. Recovering the loot, he dashed down to the other end of the counter to examine his prize. Before she should race after him, Kathy turned to see if Dolly and O'Connor were in sight. Sure enough, they were over near the hosiery counter; it would only be a matter of minutes before they would arrive on the scene, but Tommy

"Oh," she sighed, "he's already opened the box."

"It's here, it's here. I knew she hid it here," Tommy shouted gleefully, as he leveled the gun at Kathy's gaping mouth.

"A water pistol!" Kathy gasped through the shower of water with which the well-aimed squirt had deluged her.

SMOKE FROM A MOVING TRAIN

Mary E. Sweeney, '48

Rushed forth a puff of smoke, gray, rimmed with white.
The gray soon disappeared. O'er frost-kissed grass
A flock of doves, now shot through with light,
It hovered briefly. Then a feathery mass
Of milk-white plumes it rose. A strange new class
Of shapes appeared. It spread as the chill air
Absorbed it. Like white woven threads the mass
Unravelled, then merged into the air.
Just so Eternity absorbs each daily puff of care.

EDITORIALS

THREE MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT:

Much has been said and written about the college student who is graduated with a degree and a desire to set to rights a tottering world. Men have scoffed at this attitude of youthful optimism, deeming it to be but an eccentricity of immaturity. Youth in its turn denounces the pessimism of these men and clamors for a chance to exemplify its ability to improve world conditions. And yet the record stands—the student has assimilated the required amount of text book material and lecture information without developing, at the same time, an awareness of what is taking place in the world. This same world is crying aloud for leaders who will rate high moral stamina and marked ability. Who is to provide these leaders? We must do so—we college graduates. We are the material which the universities and colleges are fashioning. Their finished work must make an impress on our generation. Passivity, apathy, are deadly foes of endeavor. Difficulties are dynamos to high-scale action. An awareness of the difficulties is the first step towards effective work to untangle them. The head-sanded ostrich may not see the danger, but it is there nevertheless.

I. F. K., '47

As Catholic educated women we must carry into the world the name of Christ; we must scatter into the pitfalls of the world the seeds of the teaching of Christ; we must make clear our outlook as that of Christ; we must establish our status on the Peter-named Rock, living thereon and speaking therefrom as Catholics. We can be of so small worth in Catholic action, and can help, by being and doing, the darkness to understand more and more the Light.

In this season of Lent, Christ is very close to us for it is His earthly sufferings as Man that we are contemplating. He carried through for us, even to the death of the Cross; it is our turn to carry through for Him. Let us wear our faith proudly, and live to emblazon Christ's name from pole to pole. Catholic education should make us mission-minded right here at home towards those who are indifferent in their relation to God. Neglect this duty and we pay a costly price. If the familiar and loving Christ of Holy Week is rejected, how can the world hope that He will Easter in it?

F. B., '47

In the year and a half that have just elapsed since V-J day tremendous changes have been wrought in American colleges and universities. The large G.I. matriculation inevitably has raised new problems to educators. New scholastic requirements must be attained, traditional social customs are being discarded, dire housing problems need immediate solving. We who are attending women's colleges occasionally regret our inability to ease the stress, but usually dismiss the thought with a smug sigh and go on our merry, whirlwindish ways. After all, college men are back, and with them gala football week-ends and dreamy proms. What more can we want?

Now, let us reverse the question. What more can these college men want? Formerly, the average college boy was none other than a carefree, irrepressible prankster, a lovable lad, but a mediocre student. These men are responsible earnest students. They want to complete a college education as quickly as possible, and "rah-rah" campus stunts mean little to them. Young women attending co-educational universities have a first-hand opportunity to observe these veteran-students. But what about the girls at women's colleges? The irresponsible college boy once found a suitable mate in the charming, breezy college girl. But what do these older, more serious men want? Let us not delude ourselves. If we, future wives, are to help these confused, uncertain husbands of ours find the happiness they fought for and studied for, then we must prepare ourselves to meet these imperative demands. We must strengthen our minds, stabilize our emotions, deepen our spirituality by earnest application to our religious, philosophical, cultural, and social studies.

The veterans have had too many return disappointments. They find none of the social, political, or economic securities they had fought for on Bataan and Salerno. It is for us college women to make certain that they are not disappointed in their marriages. Let us raise our scholastic aptitudes to meet theirs. Let us try to be the material from which will be fashioned the mature, spiritual, intelligent, understanding wives they want, and need.

L. E. T., '47

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Sabotage:

With careful strokes we grease the great wheel Progress; we apply the sweetest balms, and most unctuous ointment. To wit: helicopters on the family verandah, a week-end soiree on Mars; jolly little choo-choos, sans engineer, shuttling down the B. & M. tracks, with unquestioning faith in their automatic Radar set-up. Wonderful! ideal! But ah! our paeon must end. A saboteur has alighted in the March of Progress. And plight of plights, he has wormed and wiggled so convincingly, and with such a loud voice, to boot, that there are a few among us (whisper it) who stop to listen. It seems he has set up permanent headquarters down the alley, Tin Pan Alley. They say he doesn't eat much, for want of the therewithal, but defeat seems only an incentive to more and much worse output. And with a true artist's spirit, but wait . . . methinks I catch a beam nearby. . . .

Thurlow: . . . well, as I said, it's been a coupla months since we banged out a hit.

Drupe: Ya-a-a.

Thurlow: We gotta get busy. Any ideas?

Drupe: Naw-aw.

Thurlow: Somethin' different from the last one.

Drupe: Ya-a-a.

Thurlow: Is that all you can say—ya-a-a, ya-a-a . . .

Drupe: Nope . . . ah . . . I'm hungry . . . let's go eat . . .

To continue, the lyricists have furnished us with their own quaint philosophy of life, a standard of conduct whereby they do the things they should do, wrong, and shouldn't do, right. All activity from the first wail (which they have especially perfected) to the demise of the love-struck lover is their material. How deftly they pluck at the heart strings, probe the heights and depths of human emotion, and "never mix with mister in-between." The secret of their success can be traced to the simple, homespun recipe, "ma'am, ac-cen-tu-ate the positive." Oh, oh, here come some more . . .

Vin: . . . get any inspiration yet?

Sam: Ya, got a new rhyme, moon-caroon.

Vin: Say that's good. I almost hit on somethin' last nite but the kid next door was hollerin' his lungs out.

Sam: There's one like that in the apartment next to me. It's time someone got on the ball with a good lullaby.

Vin: ' . ' . baby

Sam: ' . ' . maybe. Sounds pretty good, huh. What'll we call it?

Vin: Sh . . . sh . . . wait a minute . . .

Sam: You kiddin'?

Vin: Say, it's an idea at that. "Shu-Shu Baby."

Genius at work! And so the repertoire of baby lullabies is thus enriched. How it lulls—that sweetly sooth and soft beat. And if the little urchin attempts to tell you how much he liked it, tell him right back that, "mairzy doats and dozy doats." (Although we don't exactly understand it, he probably will.) If a baby girl we suggest narration of how "Chickery chick, cala, cala, lived happily ever after." It is no doubt known to the two-year-old that they are likewise endeavoring to appeal with the ear-ringing drama that happened one night on the "Hudsit Ralsen, on a Riller ra." But what is this whiff a-comin' our way . . .

Prof. Bright: . . . now Descartes had a point there.

Prof. Smart: I concur. James wasn't far from wrong either. It's a pity more people don't appreciate the . . . the abandonment of restraint and . . . rigidity. Why, I'd jeopardize my whole career if I thought this philosophy could reach the masses of the people. To "let loose—let yourself go!" like us.

Prof. Bright: How true! But people are unaware of it. To some it is as dark as . . . as India.

Prof. Smart: Yes indeed, India. Now who ever heard of India till Rimsky-Corsakov wrote about it?

Prof. Bright: That's it! Music! That's the medium. We could reach millions through it.

Prof. Smart: Bravo! Let us to it . . .

So adieu to the antediluvian formalism. They tell us you don't have to know how to read and write to do a lot of things; folks can go from A to Z just doing what comes naturally. No danger though of youngsters exceeding the prevailing mores, for the antidote is administered early by the conscientious parent; if the little girl remembers what her mammy done told her when she was in pigtails, then she'll never have to fret. As for pedagogical secrets, an apple for the teacher will always do the trick when she doesn't know her lesson in arithmetic. This wayward primer continues on to the historical department where the inside story of Madam Pompadour is uncovered; and for the Chicago fire, erroneously attributed to Mrs. O'Leary's cow, a damsel known as Mame's to blame.

Most effective, however, and in this regard we strongly recommend a Nobel prize for achievement, is the skill, the artistry of precision with which the lyricist reproduces sound. Only the most insensate of us would fail to hear in the "clang, clang, clang" a trolley; and please to notice the poignant up-take, "clang, clang, clang," went my heart! But we are straying from our (1—A—1, 2, 3) outline! What could be more artistic than the effect of "putshi, putshi" for the familiar old cement-mixer at work. And by some manner of grace they have likewise caught the spirit of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe in that grand finale of sound "W-o-o-u-u-u-u-ou-ou." There seems to be another pair of lyricists in our immediate vicinity—take a listen . . .

Bershwin: . . . well, I finally came up with something last night. See how you like it—

"The girl that I marry must know how to cook,
And find time to read every new book:
The girl I call my own,
Must do washing and scrubbing and stay off the phone.
The woodwork she'll polish and her straight hair,

Will never get close to professional care.
I deem . . ."

Gerlin: Say wait a minute, Bersh. That's all off. Whatsa matter—
losing your touch.

Bershwin: Well, I sorta thought somethin' was missing . . .

Gerlin: There's just no . . . no color.

Bershwin: Ya, I guess so . . . well . . .

Gerlin: How about . . . let's see . . .

"The girl that I marry will have to be,

As . . . soft and as pink as a . . . how about, nursery?"

Bershwin: Well, couldn't you work in strawberry frosting instead.
That's soft and pink, and sweet besides.

Gerlin: Nope, it wouldn't rhyme with "be".

Bershwin: Well, call it frostin' and rhyme it with Boston.

Gerlin: Don't think so—nursery's better, 'cause it rhymes and sorta
suggests babies and things.

Bershwin: Ya, that's right . . . now . . .

The workshop of those rich analogies, those symbols which awe and thrill! Who would have thought of green eyes or black eyes making one's heart a charcoal burner. Then from similar descriptive passages they pass into the Love Life Cycle. We don't think it an exaggeration to say that the lyricist believes in love. You no doubt have come across a song with mention of it. Don't let an occasional straw in the wind, such as, "Mr. Five by Five" disconcert you. To explain our point, there is, for example, the subtle phraseology in "I love you, I love you, I love you," that would indicate a temperate approval of the emotion. Likewise in "It's love, love, love" the idea suggests itself. Down the gamut the lyricist goes—is your love dying or undying? Will you love him always or for five minutes more? Did you meet him on a greyhound bus or on a ferry with a fringe? You don't know why you love him like you do, you just do? After you're married will you honeymoon to Cairo in a brand new auto-gyro, or at a small hotel with a wishing well? Will you live in a grass shack in Hawaii, a castle of dreams, or a love nest?

And so music is made and lyrics lyric-calized. Believe it, we are not mutes, not music-haters, but find it most soothing to say—

"SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE 'EM AWAY!"

CURRENT BOOKS

The Sudden Guest. By Christopher LaFarge. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1946. 250 pages.

Christopher LaFarge, in his first, full length novel, narrates a forceful, psychological story of an important day in the life of Miss Carrel Leckton, brittle, egocentric, selfish spinster of sixty. While she is contemplating the hurricane of 1944, she experiences a visionary phantasm of the hated events of the hurricane of 1939. At that time, as mistress of one of the few sturdy houses on the Rhode Island coast, she was subjected to intrusion by storm victims seeking relief, a boon which she bestowed with bare civility. Their separate unexpected arrivals climax a day of agitation and turbulence for Miss Leckton. Her niece had eloped with an objectionable Englishman on that morning.

This inability of Miss Leckton to cope with events resulted in an attitude of self pity, self indulgence, and utter disdain for any aspect of human kind, differing from her own peculiar concepts of what is fit. Miss Leckton, herself, is unique.

Suddenly startled from her reverie Miss Leckton realizes that in this second hurricane she is not being harassed by obnoxious people soliciting her aid. She finds no storm-driven strangers in her way; the novelty of aloneness protrudes itself and the feeling "unwanted" paralyzes her with fear. She perceives that friendship is the ultimate alleviation of her plight.

Christopher LaFarge writes with solemn directness. *The Sudden Guest* is no mere froth of the familiar internal or external conflict of wills. Its strength is a steady, soaring progression to the apex of fear. Although LaFarge makes use of an uncommon sentence structure, the meaning is never eclipsed. Despite its flashback method, *The Sudden Guest* is commendable for its unity of time, place, and emotion, consequently it is a sincere, artistic contribution to current fiction.

Maureen Collins, '47

Thunder Out of China. By Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby. New York: William Sloane Associates, Inc., 1946. 325 pages.

Out of the chaos of hysterical writing thrust upon confused Americans there emerge some few books which clarify problems and offer plausible solutions. *Thunder Out of China*, written by two members of the Chungking bureau of *Time*, is an indictment which tears the veil of respectability from Chiang K'ai-Shek's Koumintang, and reveals the brutality and stubbornness of the war lords of China. The uprising in China during the past century is the revolt of the peasant against the ancient evils of hunger and suffering. "China is perhaps the only country in the world where the people eat less, live more bitterly, and are clothed worse than they were 500 years ago." While the peasant starves the Koumintang promises relief which never arrives because landlords, industrialists, and infamous politicians oppose all attempts to relieve the suffering of the peasant since such attempts would prevent further exploitation of the lower class. The exorbitant taxes and cruel indignities drive the peasant insane, but the Koumintang insist that the dictatorship must remain intact for the welfare of China.

Demoralization of the army is effected by starvation, by lack of equipment, and by Chiang's demand for the removal of General Stilwell, the one man who could help him. Stilwell had recognized that the Chinese soldier would fight like a man only when he was treated like a man. Chinese troops trained by Stilwell were active proof of his belief. Hurley's blunder in his attempt to reconcile Communist and Koumintang interests is clearly outlined. *Thunder Out of China* is an exposé of how much harm American ignorance and false optimism can create when they encounter the complex Oriental mind. Here we have an appeal for statesmen who understand and sympathize with the Chinese people and who can aid them accordingly. Reform is necessary to free the peasants from the bondage of feudalism.

The authors, by denouncing Chiang and his party which crushed peasant initiative, killed and tortured Communist sympathizers, and used American aid to destroy the Communist rather than the Japanese armies, present in *Thunder Out of China*, a vigorous picture of the controversial Orient and its importance in world affairs. A book which should be impartial is marred by Red propaganda.

Alicia M. Muir, '47

A Catholic Looks at the World. By Francis E. McMahon. New York: The VanGuard Press, 1945. 310 pages.

"Catholic in religion, American in nationality, Irish in ancestry", Francis McMahon thus equipped critically investigates and attempts to analyze the world we have known since 1932 when the first seeds of a second universal war were being sown in a spiritually blind world. *A Catholic Looks at the World* is a book for any reader who does not shun challenging facts presented by an author whose objective is to be faithful to the truth rather than to popular desires. By combining the history of man's philosophy and by emphasizing the major conflict which was still in progress at the time of publication, Francis McMahon argues that every thinking person should know his present world conditions and their causes. Because of the extent of the topic indicated by the title Mr. McMahon has attempted to limit his discussion to seven major topics ranging from the cause for the crisis in 1939 to the problem of America in the world of reconversion. Each of these topics might well merit an entire volume for adequate treatment, but here they are so skillfully interwoven that they give the reader a comprehensive summary of their importance.

A Catholic Looks at the World is a compendium of the observations of one man, not necessarily the views of the Church; therefore they are open to dispute on the part of the reader. An outstanding characteristic of this treatment of philosophy, man, and history is the logical manner in which it is presented. McMahon's foundation in the principles of logic is evident from his presentation of a problem, his analysis, and his historical references for concurrence. A mind must be logical to render such a concise treatment of diverse theories and opinions in order to produce a unified result. McMahon's proficiency in concision is displayed by his reduction of the many factors accounting for the world chaos of the Second Great War to three major errors: exaggerated nationalism, economic disorder, and spiritual bankruptcy. Much of the personal element introduced stemmed from McMahon's experiences as a student at the University of Munich in 1932 where he personally saw the changes which swept Germany. In addition his professorship at the University of Notre Dame developed his powers of investigation and analysis.

There is worthwhile material in *A Catholic Looks at the World*. It carries a message to every alert Catholic; the world in which we live is ours to know, to appreciate, and to protect. Consequently we must be alert to the events of our time. It is the duty of man to profit from the errors of the past, not to repeat them; the coming era will bring its own problems but they are not insurmountable. Like Mr. McMahon we must realize the potentialities of universal peace and universal brotherhood for God's glory and man's good.

Isabel F. Kelleher, '47

B. F.'s Daughter. By John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1946. 439 pages.

"Like must marry like." *B. F.'s Daughter* is another expression of Marquand's principle, emanating from the unsettled war conditions. Polly Fulton, New York socialite of the twenties and thirties, daughter of a wealthy industrialist, is conscious of her "nouveau riche" status in the aristocratic stratum of society. Furthermore she is ashamed of her excessive wealth in the midst of poverty and tries to escape its confining implication. As a child she shrank from attending parties. When she was compelled by convention to return invitations, she ran away from home.

During the tottering days of the Depression the Fultons became markedly popular and "the people to know" principally because of their monetary security. Even then Polly had an intense feeling of suffocation and frustration. She was either an object of hate to the more radical or one of sychophancy to those less fortunate. Her one driving force was to be herself and, above all, to be useful to someone—particularly to the man she was to marry. Her true love, Bob Tasmin, was not amenable to this obsession, consequently, she rejected his suit and married in haste, Tom Brett, a social and personal antithesis to the gentleman, Bob. But in time the force of her personality overpowered his and he sought the companionship of a comfortably mediocre woman. The story ends pathetically; too late Polly realizes her unconscious domineering attitude has wrecked any potential marital happiness. Loveless and alone, she faces an uncertain future.

The caustic remark of a combat-fatigued soldier that nothing that

happened before the war counts any more is the prevailing attitude of most of Marquand's creations—each repudiating his ideals because, "there's a war on." He characterizes Polly directly by a presentation of her personality, and indirectly, by heredity forces and her flair for the bizarre in friends and entertainment. The subordinate characters are portrayed with consideration proportionate to their status; each is a potential axis of another novel.

B. F.'s Daughter telescopes the war era by plausible situations and pertinent conversations. Although it revolves on domestic calamities, it is a general indictment against the modern decadent view of marriage. Marquand's presentation is real, not ideal, and may not satisfy sentimental readers.

Eileen M. Cassidy, '47

Hiroshima. By John Hersey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1946. 117 pages.

A skillful writer and a powerful theme separately engender readability in a book; in combination, they produce an effect magnetic and terrific. And this combination we find in John Hersey's newest book. The story he tells is swift and vivid within the slim confines of four chapters in *Hiroshima*. With reportorial realism, grimly dramatic, Hersey describes the reaction of Hiroshima's inhabitants when the first atom bomb was dropped in their midst. Six average people leading normal lives, bomb-caught in their routine lived to tell about it. They are the heroes and heroines the reader follows hour by hour and day by day through the wandering and suffering masses of a bewildered Hiroshima humanity.

In the first chapter, "At exactly fifteen minutes past eight in the morning, on August 6, 1945, Japanese time," we meet a woman clerk in the personnel department of the East Asia Tin Works, a physician, a tailor's widow, a German Jesuit, a surgeon, and a Methodist minister. We meet them separately, at the moment of the *Noiseless Flash*, which is the most telling description of the atom bomb's arrival they can give. We see them pinioned under buildings, we see them fighting fire and we see them in the throes of radiation sickness.

If we in America were stunned at the tremendous havoc of which the atom bomb was capable, how stunned must the people of Hiroshima

have been? Actually though, it was days before it was generally known to them just what happened. The primary reaction of most was that they alone had suffered and that, because of their proximity to the center of the explosion. As the people wandered about seeking refuge from fires, and seeking medical attention from the handful of doctors who survived, they became more cognizant of the over-all destruction, and theorized on its probable cause. Was it a Molotov flower basket, that is, a self-scattering cluster of bombs, or had a single plane sprayed gasoline on the city and somehow managed to set fire to it in one flashing moment! They wondered.

As we note the helplessness of man at the mercy of man, Hersey is acquainting us with the magnitude and fearsomeness of atomic warfare. He writes details of horrible significance, unflinchingly, and lucidly. It is a book to read through at one sitting, and a book that should arouse a purpose for peace in the heart and soul of each American.

Margaret Macdonald, '47

The Anatomy of Peace. By Emery Reves. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1945. 293 pages.

It took an atomic bomb with its nightmarish proclamation of the horrors of atomic warfare to awaken the popular mind from complacency to a realization of the dangers and the needs of a new era. With rapid revolutionry development of science in diverse fields, it has suddenly and dramatically become apparent to millions that somehow, something must be done to prevent possible world destructive wars.

By pointing out the repeated failure of capitalism, socialism, and religion to bring about the security of non-belligerency, Emery Reves tries in his *Anatomy of Peace* to show a worried world that the only promising and workable solution lies in a universal federation of nations. In comparing the U.N. and the American Union under the Articles, Mr. Reves concludes that any confederation that does not have supreme power over its members, cannot, and will not stay war between states. This theory is summed up in the following statement: "History demonstrates indisputably that there is only one method to make man accept moral principles and standards of social conduct: Law." It will be necessary, first, to discard the inadequate United Nations Organization

in which all power is vested in the several sovereign states. Then there must be created and adopted a universal world government (much the same as our own Federal Government of the United States) which will be able to settle world social and economic problems without running the risk of disastrous atomic war.

The Anatomy of Peace, its arguments intelligent, logical and realistic, could easily signpost the future. It is an important contribution towards a realization of present world problems and is a clear exposition of one plan for consummating a permanent peace.

Mary Jane Wagner, '47

TODAY

Alice T. Carew, '48

Give me the precious measure of a day
O'erflowing with peace and pain, joy and sorrow.
O treasure of time, the fleeting feast of the gay,
The cross of despair; so futile for me to borrow
The fears of the past, to wish this moment away:
Why sigh for past time, why long for the dawn of tomorrow?
I gain the strength and grace for every task
Within the present hour; what more dare I ask?

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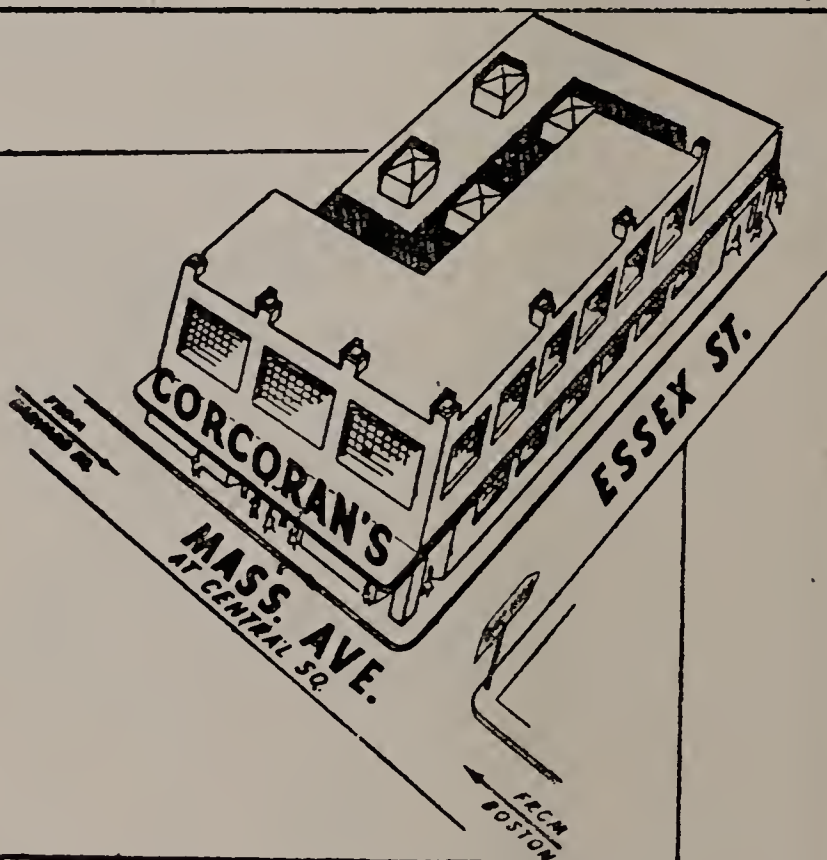
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WIDOW'S WEEDS

A RADIO SCRIPT

Catherine M. Harkins, '47

VOICE from Elevator: Going up!

PETER (*Shouting*): Hold it!

(*Biz. Sound of footsteps running for elevator.*)

PETER (*Breathlessly*): Thanks. Four, please.

(*Biz. Sound of elevator door closing—elevator going up.*)

TOM (*As if he means it*): Well, well, my *dear* friend, Peter Arnold.

PETER (*Condescendingly*): Hello, Thomas.

TOM: You . . . ah . . . you wouldn't be going up to see Kathleen, and (*significantly*) her aunt, would you?

PETER: Could be, could be.

TOM: I don't suppose *your* managing editor promised *you* a raise, a bonus, a vacation—if you happened to bring back an exclusive biography of Aunt Jane?

PETER: Mm . . . could be, could be.

VOICE from Elevator: Fourth floor.

(*Biz. Both Tom and Peter leave elevator. Door closes. Elevator goes up.*)

TOM: You're not very talkative today, Mr. Arnold. Mind if I walk down the corridor with you? That little brain of yours must be working overtime.

PETER: Could be, could be.

TOM: You wouldn't be planning a campaign to get the rights to Aunt Jane Pendrook's life story?

PETER: Could be, could be.

TOM (*Impatiently*): The English language has a few words other than "could" and "be".

PETER (*Earnestly*): Is that so?

TOM: That's a little better (*Sound of doorbell chiming*) but you'll have to learn a lot more if you want to talk Mrs. Pendrock into an exclusive.

PETER (*In a monotone*): Is that so?

TOM: Look, Junior, it's no secret that the old dame is reluctant about giving the inside dope on her ragweed discoveries.

PETER: I heard she's the shy violet type.

TOM (*Pompously*): Of course, with my personality . . .

PETER (*Weightily*) Y - e - s . . .

(*Biz. Sound of door opening.*)

KATHLEEN: Hi, fellows. Come in.

PETER: Hi, Kathie!

TOM: Kathleen, darling.

KATHLEEN: Darling? Blarney.

TOM: Darling, you cut me to the quick. You know I love . . .

PETER: You know he loves his job. Can't seem to take his nose from the grindstone. Always snooping around for a story.

TOM (*Unctuously*): People who live in glass houses . . .

KATHLEEN: Must you two always bicker?

TOM: There was a time, wasn't there, old boy, when we were . . . friends?

PETER: Yeah.

KATHLEEN: What happened to the ideal friendship?

TOM: A small matter of . . .

PETER (*Belligerently*): *Small* matter!

TOM (*Placatingly*): Now, Peter, you mustn't . . .

KATHLEEN (*Hastily*): Revive old animosities. (*In a saccharine tone*) Naturally, you two came to see my aunt.

PETER: Yes . . . I mean, no.

TOM: He means yes and no. He came to see your aunt, and I, light of my life, I came to see you . . .

KATHLEEN: About getting you an interview with my aunt. No soap, boys. Aunt Jane is somewhat on the reticent side. She's modest about her discoveries; she doesn't want any publicity. She works altruistically, solely and alone, my dears.

PETER: She won't talk, huh?

TOM: Absolutely not at all?

KATHLEEN: She won't talk, but she's authorized me to say a few words to the Press.

PETER: It may be a lead. Shoot, Kathie.

KATHLEEN: Aunt Jane says, and you may quote—"New York is a big city, much bigger than my hometown of Swanson, South Dakota." Unquote.

TOM: Very funny.

PETER: Those are the same fifteen words she orated when she got off the train yesterday!

KATHLEEN: Really? Maybe she has a limited vocabulary.

TOM: It's time someone helped her to enlarge it.

PETER (*Imitating Tom's earlier pompous tone*): And with your personality . . .

KATHLEEN (*Thoughtfully*): There is an angle . . .

TOM (*Eagerly*): Dinner and a show if I get it *privately*.

KATHLEEN: What's your offer, Peter?

PETER: Do I have to make it in front of this . . . anteater?

KATHLEEN (*Sighs, and then decisively*): I'll be fair about it. Tomorrow morning I have to go to Albany. One of my cousins is getting married there, so I won't be back until next Sunday.

TOM: So?

KATHLEEN: I'm coming to that. Auntie knows hardly a soul in this big city; so-o-o you fellows may take care of her for me while I'm away.

PETER: So?

KATHLEEN: So, you boob, if you thaw her out, you might get a story.

TOM—PETER: So-o-o . . .

TOM: Say, that could work out. I'm on the night shift this week, afternoons off.

PETER: I'm on the day shift, nights off.

KATHLEEN: So, you gentlemen make an agreement—and may the best man win.

TOM: That's a good proposition. Two dashing young reporters show Auntie around town; she takes a fancy to one; spills the beans, and presto! The lucky guy is sitting on top of the globe!

PETER: Mm . . . could be.

TOM (*Despairingly*): There you go again!

PETER: I was only worrying about you.

TOM (*Shouting*): What?

KATHLEEN: Shhh. Auntie's sleeping.

PETER (*Whispering*): I was worried about your chances.

TOM: With my personality . . .

PETER: A thousand pardons. I forgot your (*singing*) personality.

TOM: My good man, things have come to a point . . .

AUNT (*Timid voice up*): I hope I'm not intruding.

KATHLEEN: Why, Auntie! I thought you were asleep.

AUNT: Sleep makes me sleepy, and besides, I think we sleep too much.

KATHLEEN: Ah, ah, yes! Auntie, may I present Tom Hollis

of the *Morning Star* and Peter Arnold of the *Daily Transcript*.

AUNT (*Frigidly*): Reporters. (*Awkward silence . . . then apologetically*) How do you do.

PETER and TOM (*Stumblingly*): How do you do, Mrs. Pendrock.

KATHLEEN (*Lamely*): They're old friends, Auntie.

AUNT: It's nice that they get along . . . together.

KATHLEEN: But they don't . . .

AUNT: They don't?

KATHLEEN: I mean they . . . ah, ah . . . they . . .

TOM: We do get along, Mrs. Pendrock. You'll find I'm very easy to get along . . .

PETER (*With a brogue*): Get along with you now, Thomas. (*Normal voice*) Mrs. Pendrock, we're what you call . . . friendly rivals.

KATHLEEN: And since they're my friends . . . they're your friends, too, Auntie.

TOM: And we'd like to keep you from getting lonesome this week while Kathleen's in Albany.

PETER: We've got a pretty good schedule for the rest of the week, and we're . . .

TOM: We're at your service. (*Sound of heels clicking.*)

AUNT: Well, I don't know what to say.

PETER: Say, "I'm delighted."

AUNT: Of course I am.

TOM: Say, "I'm flattered."

AUNT: W-e-e-e-l-l . . .

KATHLEEN (*Hastily*): Come along, Auntie. Excuse us, fellows, we're going (*Down from mike*) to powder our noses for our one splurge together tonight.

AUNT (*Down from mike*): Flattered?

PETER: Listen, Tom, this is going to be fair and square.

TOM: You're not insinuating . . .

PETER: I'm not insinuating anything. You take care of Auntie in the afternoons, but leave something for me to take care of at night.

TOM: This means a by-line, a bonus . . .

PETER: Same here—and may the best man win.

TOM (Patronizingly): Well, thanks, that's awfully nice of you. (*Voice fades.*)

Music

(*Biz. Fade in of final bars of a symphony, followed by deafening applause.*)

AUNT (*As applause fades*): Oh, Tom, that was magnificent. I've never heard anything like it. Tchaikowsky just does something to me. It was purr-fect.

TOM (*Appreciatively*): Certainly was. Tchaikowsky made some priceless contributions to music.

AUNT: Oh, he thrills me!

TOM: These crowds! He had a very interesting life.

AUNT: Yes, I know; a sad one.

(*Biz. Sounds of crowds dispersing from hall; automobile horns, faint to loud.*)

TOM: But he left a monument to his power in his music. He . . . er . . . he . . .

AUNT (*Dreamingly*): Beautiful music.

TOM: So different from that jitterbug stuff.

AUNT (*Matter-of-factly*): Yes, but you'll have to admit, some of those jitterbug tunes are catchy.

TOM: They'll just last a day, and then—gone. Nothing stable like Tchaikowsky. Funny, all geniuses leave some trace of their works behind them. Take yourself, for example—all this work you've done with ragweed—

well, you ought to give some details of your experiments to the public.

AUNT (*Sarcastically*): I suppose I owe it to my public.

(*Biz. Organ grinder music coming up.*)

TOM: Certainly, Mrs. Pendrock. Now, my paper . . .

AUNT: Tom, look at that cunning little monkey . . . (*Voice down.*)

Music.

(*Biz. Music and voices as from a stage.*)

AUNT (*Whispering*): Oh, Peter, you shouldn't have gotten these expensive seats.

PETER (*Whispering*): The better for you to see from, Auntie dear.

AUNT (*Whispering*): Back home in Swanson, all we ever have is the High School graduation play.

PETER (*Whispering*): I suppose they're quite entertaining.

AUNT: Well, they have a different one every year, but nothing like this. I could listen to Fred Benny forever.

MALE VOICE (*Harshly*): Why don't you begin listenin' now, lady?

Music.

TOM (*Gravely*): I knew you'd like the Botanical Gardens, Mrs. Pendrock.

AUNT (*Flatly*): Yes, Tom. I'm very much interested in plants, especially my beloved ragweed.

TOM: It seems as if the caretaker (*Sniffles*) knew you were coming, doesn't it?

AUNT: It's an odd thing to put on display.

TOM (*Insinuatingly*): How did you become interested in the ragweed?

AUNT: Oh, I don't know.

TOM: Was there some romantic connection? (*More sniff-*

fling) Perhaps you met your hus . . . I mean, your late husband near a patch of ragweed?

AUNT: No, nothing like that. (*Curiously*) Look at this specimen. (*Tom sneezes*) Gesundheit. It's even taller than what we grow at the lab.

(*Biz. Tom sneezing violently as voices fade.*)

Music.

(*Biz. Night club swing orchestra playing.*)

AUNT (*Thickly*): Peter, I've spent all my life in a small town, teaching botany in a two by four high school, and I've wanted so much to really see New York . . . so much. (*Sighs*) And, Peter, you're the only one to show me the town.

PETER: I had an idea that you might like a change.

AUNT (*Vivaciously*): Peter, do you jitterbug?

PETER (*Laughing*): Yes, a little.

AUNT (*Pleadingly*): Will you teach me, Peter?

PETER: I was a champ in college. Maybe I could teach you a little.

AUNT (*Interestedly*): Where did you go to college, Peter?

PETER: Harvard.

AUNT: 'Magine that. I suppose you were graduated, summa cum laude. Were you?

PETER: Didn't even graduate.

AUNT: No? Why?

PETER: It's a long story. I got into a litle trouble with a pal of mine, and I was invited to leave earlier than the rest of the class.

(*Orchestra has started conga music.*)

TOM (*Enthusiastically*): Say, Auntie, how would you like to do a conga?

AUNT: No-o, Peter. Tomorrow.

PETER: Say, that reminds me. I can't for the life of me think where to go tomorrow. We've hit all the high spots.

AUNT: Peter, there's one spot left. (*Cautiously*) Haven't you reporters all got a . . . a . . . hangout, or something? You know, a little, oh, a little (*Timidly*) café with a juke box and checkered tablecloths, and the bartender knows everyone by his first name, and the waiter talks double talk, and the food . . . (*Voice fades out.*)

Music.

TOM: Mrs. Pendrock, you look tired today. Pete certainly isn't very careful of your hours. You need a lot of sleep to be in trim for the Botanical Convention on Saturday.

AUNT (*Wearily*): Yes, Tom.

TOM (*Voice down*): Over here, Mrs. Pendrock. (*Voice up*) This is *the* treasure of the Museum. Look at it. Perfect, isn't it? Priceless treasure for posterity. Purrfect, isn't it?

AUNT (*As if reading a label*): A nail from the shoe of a horse ridden by Napoleon to Waterloo.

TOM: Wonderful, isn't it? The only one left in the world. Memento of a great person!

AUNT: You mean of a great horse.

TOM (*Nonplussed*): Ye-e-s. Even horses leave mementoes—like all great personages. Take yourself, for instance—my paper would be willing to pay to run your biography . . .

AUNT: Oh, Tom, look at this painting—lovely coloring, perfect form, balance . . . (*Voice fades out.*)

Music.

(Biz. Fade in juke box; buzz of voices; clatter of dishes; then faint—off mike.)

AUNT: Peter, this is perfect. Exactly like what I saw in the movies.

PETER: Right down to the checkered tablecloth.

AUNT: Yes. Do you come here often?

PETER: Yeah. *Harry's Hole* is my second home.

MALE VOICE: Hi, Pete.

PETER (*Loud*): Hiyah. (*Normal*) There's always something wild going on here, yet *Harry's* seems to settle my nerves.

(Biz. Voices of men raised in argument.)

AUNT: Who is that man that just spoke?

PETER: You mean that one over there?

AUNT: Yes.

PETER: That one on the left is a wrestler; the one on the right is a boxer. (*Sounds of commotion rising.*) They are always arguing about the merits of their respective avocations. (*Dreamily*). Some day I want to have a sports column of my own . . .

(Biz. Woman screams; sounds of tables being overturned; breaking dishes; chairs scraping. General hubbub.)

AUNT: O-o-h!

(Biz. Policeman's whistle. Disordered running.)

PETER (*Shouting above commotion*): Come on, Auntie, we're getting out of here. (*Tumult dying down.*)

MALE VOICE: You're all under arrest!

PETER (*Whispering—up to mike*): Over here, Auntie.

MALE VOICE: No, you don't, buddy. You and your grandma are coming for a buggy ride, too.

Music.

(Biz. Hubbub of voices.)

TOM: So, Mrs. Pendrock, you're Jane Jones, are you?

AUNT (*Anguished*): Tom, Tom, keep quiet or someone will suspect. Do keep quiet.

TOM (*Louder*): Suspect what?

AUNT (*Agonized*): Sh—sh—sh.

TOM (*Lower*): I'll make a bargain with you.

AUNT (*Fearfully*): You, you'll what?

TOM (*Placatingly*): Mrs. Pendrock, surely you wouldn't want the next edition of the *Morning Star* to carry the story of how, when, and where, and *why* Mrs. Jane Pendrock, eminent researcher (*Quickly*) got tossed into the city jail, would you?

AUNT: It's only a disorderly conduct charge. And besides, *I* didn't have anything to do with the disorderly conduct.

TOM (*Waggishly*): But you were there.

AUNT (*Stubbornly*): Circumstances, circumstances.

TOM: But will the Botanical Association be satisfied with "circumstances" when the president's name is smeared . . .

AUNT (*Fiercely*): You wouldn't dare.

TOM (*As if he hadn't been interrupted*): Don't you think they'll be savagely curious about what Jane Pendrock was doing in a dive called *Harry's Hole*?

AUNT (*Threateningly*): You wouldn't print a thing like that!

TOM (*Complacently*): Oh wouldn't I. The financial returns are not to be sniffed at.

AUNT (*Boldly*): Go ahead and print it.

TOM (*Suavely*): And ruin a nice lady's reputation? No sir. I'll bargain with you.

AUNT (*Resignedly*): All right. What are the terms?

TOM: That's more like it, Mrs. . . . ah . . . Jones. You just

give me your biography *exclusive*, in three installments. The paper will announce the series tomorrow, that's Thursday; the series starts Friday, and runs through Sunday. (*Up*) I'll call at the apartment tomorrow about three, and we'll start then, okay?

AUNT (*Coldly*): Okay. Are there any further Simon Legree stipulations, young man?

TOM: Yes, there's one personal stipulation. Kathleen is not to know about my, shall I say, my . . . technique?

AUNT (*Severely*): She should know. Pete would never . . .

TOM (*Guffawing*): Pete. That reminds me. Wait until the editor of the *Daily Transcript* hears that his star reporter is in the can.

AUNT (*Thoughtfully*): Wait a minute. I'm making a stipulation. Pete's editor is *not* to know, or else . . .

TOM (*Mockingly*): Or else what?

AUNT (*Decisively*): Or else, you know what!

TOM (*Indulgently*): Okay. The bargain is made. I'll bring the contract tomorrow. The terms, I trust, will be satisfactory.

AUNT: Terms! We'll sign some right here and now. Take this down . . .

TOM: Wait a sec . . .

AUNT (*Firmly*): Take this down. (*Dictating*) I, Jane Pendrock, agree to dictate my biography to Thomas Hollis, in three installments—where I please, as I please.

TOM (*Repeating after Aunt*): “. . . as I please.” (*Voice fades out.*)

Music.

AUNT: And that was his proposition, Peter. I had to accept. It meant my reputation and your job.

PETER (*Gently*): You needn't have worried about me.

AUNT: Nonsense; you want that story. You need your job.

(*Probingly*) You *are* in love with Kathleen, aren't you?

PETER (*Soulfully*): Yeah. I was going to ask her to marry me if I got the raise and the bonus. That Hollis! I've had one-too-many run-ins with him. Oh, I guess I'm just allergic to luck.

AUNT: Wait a minute; allergic . . . (*Triumphantly*) I'll fix that . . . that criminal. It's a long shot, but it might work. Listen, Pete . . . (*Voice fades out.*)

Music.

TOM (*Sniffing*): I can't imagine why you have to give the interview here at the ragwood display.

AUNT: Just for the atmosphere. (*Gaily*) The atmosphere! (*Tom sneezes*) I'll begin at the beginning, shall I? I suppose that's logical, or should I say Aristotelian—beginning at the beginning, I mean. Well, I was born in 1895 (*Tom sneezes violently*) Gesundheit . . . in a small town of upper . . . (*Voice and sneezes fade out.*)

Music.

TOM: It was so nice of you to decide on coming to the apartment. I really don't see why we had to start at the Botanical Garden.

(*Biz. Key turns in lock—opening of door.*)

AUNT (*Warmly*): Come in, Tom. The apartment's been redecorated somewhat.

TOM: I don't notice any difference. (*Sneezes*)

AUNT (*Suavely*): Ragweed make lovely bouquets, don't you think?

TOM: Wait a . . . (*Sneezes.*)

AUNT: Gesundheit, Tom.

TOM (*With determination*): Come on. We'll finish this thing at the public library.

AUNT (*Astonished*): We-e-ll.

TOM (*Masterful*): Come . . . (*Sneezes.*)

AUNT: Wait till I get my suitcase.

TOM: For what? (*Sneezing.*)

Music.

TOM (*Whispering*): We can talk over here. What's the big idea? Why the suitcase?

AUNT: It belonged to my dear, departed husband and . . .
I never go into a library without it. Here, I'll open it.
(*Sound of opening.*)

TOM (*Beginning to sniffle—but shouting*): Close it!

FEMALE VOICE: Quiet, please.

TOM (*Lower*): Smart, aren't you? But I'm as persistent as you are. We have a written contract, and I'll hold you to it if I have to take you to the Supreme Court.

AUNT (*Low*): The contract states, I dictate where I please, as I please—and I've been doing just that.

TOM (*Disgustedly*): Well, you'll be dictating to someone who can stand your old ragweed.

AUNT (*Sweetly*): Oh, shall I? The contract states that I, Jane Pendrock, dictate to you, Thomas Hollis. If I happen to have a suitcase full of samples of ragweed, then that's your hard luck. Blackmailer! What are you going to do about it?

TOM (*With mixed emotions*): Let's go back to the apartment. I forgot my fountain pen.

Music.

TOM: I'll wait here outside the door. You hand it to me.

AUNT (*Blandly*): As you wish, Thomas.

TOM (*Muttering*): Brown gravy! What am I gonna tell the boss? She has me coming and going. Oh brother, what a flop . . .

AUNT (*Voice coming up*): Here's your pen, Tom, and
(*Sweetly*) good-bye.

TOM (*Raging*): I won't forget this.

AUNT (*Chuckling*): I'll bet you won't.

TOM: Good-bye.

PETER (*Voice coming up; sympathetically*): Just leaving,
Tom?

TOM (*Imitatively*): Yes, just leaving—the story for your
capable typewriter. Good-bye.

AUNT (*Laughing*): Come, come in, Peter. He won't try
a stunt like that again for a long time.

PETER (*Astonished*): He's lost the story?

AUNT: And Kathleen, too. It is too bad she missed the fire-
works! Rocket's a'shooting!

PETER: Maybe it's just as well. Imagine that palooka—
worsted by a weed!

PETER and AUNT: (*Laugh hilariously—then laughter sub-
sides.*)

AUNT: Let's get down to business. Have an easy chair. The
first installment will be ready for your next edition.
(*Peter is sniffing*) Let's see; I was born in 1895 (*Snif-
fling is becoming louder*) in a small town in upper . . .
(*Peter sneezes violently.*) Oh Peter, Gesundheit!

RETRIEVAL

Laure E. Thibert, '47

I would not always lift; not always lead
The way with reassuring hand, and strong;
I would not always assuage the need
Of hungry hearts and thirsty throats that long
To taste the coolness of such mountain springs
As I have found; if some should falter, fall
Along the steep ascent, though my heart sings
With courage yet, I would not always call.

But sometime in the valley would I lie
Deep in the dusky plush, limbs stretching far,
Snapping at fireflies; oh, would that I
Might toss a violet to the evening star,
Then once, just once, against your breast clasped tight,
Weep, like a tiny child afraid of night.

PAPER MASK

Barbara Conley, '48

WHY, if it isn't Jane, Jane Gorman," the shrill high-pitched voice called.

Swiftly the small dark-haired girl working behind the glove counter turned around, staring. "Did someone just call me?"

"Why Jane, you remember me, Lee Darot. Darling, it has been a long time. I recognized you right away, though. You haven't changed, a bit paler maybe . . . Darling, when do you finish work?"

"Not until nine," replied Jane quietly.

"This is wonderful! Running into you this way! I'm just dying to sit and talk over old times and new ones too. Darling, do you suppose you could come over to my home for dinner tomorrow evening? My husband is away on a trip, and we could have a lovely time just talking."

"Where are you living now, Lee?"

"Out on Long Island, my dear. I tell you what . . . I'll have my chauffeur pick you up here at the store and bring you on to the house. After a day's work I'm sure you'll enjoy the ride."

"Well, I don't know. You see, I have an appointment . . ."

"You can break that easily. You know it isn't every day that old friends meet. You must come!"

"All right. I'll be there."

"Well, I must run along now darling. See you tomorrow night."

What have I done? Lee and I were never really friends. It's just that she knows me and is eager to talk over old

times. Old times! What will I tell her I've been doing all these years? Not the truth, certainly! I should never have said I would go. But I have to face it. I'm bound to meet others that knew me a long time ago. Lee will be the test and I have to succeed.

"Right in here, Jane . . . I love this room. It's so warm and friendly and just the place to reminisce. Did you enjoy the ride out? It's beautiful here in the Fall. How do you like the house? Just a dream place, isn't it? But then I haven't even given you a chance to say whether you like it or not . . ."

"Oh, it is beautiful, Lee. The grounds, the house, the furniture . . . everything is so lovely. You certainly are lucky, Lee. You have everything you ever wanted."

"Darling, I think I'm the princess in her castle. But then of course we can afford it. My husband Charles is very rich. There isn't a thing I want that he doesn't get me."

"How long have you been married, Lee?" asked Jane, as if to keep from talking about herself.

"I met Charles after the show broke up seven years ago, remember?" Lee seemed to have drifted back into the past.

"Yes. We had given our last performance of 'Sweet Music' in Atlanta, and you decided you weren't going to go on dancing anymore."

"That's right. I came back to New York, and one night at the theater, a friend introduced me to Charles. It was love at first sight. We went out together quite often, and six months later we were married. Jane, the wedding was something out of this world!"

"I wish I could have seen it . . . it must have been wonderful," Jane sighed wistfully.

"There were so many guests that I couldn't keep half of

the names in mind. After the wedding we had a reception at the *Mandor Hotel*. We left there early so we could get started on our honeymoon."

"Were any of the old gang at the wedding?"

"No. I couldn't seem to get in touch with any of them. I didn't know where they were, so . . . We took a plane from LaGuardia Field and flew to Havana. My dear Jane, we had the most romantic, the gayest time ever! Every year on our anniversary we go to Havana, and try to recapture the charm, the . . . well, you know what a sentimentalist I am . . ."

"Yes, you always liked to keep happy times clear and fresh in your mind." Jane managed a smile.

"When we came back from the honeymoon, Charles brought me straight here, and told me this was his wedding present to me. I was so thrilled. It's just lately that I've really had time to enjoy it, though. Charles is so busy that we can't travel as much as we used to anymore."

"Oh, you traveled quite a bit?"

"Darling, travel isn't the word for it! We seemed to start our roots in so many places that I can't remember half of them. We visited Canada, and Mexico . . . South America, London, Paris . . . and oh, so many small quaint places that I just can't describe. We traveled about for perhaps three or more years . . . flying here, sailing there . . . it was wonderful!"

"Oh, Lee, tell me more, please do!"

"We dined with royalty, and saw so many famous people. Counts, and dukes, and princes. We visited famous places and we brought back many souvenirs. I bought clothes and jewelry until I didn't know what to do with them all."

"It must have seemed like a dream, Lee. I can imagine

myself in those places only in my world of illusions," said Jane, sadly.

"Traveling does so broaden one. I picked up several languages while I was in Europe. Even now I still can remember quite a few foreign words. Enough to get me by in ordering foreign dishes in this country."

"The famous people you must have met!"

"We have foreigners visiting us all the time. It's nice to be able to talk with them about their native country and make them feel as though you were one of them."

"A long time since the days when we were happy to have the boys in the show take us out for a sandwich and coffee, isn't it, Lee? I envy you . . . but then, who wouldn't? You have everything, everything to make you completely happy. You are completely happy, aren't you, Lee?"

"I think I'm about the happiest woman alive. But darling, here I have been talking all about myself, and I haven't let you say a word. But you see, when I get talking about Charles and our home, and the things we've done, I don't seem to remember that others are living different lives. Tell me, Jane . . . what did you do after the show closed in Atlanta? Did you get married? Tell me, Jane, I'm just dying to know."

Where can I start? What can I say to her? Can I tell her what I have been doing these last five years? She would probably ask me to leave and never come again. She's been so lucky. How can I tell her about my sordid life? I won't . . . she need never know, she . . .

"Jane! Jane, come out of it. You seemed to be dreaming. Darling, tell me. Did you go on dancing? Tom Williams was always sure you could become a great dancer," said Lee eagerly.

"A dancer? Yes, I became a great dancer. I went to Cleveland from Atlanta. I opened a school of dancing until I could earn enough money to take lessons from some one of the masters. I always did like ballet, remember? Well, I finally had enough money and I went to Magotti and he started giving me lessons."

"Oh, I wish I could have seen you dance! Where did you play?"

"As you know, it takes a long time to perfect your technique and grace, and I worked hard. For three years Magotti worked with me ten and twelve hours a day. I used to be exhausted at night, but I loved it. I finally obtained a small part in an insignificant company. I needed experience before I could become a star."

"Oh, if only I could have kept up with my dancing! I don't think I could dance a step today," Lee seriously reminded herself. "But go on, Jane."

"Well, as I said, I danced in small parts and then the parts began getting bigger and bigger and Magotti knew I was ready. I danced all over the States. I was a star. I had achieved my goal. I was very, very happy."

"Then you met a man . . . am I right?"

"Yes, Lee, you're right. His name was Alex. Alex wanted me to give up my dancing after I had toured the States. He wanted me to marry him. I couldn't see it. I was a success, a star. I had worked years to get where I was, and I couldn't throw away this chance."

"Did you marry him, Jane?"

"No. Magotti talked with me, and he showed me how foolish I would be if I gave up my dancing. If I worked for another year with him, I would be ready to make my

appearance on the Continent. I couldn't and I wouldn't consider anything else but dancing after that."

"And did you go to Europe?" asked Lee excitedly.

"No, I never realized my dreams. You see I was giving my last performance before going abroad, in New York. I hadn't been feeling well. The night of the performance I tripped or fainted as I started to dance down a small ramp. . . . I injured my back and my leg . . ."

"Darling, if it is too much to talk about don't go on and I'll understand."

"No, it's all right. I was in the hospital for a long time and when I was finally able to get up and about, they told me I would never dance again. I never have. And because I never knew anything else all my life except dancing I had to take any kind of a job I could get."

"Oh, my poor, poor dear."

"That's why you found me working in that store. I was happy to get any kind of a job, so long as I knew that I would never dance again. But please, Lee, don't give me any pity. I'm really lucky that I'm alive."

"Well both our lives have been so adventurous and exciting, and yet they have been completely different."

"Yes, we have traveled different paths, yet here we meet again."

"Is dinner ready, Marie? Come Jane. We've talked enough. You must be famished . . ."

"Let's go into the library. We can have coffee and relax before the fire. This has been grand, seeing you again. I've thought of you often and I wished so much we might meet, and now here you are."

"Well, Lee, I really do hate to leave so soon, but I'm a working girl and I have to report early in the morning. I'll

have to leave now, if I want to get home at a reasonable hour."

"If you must, you must. But darling, you must come again and soon. Shall we say Sunday? That would be grand. We could have the whole day and I could show you all around the grounds."

"I'm afraid I couldn't, Lee. I've made other plans for Sunday."

"Then give me a ring sometime, Jane. Let me know when you're coming so I can prepare for the occasion."

"All right, I shall, Lee."

"Charles will take us out and really give us a grand time."

"I'll remember. Well, goodnight, Lee."

Jane is gone. Gone, and I hope for good! I don't ever want to hear her telling about her dancing. Why did I ever ask her here tonight? I don't know. Maybe I just wanted to show her all I have. How lucky I am, and how far above her I am now. But I didn't succeed. She and her dancing! I could have been a great dancer and had great fame. But no! Instead I married that stupid Charles who doesn't know what an honest day's work is. Only for the money his uncle left him, where would we be?

Oh Jane, Jane, I envy you! You've traveled and had all the things I wanted but never had. I had a miserable little honeymoon, vacationing for two weeks in a small fishing village. Oh, if you only knew that my husband is such a penny-pincher he wouldn't even consider traveling to another state, let alone to another continent. You are lucky, so lucky, Jane, and I despise you.

I will go on living my miserable little life, telling all the daydreams I have and these must keep me contented and

happy. I despise you Jane and I will never see you again, for in one small evening you have destroyed my life.

Lee, you're so lucky. You have everything. I have nothing. I had to tell you what I did. When you told me what you were, where you had been and how happy you were, I was jealous. A dancer, and a ballet dancer at that. Oh Lee, if you only knew! I have never been anything but an ordinary hoofer. I never opened that school I told you about . . . never even saw the great Magotti. Even Alex is a figment of my imagination. But at least I convinced you. . . .

I lied because I saw all that I had missed while you told me about your life, your loving husband, lovely clothes, that magnificent house . . . you have everything. I can't help it, Lee. I despise you! I'm sorry . . . but why should you have everything while I have nothing? I'll never call you. I couldn't stand listening to how happy you are. I despise you, Lee, because seeing you again has destroyed my life.

"Good morning, Miss Gorman. You may go right in."

"Thank you."

"Good morning, Jane. Well, right on time as always. I'm glad you always keep our appointments . . . how have things been?"

"Fine, Mr. Martin."

"Well, you are doing fine, Jane. Keep up your good record and in no time your visits will be at an end."

I closed the door of Mr. Martin's office and my eyes fall upon the lettering on the door. "Probation Officer—John Martin."

Now do you see why I despise you, Lee? While you spent five glorious years I was in prison!

"Hello . . . that you, Jane? This is Tom Williams. . . . Found you in the phone book and decided to say hello. . . . A friend told me you were living in New York now. . . . Say, guess whom I met today. . . . Lee Darot! You must remember her. . . . Well, she's married now . . . yeah, poor kid is pretty unhappy . . . guess she drew a dud for a husband . . . that's the breaks for you. . . . As I said to her, 'Now you take Jane Gorman . . . a swell kid . . . look at the breaks she got. . . . She really had it tough, spending that stretch in prison.' . . . Gosh, Jane, it's almost train time and I have to dash, but I'll call again when I come to New York. . . . Maybe we can get some of the old gang together. Okay? So long, Jane . . . stay in there pitching. . . ."

CONTEMPLATION

Alice T. Carew, '48

The silent cloister of his mind he sought
Alone, and yet within those walls he found
A treasure room of rare and precious thought;
Delights of youth shed diamonds which surround
Rich rubies, wounds of sorrow, real profound.
This humble laborer gains peace and rest,
Secluded from the stifling roar of sound;
His attic room, a hidden cell unguessed
By social wokers raising militant protest.

AWAITING

Dorothy R. Hingston, '48

How can I tell you it was beautiful?
For how can I portray the flight of birds,
Or capture dew within a blushing leaf,
Or weave the glow of skies with futile words?

The morning world woke in its innocence
And stirred beneath the heaven's warming glance.
A waking wind moved restless o'er the earth
And stirred the fallen leaves to fitful dance.

A bird song rang in quick expectancy;
Tall tips of pines upflamed with starting light.
The sudden dawn arose in majesty
To end the hushed awaiting of the night.

VICTOR?

Claire M. Clark, '47

A MOURNFUL wail announcing its arrival the Snow Train slowly lumbered around the bend into the old Iron Mountain Station of Michigan. The usually peaceful atmosphere suddenly became charged with activity, one enormous din of clamoring voices giving vent to that peculiar type of enthusiasm known only to those long pent in city suddenly exposed to the exhilarating mountain air. Heavy luggage and cumbersome skis failed to subdue their ardor. In the midst of this throng, slowly making his way to the edge of the crowd was Dave Eagan, the hope of the National Ski Association of America. Tall, dark, with sparkling blue eyes revealing his exuberant love of life, he appeared fully capable of the task before him. About to step into a waiting cab he was halted suddenly by a resounding slap on the back.

"Dave Eagan! You old Kangaroo!"

"Jim Sullivan! Well for Pete's sake. What are you doing up here?"

"Oh, just scraping up a living for myself at a meagre seventy-five a week," Jim answered.

"Man! What do you do, run the place?" asked Dave in astonishment.

"No, just a desk clerk at the Agassiz, I took your reservation and knew you were coming on. . . ."

"Taxi!" bellowed the impatient driver.

"Oh, sure," they answered in unison, quickly picking up the baggage and placing it in the waiting cab.

"Where to, Gents?" asked the driver.

"Agassiz," answered Jim. "You know, Dave, there's been quite a bit of talk about you up here. A lot of people think you stand a good chance of beating Hemmesveit."

"Stand a chance? Why, man, it's in the bag," answered Dave with a laugh.

"No, all kidding aside, Dave. He's no easy opponent," Jim answered seriously, "and that cup certainly means plenty to him. I heard him say once he'd rather die than give it up, and he's not the kidding type."

"Great sportsman, eh," replied Dave sarcastically. "Well, may the best . . ."

"Agassiz!" interrupted the driver as the car skidded to a halt before a large building of Scandinavian mode.

Making their way up a walk freshly covered with new fallen snow, they entered the elaborate lobby. Quickly Jim stole behind the long cedarwood desk and inquired, "Name, Sir?"

"Eagan, m'lad, Dave Eagan," responded Dave with equal hauteur.

"Ah, yes. Eagan," replied Jim efficiently, "that will be room 108. Boy! Boy, show this gentleman to his room please."

"Thanks, Jim, old boy," laughed Dave. "See you later."

At the mention of the name Eagan a tall blond man of about thirty, impeccably dressed in tweed sportsman suit, looked up startled from his paper. His piercing blue eyes scrutinized Dave as he walked nonchalantly over to the elevator, taking in his confident stride and his strong muscular build.

His neighbor, evidently in a loquacious mood, put down his paper saying, "That's Dave Eagan, you know, quite a skier."

"I know," replied the other tersely.

"Established quite a record for himself back there in Sun Valley. They say he might even break Togle's record of '42," he went on unperturbed. "Now, take this Hemmesveit, he was 'darn' good in his day, but when a man reaches twenty-eight he's pretty well done for in the skiing line."

"Really?" asked the blond coldly.

"Why sure," replied his corpulent neighbor with enthusiasm. "Why they say he doesn't stand a chance against Eagan, and he holds the record today. He may have won the King's cup in '44 but three years can certainly do their work on a man's style. They say it's all he can do now to keep his record. If he can stand up to this Eagan tomorrow he'll be doing pretty well," said he with an air of finality. "Say! What's the matter with you?" he asked in astonishment as the other vehemently slammed down his paper and walked away.

So twenty-eight is old for a ski-jumper, eh? I'll show them. I'll outjump Eagan if it kills me, he fumed inwardly.

"Mr. Hemmesveit!" The voice of the approaching bell-hop interrupted his thoughts. "Mr. Hemmesveit, your table is ready now."

"Er, ah, oh yes. Thank you," he replied curtly and abruptly turned to the dining room.

"Good evening, Mr. Hemmesveit," greeted the hostess.

"Good evening," he replied mechanically.

"Mr. Hemmesveit, I do hope you won't mind," continued the hostess, "we're a bit overcrowded tonight, what with the contest tomorrow and all, and I've seated another gentleman with you at your table. I'm sure he'll be very pleasant company," she said approaching the table.

"Oh, no, of course. I understand, Madam," Hemmesveit

responded with a smile; a smile which froze on his face as he saw who this pleasant company was to be.

"Mr. Hemmesveit, I'd like you to meet Mr. Eagan; Mr. Eagan, Mr. Hemmesveit," the hostess said pleasantly.

"How do you do, Hemmesveit," said Mr. Eagan rising. "I've heard much about you."

"How do you do," replied Mr. Hemmesveit.

"I do hope you gentlemen will enjoy your meal," said the hostess smiling as she returned to her post confident of a deed well done, for in her opinion Mr. Hemmesveit was a very lonely man who kept too much to himself. Mr. Hemmesveit sat down and the two men ordered light meals with the intention of retiring early and sleeping well in preparation for the coming match. Without further ado Mr. Hemmesveit began his meal.

"Quite a place they've got up here," began Dave, resolved to make the best of an unpleasant situation.

"Yes," replied Hemmesveit disinterestedly.

"Hmm, quite a place," mused Dave uncomfortably. "Have you tried the ski-run yet?" he began once more hopefully.

"Yes, for the past three days I have practiced on it," replied Hemmesveit. "It is quite good."

"It's rather unusual to place a 'run' so near to the cliff-edge. I suppose it was the best hill for the in-run. Quite dangerous, though, don't you agree?" asked Dave.

"No, in Norway we have many such runs. A good tele-mark obviates all danger," replied Hemmesveit easily.

"Say! Aren't you the holder of the King's Cup?" asked Dave enthusiastically.

Hemmesveit stiffened. "Yes, I have held it since the Derby of 1943. I shall never relinquish it," he said with a

determination that visibly affected Dave. "You will excuse me!" Abruptly he placed his napkin on the table and left the dining room.

"Evening, Mr. Hemmesveit," said Jim Sullivan pleasantly as he passed him on the way to Dave's table. "Hi, Dave! Say, what's eating the 'Old King's Cup'?" he asked, seating himself. "He's certainly in some rush."

"That is," said Dave flatly.

"What is?" asked Jim looking at Dave strangely.

"The King's Cup. I mentioned his holding it and he lit out of here like a house on fire," answered Dave.

"No kidding! You know, Dave, that's what's wrong with these foreigners; they take things too seriously."

"What do you mean?" asked Dave.

"Well, look. Take Hemmesveit for instance. He used to be a great sport, even a good loser in his youth. What happens? He wins a couple of competitions, gets the King's Cup and look at him now. He makes skiing his whole life. No outside interests, just skiing all the time. You should see him practise, hour after hour on that hill. Why the man will go mad if he keeps it up. After all, he is human. If you ask me, he's got ski-fever."

"Ski-fever, what do you mean Jim?"

"Well, you know, like a fever, it gets into their blood, becomes a mania. They sort of break up, their style deteriorates. The worst part of it is that they feel themselves going and they get frightened."

"Are you kidding me, Jim?" Dave asked with a smile.

"It's the gospel truth, Dave. Of course it happens once in a lifetime and the stakes have to be pretty high; but look at Hemmesveit, poor fellow. His whole life is centered around skiing. He's been at it since childhood. His repu-

tation depends on it, it's his career. He's reached the top, can't go any higher. You can see yourself how he feels about that cup. If he loses this competition, a new cup holder is chosen in the Norwegian Derby and what has he got to live for? What can he . . ."

"Aw, come now, Jim," interrupted Dave, "you can't expect me to believe that. Nobody can take a sport that seriously," said Dave with a laugh.

"If it's their whole life . . ." Jim began to protest.

"Uh, uh, Jimmy, old boy. I'm turning in. If I listen to you any longer I'll start growing gray hair."

"Okay, Dave, I guess you'd better," answered Jim smiling sheepishly at his own melodrama. "Good luck in the morning!" he called as they parted, leaving the dining room.

"Thanks, Jim, I'll need it," Dave answered, still smiling as he walked over to the elevator.

* * *

The day dawned bright and crystal clear. The golden sun shone from the intense blue of the sky upon a veritable winter wonderland. Snow covered mountains on every side. Trees standing like white sentinels here and there. Upon the hill, the ski-run. The competition was already in progress. The preliminaries had been completed and the stars were now competing. The cheering crowd, assembled on either side of the runway, stood in colorful contrast to the white world about them. Above their enthusiastic cheering could be heard the clear crisp voice of the announcer naming each contestant as he mounted the in-run and droning out his score as he received it from the three judges at his left.

"Mr. David Eagan!" he announced.

Immediately all was silent. All eyes were turned to the

crest of the hill above. There stood Dave Eagan, confident as ever, awaiting the signal to begin. It came. Like a bullet he came whizzing down the inrun, his form absolutely motionless. Reaching the takeoff he swung his arms behind him, bent his body almost parallel to the skis and sped up into the air. Swiftly he sailed down, his skis hitting the out-run with an almost imperceptible sideslip but continuing through the snow until near the edge of the cliff where he made a strong telemark turn and skied back to the cheering crowd.

"Eagan! 234 feet! Two points off for sideslip in landing!" droned the announcer as the crowd mumbled its disappointment.

"Mr. Sigmund Hemmesveit!" shrilled the announcer.

Momentarily forgetting their disapproval the crowd again riveted their eyes upon a descending figure, hardly discernible as man as it glided down in crouched position. Like a bird flapping its wings, mechanically he swung his arms around and around to maintain balance and soared high above the crowd. Reaching the ground, he made a perfect landing. As the crowd roared its approval he completed the telemark skillfully and glided swiftly back to its warm acclaim.

"Hemmesveit! 238 feet! No points deducted," called the announcer excitedly. "Eagan returning for second jump."

The crowd watched as the tall slender youth took his stance and waited for the signal. Down he came, his lithe body gracefully soaring through the air to a perfect landing, down the sloping hill to a perfect telemark and back. The crowd cheered raucously, their enthusiasm almost drowning out the bellowing voice of the announcer:

"Eagan! 236 feet! No points off!"

With renewed vigor the crowd continued its cheering until finally the announcer called once more:

"Hemmesveit! Second jump!"

The signal came and once more that crouched figure came tearing down the icy hill. Smoothly, surely, until it reached the takeoff. There it hesitated for a split second, jumped, and hurtled miraculously to an upright landing, skied slowly to a turn and back. Half the crowd cheered his skill in landing upright while the other half, as crowds do, grumbled at his apparent failure. Even the voice of the announcer showed a slight edge of disapproval as he called:

"Hemmesveit! 237 feet! Two points off for unsteadiness, four points off for uncorrected sideslip."

Hemmesveit, himself, was visibly disturbed as he attached himself to the cable which towed him up the hill for his third jump where Eagan now stood preparing for his.

"Eagan! Third jump!" called the announcer in his precise tone.

Down he came in perfect form, sailing over the crowd at an almost unbelievable height and at last down and around to the crowd, now breathless at sight of this feat. The announcer ecstatically shouted:

"Eagan! 240 feet! 240 feet! A new record for . . ."

The crowd went wild, shouting, jumping, clapping each other on the back. Vainly the announcer tried to call them to attention while Hemmesveit waited tensely at the crest of the run. Standing there, he surveyed the mad crowd. Remembering the Norwegian Derby. Remembering how he had stirred a crowd to a similar madness. Recalling the wonderful feeling, the glorious acclaim and, the Cup. Realizing that he would never again receive such ovations. All these hours of practice, to what avail? Day after day he

would start out, confident that this day would be the day he broke his own record. But no, each day, each jump, 238 feet, 238 feet. No. He had reached his peak in '45. To him the championship is closed forever, what is there left? The crowd that once cheered him so madly, look! They don't even see him now, preparing to make his jump. Look! How they cheer the new champion. How quickly they forget the old and turn to a new star. And look at him. How sweet is the taste of fame? When will it sour on him? When will he have to give up the cup? He shan't take it! Never! "I'll outjump him." He called aloud. Heedless of the inattention of the crowd, not waiting for the signal, with mad determination in his eye, swiftly, surely, he sped down the run. His takeoff was precise, his landing neat. Swiftly he glided on, on past the now alert crowd, on, on and up into the bottomless air he soared. Enveloping silence fell like a cloud on the awe-stricken crowd.

PATTERN

Margaret C. Federico, '48

The years have taken threads
Of laughter, memories shared:
 Of foolish schemes,
 And youth's wild dreams,
 Remembered tears,
 And common fears:
Of such simple things they blend
And wove our lives to pattern, friend.

UNSEEN

Mary E. Sweeney, '48

Man sees not though to him God has given sight:
As blindly as the bat in light of day
He gazes, sees but little of what he might.

For granted takes he beauties now that play
Before his eyes. He sees them all en masse—
Loved faces, places, all God's loaned array.

Yet swift as flight of swallow, Time speeds past—
The world slips from his gaze on stealthy feet—
'Tis gone. How little has he seen, alas!

Through loss his eyes are opened. How tender sweet
Could he recall each detail in his mind
Of that loved face, that place he'll never greet.

All in vain. Now too late, too late to find—
And woe to him, he's walked life's ways, blind, blind.

THE THOUGHT

Lucille E. Oates, '47

SHE had fled down the stairs and before reaching the first landing the automatic click of the lock severed the sight of dark mahogany furniture in a small room illuminated by two bleak windows.

I'll move to a cheerier place, she thought. That must be what is the matter with me; that room is so depressing. It *was* ridiculous to leave a perfectly good breakfast on the table just because of an uneasy feeling.

She remembered lifting the steaming cup of coffee to her lips and wondering how many mornings before that she had performed the very same act. When the figure ran into the thousands she slammed the coffee to the table and dashed for the door.

Eight years of bolting coffee and toast and rushing to work! The thought had been too much for her. She attempted to push it to the back corners of her mind as she stood in the doorway surveying the familiar street in the misty morning light, but it would not go away.

She was early this morning because she had not eaten; it was a comforting feeling, this being early. The bus slid into the curb like a giant rolling monster and devoured all the people that crowded to its doors. She would, she decided, try to be earlier more often for there were many more seats at this time, strange the difference that a few minutes can make.

The misty landscape started to move slowly until it seemed like a great panorama of buildings, tall, short, dirty, modern, dilapidated, wide, . . .

The thought was there again.

She had seen all these buildings every morning for eight years, she had memorized their sizes, their shapes, and their advertisements.

She turned to study the people riding with her; many familiar faces but none were friendly. Why is that, she questioned within herself, I see these people so often, I recognize them and they recognize me but we never speak. The hot bus full of people with dead faces pressed upon her uneasily and she reached for the cord for the next stop. She was early; she would walk. The dead faces resurrected themselves long enough to raise quizzical eyebrows in the speculation that the girl with the wretched brown hat had been fired and now a new job necessitated her getting off at this stop.

The wind was a relief from the still, humid air of the bus and she exulted in her battle against it. Her windblown reflection confronted her as she turned a corner. The mirror was part of a display of an expensive ladies' dress shop. In the midst of haughty, well dressed plaster models the woman in the mirror seemed like an orphaned waif in her ill-fitting, inexpensive clothes. One of those dresses would take two months' salary; how she longed for one! Just one in her lifetime, please!

Tears burned in her eyes at the impossibility of such a possession and she quickened her pace. She passed two, three, four more shops just like the first, slowing when she reached the exotic exterior of a well known establishment, "The Flamingo", whose prices were as exorbitant as its decorations declared. Here she pictured lovely women sipped unusual drink and picked at oriental food. Although she had never been there she visualized it, because a glimpse of the inside was barred by the heavy perfumed drapes of

rose velvet that hung from the glittering ceiling to the polished floor. Often she had imagined that she was a patron of its glamorous interior.

The next display was a jeweler's window dazzling with blood rubies cradled in white velvet boxes and clear diamonds sparkling brilliantly against black. A tiny figurine held a porcelain clock aloft for all to see and the dainty hands pointed to eight thirty-five! She was as good as late.

The remainder of the fascinating windows were ignored as she fled down several blocks before racing up the employee's entrance of a small men's furnishing store.

She was five minutes late, but somehow it did not bother her as it usually would. Her desk was in the same place and the work she had left unfinished the night before was untouched.

Everything's the same, she mused, it's always the same. The work is the same, the hours are the same, the people are the same, and most of all I'm the same. I'll type all day, in a few hours Mr. Cronin will give me the money to bring down to the cashier and say, "Don't spend this all in the same place, Miss York," in that tone of voice that said "I've told the joke before but it's always good." She would lunch from one-thirty to two-thirty and when she returned everything would be the same, with the afternoon sun streaming across her desk glaring on all the papers and she could not pull the shade because it had been broken for two years. She had reported it several times when it first broke but had given up when no one arrived to repair it. She did her best to shade her work in the shadow of her body but still the brilliant light hurt her eyes.

She buried herself in the unfinished work, not looking up until a voice summoned her.

"Here you are, Miss York, don't spend it all in one place."
She winced.

"And tell the cashier to send up her report for yesterday. I suppose she didn't have it ready last night," Mr. Cronin complained.

The money thudded onto the desk in front of her and she automatically picked it up, the roll was hard in her hand. She knew now why Mr. Cronin thought his little witicism a joke for he trusted her implicitly and the thought that she would pocket any of the money seemed immensely humorous to him.

The cashier's cage was five flights down and she must cross the yet unopened store to reach it for today the store opened at twelve and closed at nine. On the way she fondled the bills and tried to calculate the length of time before she could save that amount. Suddenly they were no longer currency that she must take to the cashier but the money materialized into the expensive dress, the jewels; with this money she could dine in that fabulous restaurant.

One electric light cast long shadows over the counters of merchandise as she reached the store. Except for the light at the end of the store which indicated the position of the cashier the place was deserted.

She tried the door to the street, it was open. She supposed that the men had been bringing in new shipments of clothing and had left it so. She opened it and stepped into the street.

The air was crisp but the mist had not gone. She was glad that she had worn a suit under her coat that morning for she did not look out of place. People would be suspicious of a woman with so much money and no pocket-book; she rolled the money into her handkerchief.

After purchasing a cheap pocketbook in a nearby dime store she headed toward the block that housed the exclusive clothing shops. She thought of the expression on Mr. Cronin's face when he eventually realized what had taken place.

"Not honest, dependable Miss York. I can't believe it!" he would say. "Someone must have stolen it and taken her as hostage!" He was always imaginative if not logical.

It made her feel a little guilty to betray his trust but it was necessary if she were to complete her personal revolution against the course that life and circumstances had set for her.

The next few hours were golden and exhilarating; hours to remember for a lifetime; memories to store up to relieve future drabness.

She bought a dress first, a black wool crepe that was soft to the touch and fashioned in exquisitely flowing folds. The slightly uncertain saleswoman suggested complementary accessories. When she stepped through the door of the shop into the damp air of the street eight years of routine slid from her mind like a sea fog evaporating into nothingness.

She felt that her ensemble was flawless and her dress correct; the sensation was one that she had never experienced and its very newness was ecstasy.

Because she never possessed a real jewel she entered a shop noted for its stones and bought a delicately formed spray of diamonds and aquamarines which she pinned to the expensive black gown.

Instead of her usual habit of hesitation in open mouthed admiration on the exterior of "The Flamingo" she confidently swung the gleaming doors wide and strolled across the luxuriously thick carpet, following the waiter who, duly

impressed by her attire, led her to a table reserved for the better patrons.

Practically at her elbow was a small clearing reserved for some entertainers who arrived immediately after she had ordered the most expensive luncheon she could find on the menu. The waiter had been almost too obliging when she had ordered, perhaps he was mentally calculating his tip.

For an hour she listened to the music and lived in a private world which she had newly entered and from which she never wished to leave. The music carried her to the four corners of the globe. She reclined in a gondola in Venice, she was carried in a sedan by four dark Indian boys in Calcutta, where each sultry breeze set free a million tinkling noises in a music that is the essence of the Orient, she dined in a gay sidewalk cafe in Paris, and sailed the blue waters of the Mediterranean in a craft as light as air.

When the musicians ceased her thoughts stopped winging the continents and she began to inspect her confining surroundings. The interior was as beautiful as she had imagined. The tables were occupied with chic women and well-dressed men. The rose velvet drapes with matching chairs merely accentuated the quiet richness of the room.

Lining the four walls were mirrors that stretched from floor to ceiling and that reflected the entire elegance of the scene. She searched for herself in the panorama of people, waiters, and furniture, and found herself.

It startled her for it was not what she had expected. She had been convinced that an entire transformation had taken place and that she would not recognize herself as she had earlier in the day when she accosted her reflection in the mirror. This was not so. She had not changed at all.

The woman who stared back at her was herself, only she

wore a black dress that cost a lot but that did not make her appear any different than she had ever had in her inexpensive business clothes. Her shoulders still stooped, her hands were still chapped and red, her hair was still frizzed by a home permanent, and worst of all she was still herself.

She was sure that all these people were acutely conscious that she was an impostor, a foreigner to their beautiful domain but that they were sustaining their accusations until she left. Then she realized that she had reached like a child for something shining that it thought it desired but once grasping it found that it did not want it after all. The difference was that the child could throw it away but there was no going back for her.

The people in the room seemed wooden puppets who wore fine clothes, ate and drank, but who never lived. Creatures who would curl up into dust and blow away if ever exposed to the winds and the sun. Creatures who live for the night and let life slip like sand from their fingers in the day. Creatures who lived and died in an imitation world. Even if she could never go back she had discovered something that she had to know. She did not want this.

Ten dollars of the stolen money remained; she left it for the waiter. The mist had turned to a drizzling rain that matted the fine hairs of her silver fox neckpiece and spotted the skirt of her wool dress. She walked to her room in twenty minutes. Climbing the stairs slowly she reached the top and unlocked the door.

Everything was the same but now she was different. The coffee was cold and murky in the cup and the butter on the toast had congealed in tiny globules of fat.

She cleared the dishes and started to wash them; there would be enough time before the police came.

AS I SAW THEM

Patricia R. Carroll, '47

The Glass Menagerie, by Tennessee Williams, a new serious comedy of the Expressionistic type made its debut in 1944 and opened here at the Plymouth, February the twenty-fourth.

It is a great and important play in Dramatic History, and the author will take his place beside Eugene O'Neil, Elmer Rice, and Tyrone Guthrie as a successful experimenter in the field of Expressionism.

The cast of *The Glass Menagerie* consists of only four type characters designated as the Mother, her Son, her Daughter, and the Gentleman Caller. Pauline Lord as the Mother gave a convincing interpretation and displayed a deep understanding of the meaning of the play, submerging her own personality to become a type, an instrument of the dramatist. Her low, monotonous voice and unending word sequences, always nagging her Son and Daughter, and telling them over and over again of the times when she was young and had seventeen Gentlemen Callers is symbolic of the futility and depressing state of the life she is leading.

Her Son, played by Richard Jones, represents maladjustment, the poetic spirit repressed by Capitalism in the warehouse and his Mother in the home disturbing his contemplation. His Mother's nagging and ironic remark every morning, "Rise and shine", finally made him join the Merchant Marine. The play is a shadowy portrayal of his confused memories as he returns home.

The Daughter, played by Jeanne Shepherd, is the pivot of the whole drama. Handicapped by a crippled foot she

has acquired a morbid inferiority complex and as a result, lives in a make-believe world of her own in which her whole life consists in playing old phonograph records and playing with and caring for her collection of glass animals. The Unicorn, her favorite animal seems to be the symbol which is the key to the whole play. The Unicorn is Laura, the fragile Daughter. This mythical animal lived in a world of its own and had one horn protruding from its forehead which made it unlike any other animal. This horn represents Laura's handicap.

When the Gentleman Caller, played superbly by Edward Andrews, visits their home, Laura shows him her favorite glass Unicorn. He, suffering from a superiority complex, represents the world, or society which is so cruel to Laura. He was an old school friend of hers and the only man she ever loved. He is ill at ease with the Unicorn at first, but takes it and places it on a chair for exhibition. The Gentleman Caller then proceeds, in his brusque way, to analyze Laura and try to cure her of her complex. He dances with her and as he swings her in the air her dress knocks the Unicorn to the floor and its horn is broken off. He is beginning to draw her out of her shell, but before he goes much further she learns he is engaged. She then gives her precious Unicorn to the only man she ever loved and he leaves.

The play ends on an un-Catholic note of despair though it is covered over by an appeal to the imagination of the audience. "What's the use" philosophy predominates in this pessimistic play about the futility of living. It is an indictment against cruel society.

However, the play is technically a work of art, a psychological study in a depressing atmosphere.

John Gielgud and his distinguished English Company

thrilled Boston audiences recently with their sensational production of Oscar Wilde's, *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

This outstanding British artist of the theatre, who has not been on the American stage since 1936 when he played Hamlet, was welcomed with spontaneous applauding and cheers of "bravo" as the curtain rose and fell at the end of the performance.

A farce comedy by Oscar Wilde, the play is a satire on English society in the nineteenth century. It is a revival and was first produced in 1895, reaching the New York stage the same year. It echoes Jane Austin's novel of manners, *Pride and Prejudice* in time, setting, and partly in theme.

Mr. Gielgud, in the role of John Worthing, J.P. (of the Manor House, Woolton, Hertfordshire,) is a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He is "Jack" in the country and "Ernest" in the city. He visits the city to ask for the hand of Miss Gwendolen Fairfax (Pamela Brown) with whom he has fallen in love. She is attracted to him chiefly because his name is "Ernest". The plot is concerned with his being earnest in name and endeavor to win the fair, society lady. The very title of the drama is a pun.

There are many melodramatic scenes in the play which are excellently portrayed. The acting is done by obviously highly trained artists who reflect the talents, polish, and passion for the perfection of detail of their producer-director, leading man.

Acting is primarily an art, not a business, with Mr. Gielgud, and he backs up his acting with artistry in lighting, scene designing (the properties and furniture were brought over from England especially for this production), and costume designing in keeping with the period and society.

Much praise is due Mr. Gielgud for his splendid, refined,

polished, well-planned and well-presented production. America has recognized his talents once again and certainly made him feel that he is welcome.

All My Sons, a new, moving realistic drama by Arthur Miller stirred the Boston theatre-going public this season because of its deep, sustained emotion and suspense.

Ed Begley, in the part of Joe Keller, is the father of Chris and Larry Keller who were flyers in the war. Joe and Mr. Deever, the father of Annie (Lois Wheeler) who was Larry's sweetheart before he left for the war, were business partners manufacturing war equipment and airplane parts. They were brought to court for having sent out a shipment of defective parts which were the cause of the deaths of twenty-one flyers. After the court trial, Joe was exonerated, and Mr. Deever was jailed.

The war brought sad news to the Keller home that Larry was missing. Mrs. Keller (Beth Merrill) refused to believe that he was dead, because, she told her son, Chris, "if he is dead, your father killed him."

Chris has invited Annie to come to visit them during which time he plans to ask her to marry him. Both he and Annie believe that Larry is dead, as they haven't heard from him for four years. Mrs. Keller tries to prevent the marriage because if it takes place, it will wipe the illusion from her mind that Larry is alive, and will be significant to her that her husband killed their son as he killed the other pilots. There is also a faint suspicion in the mind of Chris that his father, and not the meek Mr. Deever is responsible for letting the defective parts go through.

There are contrasting emotions of love, hate, fear, pity, hope, and sorrow woven in this startling drama. Justice is wrought in the last act but Joe Keller committed suicide

just as he was about to go to jail. Besides being unethical, this action was unconvincing and did not ring true to the cowardly character of this man. It cast a shadow on an otherwise fine play.

There is only one set used for the three acts, but it is a unique and original one. It is the backyard of an American home (the Keller home), on the outskirts of an American town. The acting is natural and superb, and the costumes beautiful, effective, colorful and contrasting.

Arthur Miller, the playwright, has tucked in his dialogue many clever, current, strikingly true sayings. He has his finger on the throbbing pulse of the American people and has diagnosed one of their diseases.

EDITORIALS

AND SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING . . .

The annual miracle of the rejuvenation of a winter-weary world has occurred. It's April in Boston, and the freshness of another Spring is apparent in the gayly blossoming Public Gardens, the patches of brilliantly green grass along Commonwealth Avenue, the frivolous chapeaux seen on Newbury Street and the exuberance of the students who approach with renewed vigor the few remaining weeks of classes. But these are merely external manifestations of the change in the atmosphere, the natural evolution of the seasons; it is not alone to our senses that Spring appeals. We recognize an intellectual awakening as the result of its influence upon our senses. For the Seniors this is a special Spring, since it is the last which we shall welcome at Emmanuel; with breathless rapidity Commencement approaches. The underclassmen may well observe the phenomena of the renewal of vitality in nature and determine to effect a similar change in their attitude toward the sometimes dull necessities of Philosophy or tri-weekly assemblies. But to us it brings the sobering reality that soon we are to leave the familiar routine of our college life and embark upon a future which is somewhat frightening in its uncertainty. However, the contagion of joy and of hope which is Spring is all about us; the anticipation which is in the air captivates us. Who can be troubled with doubts at this glorious time of the year? With one grand sweep of Nature's miraculous brush the world has been changed. There

is hope of an everlasting Spring revealed in the beauty which once again transforms the world. "Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant King!" The mystery of the seasons has once more made man aware of his God.

I. F. K., '47

THE ROCK . . . AND APPLE PIE:

As students in a woman's Catholic college it is our duty to absorb that which is given us here and to apply it in our lives. When we give the name of our Alma Mater we will not be questioned on Shakespeare, Public Housing, physiognomy, or the chemical elements concerned in soil erosion. No! The questions most often put to us by Catholics and non-Catholics alike will be about our beliefs and our reasons for them. We listen and memorize the theses given us in our Philosophy and Religion classes, and promptly let them slip from our mind. We make no attempt to retain and apply the principles given us, yet it is on this subject that we will be questioned most closely. Some with malicious intent and other with direct deliberation will try to trap us, and if we stumble and falter what ignominy is brought down upon us. Our interrogators will not respect us for delicately avoiding the issue or gracefully sidestepping it. We can earn respect for ourselves and our Faith and our College only by refuting the arguments they set forth. No smattering of knowledge will do on this battleground; no glib recitation of a passage from Scripture, for they can demand we argue from Philosophy and exclude Theology. And when Theology is permitted in the proof we must be sure of our ground and not allow ourselves to be led into confusion by the skillful arguments of our opponents.

The tools are given to us here and it is our duty and responsibility to take them in our hands and go out well equipped. None of us is exempt from the duty for there is in the world today a hunger bordering on famine for a surety in belief. The false philosophies do not give to their adherents the Rock of Peter to stand on, and to one starving a crust of bread is as inviting as a piece of apple pie. Their crust of bread is to attempt to disturb our surety and strengthen their vagueness by this triumph. Our duty is to share the pie and make them come to the Rock to consume it.

F. B., '47

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

To Sleep or to Leap:

"The year's at the Spring, the day's at the morn." Morning's at 7:30, and, though the hillside may be dew-pearled, your eyes aren't open enough to see it. "The lark's on the wing," but maybe he got his six hours sleep. The snail is happy on his thorn, and you're happy in your trundle bed. If Browning liked to get up early, you don't. But when morning's at 10:30 and you've had three hours to wake up, the world is really at the Spring, and beautiful. The larks are joining in a cheerful quartette, the snail is crawling in three-quarter time, and indeed "all's right with the world."

* * *

Fauna, Flora, and Folly:

Do you quaff the wine in the air? Do you feel the velvet under shod? Do you see the intaglios of sunbeams? Oh, for the life of a poet! Oh, for the life of anything but a studious student. Emmanuel—with Springtime landscaping in from four directions. There is a silence when your name is called in class. Coupes are letting down their tops and windows on the Eastern Mass. go-carts are being opened (the few that aren't stuck). That ol' elemental appeal—and how it uncovers a damsel's 12th story dreams. A sillion voices pluck at the heart hopes, as singing fauna give out their harmony! "Would you like to be . . ." "Oh, would

you like to be a . . .” In through the upfurled windows of classrooms comes their song, “Now, why not be a . . . tra la la la . . .”

Last week, the humanities! How they strewed the courses of doctor, philosopher, gardener. And off, off forth goes one’s mind, right in the middle of Math 402 . . . 50 miles off . . . Oh, for the life of a . . . trapeze walker . . . tra la la . . . 602 miles off . . . Hm-m, an astronomer . . . tra la . . . tra la . . . gone, into a realm of fancy!

Yes, I guess I’ll be an astronomer. He has such a super life—just peeking through big pipes all night long. There’s so many stars and things I could give new names to, since the other ones are so old-fashioned . . . Andromeda and Perseus . . . uh, uh, no glamor . . . let’s see . . . Annie girl sitting on the rock (no it better be a chaise lounge) waiting for her date with Perry, who’s lost on the Pepsi Way. There that’s much better. Another thing I’d better look into—the moon and its on again off again job. It had better make up its mind to shine, full that is, on every Saturday and Wednesday night; also on holidays, “low” days, on weddings, engagements and hopefuls. Moon for the masses!

“. . . and the Hylomorphic Theory demonstrates . . .” Oh, that must be the professor. Maybe I could keep my mind on his lecture better if I looked out the window, since the blackboard reminds me of licorice sticks. The blue and green of nature! What a soothing psychological effect it has on me. I think I’ll be a painter . . . no . . . maybe a house-keeper . . .

Now with my vast knowledge I could *talk* the dust and dirt into leaving my parlor. And the Principles of Child Psychology I could use on my husband. If I remembered what buttons and levers do what work, I could push them with no trouble at all, and then it would be fun playing arithmetic with my ice-man, baker and candle-stick maker (candles throw such a beguiling glow). I could write my novel during the commercials on the radio programs . . . Ah, me . . .

And classes go on, and Spring fever breaks out in all parts, and the “thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.” But they are even l-o-n-g-e-r in this department. Will I ask Joe or Paul or Archibald to the Senior Prom; which one wouldn’t dare say no? Will my hair come out? Will he bring me an orchid? Will I put my foot through the skirt of my gown? Sweet, sweet reverie.

Gloom, Inc.:

Could anyone be sad in this gay, glorious season? But the Niobe-minded says of a smile—for shame! A chuckle—oh, rash, vain girl! Just a little thought would show you there's really nothing to be gay about. So away with yon grin. There are 74 common ailments listed in the Health Book which you could easily talk yourself into with a little thought. And what about the 65 so-called "emergencies" ranging from lumbago to the swallowing of a foreign body, which after all could be most anything, the bigger the better, when it's once down. Now remember the germs a-flutterin' around your eyes, your two helpless ears, your mouth, which should be closed more than it is. With a little concentration you begin to *see* them and then the battle's half won.

If this doesn't suit you because you're a nature lover, then there's thought rumination on the weather. It may rain, yet again it may not, in which case it should because of the farmers, but then the rivers would swell and you can't swim like Esther Williams. And here it comes!

* * *

Interlude:

An April shower. Did you ever go to the movies while nature coaxed next month's flowers? The darkness and silence of the theatre are soft about you. By the luminous light of the screen you see an enthralled woman on the right of you, occupied with the movie Adonis and your arm-rest. In front is a bald knob and next to it a hat. On the left, a real-life Romeo scene. What will they say when you do it? You can just imagine them all putting their heads together in mutual disapproval. They will frown, snicker. You can almost hear their low murmurs. Unostentatiously you extract the candy from your purse. Egad! Each piece is wrapped in a separate sheet of cellophane. Echod! What a torture this will be. Shall you unwrap them slowly, tantalizingly, or with one magnificent sweep. Oh well, now or never . . . crackle . . . crackle . . . crackle.

In This Corner:

Well, the question must be settled one way or the other. Are we or are we not to be happy? Is Spring or is Spring not the best slice of the year? Newman had a way we're a-thinkin' that did the trick! The pros and cons in black and white . . . Onward, gals!

Subject: Spring

Pro

- 1. It comes just once a year.
- 2. It rhymes with Bing.
- 3. It's healthy—the fresh air and sunshine.
- 4. Young love goes walking in the park.
- 5. (We're thinking.)
- 6. We like it.
- 7. We like it very much.
- 8. Ditto.

8. *Total*

Con

- 1. Thank goodness.
- 2. So does Sing-Sing.
- 3. (Censored.)
- 4. And wears out shoe leather.
- 5. (We're waiting.)

5. *Total*

If thou canst add—addest!

CURRENT BOOKS

The Happy Profession. By Ellery T. Sedgwick. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1946. 332 pages.

Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* for thirty years, is particularly fitted to write on the literary and social life of the Hub. A New Yorker by birth, Sedgwick spent his boyhood and youth in a family mansion in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. During his school days at Groton, he came under the influence of Endicott Peabody, William Amory Gardner, and Sherrard Billings. At Harvard, James, Royce, and Palmer helped to direct Sedgwick's literary aim. These educational and social contacts equipped him with a background for his views of the Brahmins.

The Happy Profession tells the story of the rocky-way journey to the contentment of a soul-satisfying profession. Sedgwick's first position after graduation from Harvard was the editorship of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, from which he resigned, after having turned it into the successful *American Magazine*. While he was on the staff of *McClure's Magazine* Sedgwick gathered broader knowledge and literary experience. From this assignment he advanced to book editor for D. Appleton Company. The purchase of the *Atlantic Monthly* climaxed his career.

The recognition of unknown authors, the circulation and prestige of the *Atlantic Monthly* testify to Sedgwick's genius for the discovery of talent, and the promotion of an artistic magazine. James Hilton, Walter Edmonds, Charles Nordhoff, and James Norman Hall are but a few of the literati indebted to the help and encouragement of Sedgwick.

Sedgwick's style is easy and flowing, sometimes whimsical, often forceful, never repetitious. He mentions as friends Mrs. Jack Gardner, Professor Kittredge, President Eliot of Harvard, Al Smith, Woodrow Wilson, relating of each an interesting incident or an amusing situation with the skill of a veteran story-teller. The initial chapter, "The Importance of Omitting Chapter One," reflects the light, witty, intimate touch of the author. *The Happy Profession* is a record of the memories of a distinguished man and is indicative of the sympathy and enthusiasm of one of the most important contemporary journalists.

Winifred T. McDonough, '48

Maine Charm String. By Elinor Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1946. 231 pages.

To most of us, buttons are merely necessary, often annoying appurtenances of our apparel. To Elinor Graham, they were the touchstone that opened the doors of the homes and the hearts of her Maine neighbors. Mrs. Graham, a former actress, described her first delightful Maine experiences in *Our Way Down East*. In her second book she reveals that her career as a button collector, initiated by her accidental discovery of a Revolutionary soldier's button, made her a "citizen" of Maine, her adopted home state. Anxious to become "as common and every day as the people about one" she zealously pursued her quest for buttons. With this "working interest in the locality," she rummaged through dusty attics, shrewdly bargained with antique dealers, attended club and church socials, bartered her own pet treasures for desirable buttons. Within a few years, she had secured not only a valuable collection of buttons, but also a precious coterie of friends.

Although Mrs. Graham does not pretend to be a literary artist, *Maine Charm String* indicates a development in her understanding of human nature and in her chatty friendly style. She portrays with charitable realism the wholesome, simple philosophy and the generous, tolerant nature that lie beneath the reserved, self-satisfied exteriors of the Maine inhabitants. As she laughs at herself, her humor ripples through her escapades on a merry-go-round, in a snow-bank, or in a barn-door-bound Model-T Ford. Her spontaneous style is sprinkled with unpretentious figures of speech and homely details.

The story is loosely woven, depending for unity solely on Mrs. Graham's button collecting career; however, in its magnetic quaintness, it resembles one of the charm strings, a series of approximately a thousand buttons. Each chapter is like a rare button; each has its own peculiar story that we can finger, linger over, or pass by quickly. When we have viewed the whole string, we shall appreciate more vividly the homespun qualities and the "down to earth" personalities of the Maine people.

Alice T. Carew, '48

When the Going Was Good. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1947. 314 pages.

By selecting choice incidents from his earlier travel books, Evelyn Waugh presents an unpretentious account of his peregrinations through Africa, Brazil, Abyssinia, and Spain. Having assumed the attitude, "nothing human is alien to me", Waugh reveals his sympathy and tolerance for all men, regardless of race, color, or creed. However, the record of Waugh's encounters with heterogeneous groups is not mild; it possesses the cracking whip of satire, more remedial than pernicious. With ethical propriety he admits that no human being is completely evil; even the worst specimens exhibit some endearing "little" virtue. Waugh's guide, a thorough profligate, merits admiration for his accurate sense of directions and his "opinions". The eccentric Mr. Christie is a convivial host; the satirist gives no higher recommendation. Society may topple because some of its members deviate from the orbit of virtue, but Waugh makes no definite predictions about an impending fall of nations.

Waugh's characters parallel the Chaucerian Pilgrims in their impartial depiction: neither their vices nor their virtues are exaggerated. *When the Going Was Good* proffers the clever mingling of the observations and of the commentaries of a scrupulous roving reporter. From his geographic storehouse, Waugh has drawn the local color material and the foibles and adventures of friendly foreigners, for a satirical treatment in his novels. Precise observation of detail and succinct analysis of character are perfectly blended in an enjoyable, unusual book.

Ann T. Corbett, '48

Lydia Bailey. By Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday & Company Publishers, 1947. 488 pages.

Against the crucial background of America's first struggles for recognition by foreign countries, Kenneth Roberts sets his latest historical romance. *Lydia Bailey* follows closely the form of his former novels, the blending of fact and fiction with effortless ease. In 1800, the world was in a chaotic turmoil with Napoleon devouring Europe, the Barbary States, carrying on undeclared war on American shipping, and the French seizing American vessels in the West Indies as a reprisal for a broken treaty.

These are the times in which Albion Hamlin comes to Boston to defend a friend accused of violating the infamous Alien and Sedition Acts. Here he falls in love with the portrait of Lydia Bailey who is believed to be dead of Yellow Fever in Haiti. Albion becomes involved in the French Spoilation Claims. This, plus the discovery that Lydia may still be alive brings him to Haiti where the tide of war sweeps him along. His search for Lydia through the lush tropical land, and the terrors of the Negro resistance against the invading French are graphically described in the unique, forceful Roberts' manner. The found Lydia and Albion travel to France and to Tripoli where they witness one of the most shameful incidents in the history of America. Mr. Roberts with his customary desire for truth gives an unerring account of the secret dealings and chicanery employed by both parties and does much to clear up the mystery surrounding this first assertion of trading rights by the United States.

The personality of Lydia is the motivating force but it is the character of Albion which saves the book from becoming episodic. With a genius for penetration Roberts has made historical characters live again. Tobias Lear who thought more of his comfort than of the lives of three hundred men; Toussaint L'Ouverture, a great Negro; Dessalines whose genius covers his monstrous deeds; and King Dick whose generous and loyal nature make him a man to remember. These fill the pages of *Lydia Bailey* making a moving, living story of the ways of men when faced by overwhelming odds. Lydia's characterization falls short. She is a pale figure beside the numerous virile, active persons. Some of the situations are implausible. It is ungenerous to emphasize these blemishes in a work that is a credit to the literary offerings of 1947.

Frances Barrett, '47

Speaking of Cardinals. By Thomas B. Morgan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1946. 259 pages.

Thomas B. Morgan, with the true instinct of a reporter, realizes that he has a remarkable piece of news for the wandering, pagan world. The Papacy is not a defunct medieval world power. In *Speaking of Cardinals* he pays tribute to the "key men" of the Papal Court, the skilled statesmen and spiritual princes of the Church.

By means of a sketch book, Morgan chronicles papal anniversary celebrations, the funeral of Pope Benedict XV, the conclave for the election of a new pope, the great red-hat consistory, with an eye chiefly for pageantry, thus subordinating the deeper meaning of ecclesiastical events. He records little known data in the lives of the cardinals: the misunderstanding between Cardinal O'Connell and Cardinal Gaspari; the desire of Cardinal Vannutelli to raise money by writing the life of Pope Pius XI for American newspapers; the "top-flight social charm" of Cardinal Bonzano; the skill of Cardinal Merry del Val with a rifle. Special consideration is given to the recently elected American cardinals.

Morgan expresses sincere admiration for active, exemplary men. His journalistic style is effective in the exposition of his thesis that cardinals are human, capable of accomplishing difficult jobs. Catholicity is an omnipresent factor in the book, indicating perhaps that a non-Catholic who has spent eighteen years in Rome has captured the spirit of the true Faith more vividly than nominal Catholics, "a word to the wise".

While Morgan may speak of the cardinals at work as if they were United States senators . . . "O'Connell of Boston", he is, nevertheless, impressed by the dignity of the Sacred College. To him, "the cardinals seemed reposed in wisdom". From us comes gratitude for an estimate of the contemporary temporal power of the Church and for an interesting detail on the personalities of our cardinals.

Mary M. Holihan, '48

War and the Poet. Edited by Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman. New York: The Devin-Adair Company, 1945. 240 pages.

A war poet is not necessarily a soldier. He may be a man who has merely been stirred by the turmoil of war. Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman, both poets of World War II, have gathered the output of these less-acting soldiers, in a comprehensive and cosmopolitan anthology, *War and the Poet*. They have included Greek and Roman epics, old Indian and Chinese lyrics, Anglo-Saxon, German, French, English, and American war poetry. Obscure but potentially great poems are made available to the reading public. Each editor qualifies his work with an introduction and a commentary on the poems. However, each poem still speaks for itself.

The poets pose the question: Why does man see fit to discard peace? Why must my comrade drop at my side? Why must man leave woman to weep? Why must youth die? Why must the living suffer? The editors do not attempt to give an answer; they present the questions for the world to read and ponder.

A lone Prussian boasts of loving war. Housman inveighs against the coward. Stephen Crane sings ironically that "war is kind". Sassoon cries impassionately, "you are too young to fall asleep forever". Hopkins reminds us to "mark Christ Our King, He knows wars, served his soldiering through". Karl Shapiro warns, "Let the wind blow, for many a man shall die". Whitman realizes that the Civil War made him a poet. Cummings with his unpunctuated slangy running-on verse almost grudgingly reveals the emotion which has made him one of the best poets of World War II.

"The history of war is the history of mankind." Poets have proved themselves true historians. *War and the Poet*, a record of the past, invites a hope for the future.

Priscilla A. Plummer, '47

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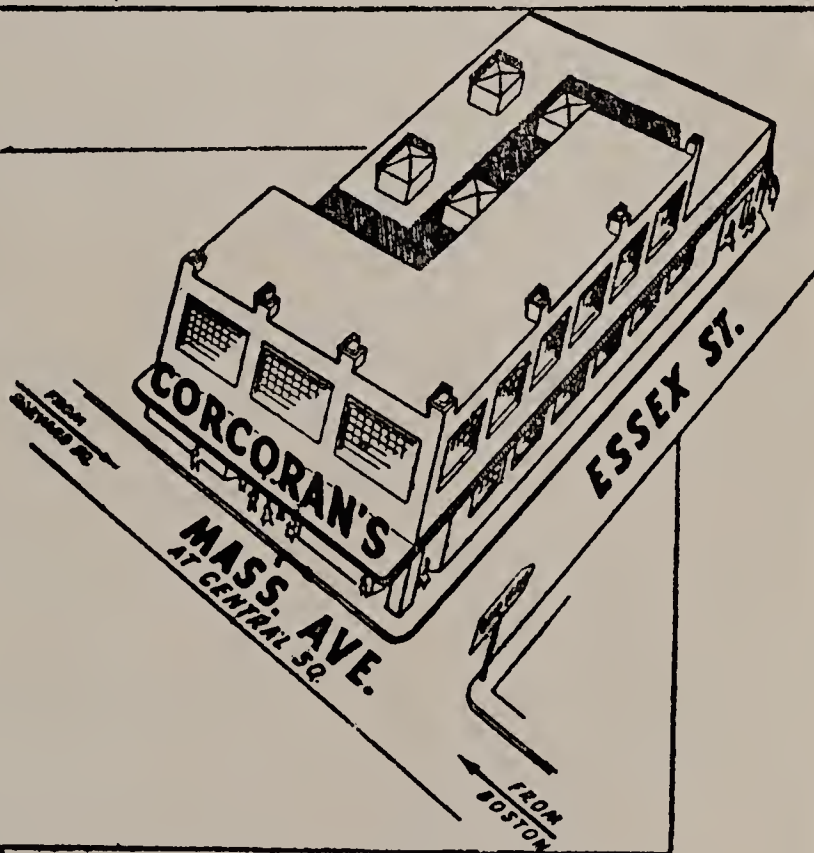
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THE LAST TEST

Dorothy R. Hingston, '48

THE last day of camp had finally come and with it the banquet given for the campers and counsellors. Release was so near that Elizabeth had to keep her mind almost blank in order to prevent any last minute outburst. No one knew how she felt. It was better that they should think her odd than that they should know the real reason for her behavior during the last week. It was not impossible because most of the girls had stopped making attempts at friendship and she was more or less alone now. Even Jackie left her by herself. Only when Miss Courtney came near her had she felt as though her self-control would slip. Each time Elizabeth saw the counsellor approaching, she had darted off in near-frantic haste to prevent any conversation. But no matter how she tried, she could not prevent her mind from going back to the first morning of camp and her resolution.

* * *

Halfway down the hill from the camp building to the bathing beach was a small clearing. It was a simple matter for Elizabeth to separate herself from the group of senior campers and to slip unnoticed into it. From here the view of the lake was perfect. The whole smooth, unruffled surface was visible to the small figure in the as yet unwrinkled camp suit. The resolution was new-made and it slipped easily to her lips as she repeated it. "I'll get my beginner's certificate in swimming," she whispered to the sympathetic pines nodding above her head, "and Daddy will be proud

of me!" The pines whispered assurance. At the sound of running footsteps on the path just above, Elizabeth looked up. Miss Courtney checked her head-long dash and called in surprise:

"Elizabeth Chandler, why aren't you down on the beach? This whole group is five minutes late for swimming instruction."

Elizabeth followed the trim figure in the blue shorts and white blouse. She watched in envy as Miss Courtney ran as sure-footed as a mountain goat among the tangled roots and boulders.

Down on the beach, she heard Miss Courtney hurrying the girls into the two small bath houses that stood by the wharf. She hugged her bathing suit to her and scurried across the beach and into the nearest bath house.

"I wish every girl out again in three minutes flat. The instructors are waiting." Miss Courtney's voice rang out.

"Last one out'll have to carry all the bathing suits up to the line!" shouted Mary Lou.

"Just because you're so fast doesn't mean that the rest of us are," complained Jackie, Mary Lou's best friend. "Hey, you'd better hurry, Liz, or you'll be late."

"I'm hurrying all right," said Elizabeth. "If I don't, I'll freeze to death! I didn't know it got so cold here in the morning."

"Cold! This isn't cold!" sang out Mary Lou. "Why some mornings when we come down here the lake's frozen over and we have to chop holes to have swimming instruction in. But we still have it! The counsellors haven't any hearts at all—they're pure stone." Mary Lou sighed at the dismal thought.

"One minute in there," announced Miss Courtney from

the door. "Mary Lou, most of us were campers here ourselves and we know just how you feel. But it certainly isn't that bad!" She laughed. "Chop holes in the ice! Just wait till I tell Miss Healey."

"Miss Courtney," drawled Jackie, "did you like to go swimming at nine in the morning when you were a camper?"

"Well, not exactly," admitted Miss Courtney, "but I did it and I certainly didn't make such a fuss over it as you people are."

"Miss Courtney," said Mary Lou breathlessly, darting out of her cubicle, "do you remember when I was ten and one day you and the senior campers"

"I want every girl out on the pier at once," called Miss Courtney vigorously. "Quick!"

"Oh, Miss Courtney, we want to hear, too . . ." wailed the attentive listeners.

"Whatever it is, it probably isn't true. Besides, you'll hear it soon enough anyway." She shooed the protesting group out the door.

Elizabeth stepped outside the white curtained locker and paused to work her hair up under her cap. If she could only talk to Miss Courtney like that! If she could think of something funny so say that would make her laugh and talk with her.

"Liz, you're dreaming," reproved Miss Courtney returning. "Come on, dear. Swimming instruction isn't as bad as they say. In fact you'll like it. Do you know how to swim?"

The long-dreaded question burst the little bubble of fear within her. "No," she stammered. "I can't . . . I've never learned how . . . I . . ."

Miss Courtney was not surprised. "Well, you'll learn fast

and catch up with the others during the month." She took Elizabeth by the arm and drew her out on the beach and down to the pier where the others were jostling one another and making noisy threats to push each other into the water.

"Don't let the girls frighten you," she said looking out at the campers. "They're so used to being here year after year that they're beginning to think they own the camp." She smiled at Elizabeth. "Do you like camp, Liz?"

"Oh, yes," breathed Liz, pressing down her fear. "I do."

"Good! You'll like it even more as the month goes on and you'll hate to leave when your time is gone. Come on, and I'll introduce you to Miss Healey, the instructor for the beginners."

"Miss Healey, this is Liz Chandler, a new camper. She hasn't learned how to swim yet. So you'll have to take good care of her," said Miss Courtney to the tall, brown counsellor standing on the beach.

"How do you do, Liz. Run down to the near end of the pier and I'll be right there."

"She's nervous, Jane," confided Miss Courtney watching Elizabeth run down to the pier. "I think she's afraid of the water."

"She'll get over it," said Miss Healey with assurance. "It won't take long, Emily. But she'll have to do it herself." The capable looking girl strode easily down to the pier and took charge of land drill.

"Everyone up straight now! And put a little life into this, you girls who think you know everything there is to know about swimming! Put those right arms over your heads—like this. Now bring the left down by your side—like this."

Elizabeth shivered and raised her arm. As she went

through the motions of swimming, she tried to reason away the swift rising fear. It wasn't sensible to feel the way she did. If the other girls could do it she could!

"Okay. Now everyone in the water," called Miss Healey. "Liz, just jump in fast!"

Elizabeth shook her head silently and walked to the end of the pier. She jumped down on the wet sand, then began to walk into the water. It was cold and she bit her lip to stop its trembling. When she had walked out as far as she could, she ducked up to her chin. The water was not so cold after that and she felt some of the fear evaporating. She splashed her arms in the water and called to Mary Lou and Jackie who were chasing each other out in the deep water. Jackie swam smoothly in to her and turned over on her back.

"Can't you swim, Liz?" she asked kicking a great fountain of water into the air with her feet.

"No, not yet. But I'm going to learn. You see, we never lived near enough to the water to go often." She wanted to tell Jackie about the terrible time when she was ten and had fallen off the raft into deep water. But even thinking about it drained the life out of her arms and legs and left her weak and shaken. No, she could never tell Jackie or anyone. She could only try to keep the fear down under her determination to swim.

"Sure you'll learn, Liz," Jackie was saying. "All you've got to do is work hard. Miss Healey is good! You'll like her."

"If you two are ready to join the class, we'd like to begin our lesson," said Miss Healey a bit sarcastically. "Jackie, get over into your own class."

Poor Liz scurried over to where the other beginners were

standing shivering in line in the water. A little farther out, she could see Miss Courtney in the patrol boat.

"All right, girls. Everyone in line. Now I want you to swim out using the arm stroke that I just showed you. The water's not deep and I'll blow my whistle when I want you to come back."

Taking a firm grip on herself, Elizabeth started swimming out at the given signal. Then the fear burst all over her! Could she still touch the bottom? She stopped swimming and frantically thrashed through the water to touch and stand upon the sandy bottom!

"Liz! I didn't blow my whistle! What's the trouble?" shouted Miss Healey.

"N-n-nothing, Miss Healey. I . . . I just lost my breath," stammered Liz shamefaced.

After that she became more careful. When the class swam out, she deliberately kept her stroke shorter and slower than the others. When the whistle blew, she reversed rapidly and swam in. As the days passed quickly by, she swam more easily. She kept her face clear of the water in spite of Miss Healey's corrections. She only felt the fear when someone swam too close to her and she was unable to swim. But she could always kick her feet through the green water and feel the bottom again. And the fear vanished so quickly each time that it was impossible to believe that it had come at all.

Miss Healey devoted the last week of swimming classes to the tests required for the Red Cross swimming certificates. At the banquet on the last day of camp they would be given to the girls who had earned them.

Elizabeth felt a glowing sense of achievement as she successfully passed the preliminary tests during the first days

of the week. Miss Courtney walked up the hill with her one day after class.

"I'm so glad you're learning to swim so well," confided the counsellor. "You must feel wonderful about it."

"Oh, I do, Miss Courtney!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "I'll be as good as Jackie and Mary Lou some day, won't I?"

"Of course you will, Liz," promised Miss Courtney. "They're trying for their advanced swimmers' certificates this year. The intermediate and swimmer classes are in between, so you actually haven't so far to go. It all depends on how hard you work, and on how much you want to swim. You'll be coming back next year, won't you?"

"Yes. So then I can start working for my next certificate. Maybe I could even get two in one month, do you think so?"

"I think that's a little too ambitious, but if you really *do* want it, you might surprise everyone and do it."

"Well, I've almost got my first one. I've just got to finish, Miss Courtney. My father's counting on me. Do you think I'll make it?"

"Yes, I do." Miss Courtney's brown eyes looked frankly at Elizabeth. "All you've got to do now is to pass the last test of all and you'll be through."

She could hardly believe it, but there it was again. The small face under the still-damp hair became expressionless as she felt the old fear begin to climb through her veins once more. She said nothing.

"I think you'd just as soon get it over as quickly as possible, Liz," continued Miss Courtney looking up at the pines, "so tomorrow all the beginners will take their jumping tests. All you've got to do is jump from the float, swim around to the steps and it's done."

"Miss Courtney," said Elizabeth listening to the melan-

choly music in the pines, "could I take my test from the pier?"

"No, you can't. The test specifies that it must be taken in water over your head."

They walked on in silence and parted at the top of the hill.

The next morning the beginners piled into the rowboats and rowed out to the float. One by one they jumped screaming into the water. With splashing and laughter they pulled themselves up the stairs and fell with wet plops on the raft. All the beginners passed the last test and Miss Healy's chart was completed—with one exception. Elizabeth Chandler had asked to have her test postponed. She had a migraine headache.

With a sense of foreboding, Miss Courtney watched the small figure run up the hill after class. It was the first morning that Liz had failed to walk up the hill with her.

The next morning, Miss Healey was deaf to any plea of deferment, so Elizabeth climbed slowly into the rowboat. She huddled in the stern and watched the muddy water in the bottom of the boat squish back and forth. Miss Courtney rowed the boat quickly out to the raft. Miss Healey grabbed the red railing of the stairs.

"All right, all out," she said with false cheerfulness. "Let's get this over with and get back in again. It looks like rain. You know what to do, Liz."

Miss Courtney gave a little push to the still figure. "Go ahead, Liz. You'll have your certificate now before you know it."

"I've got to get it! I've just got to!" The wail was almost hysterical.

"Liz, don't feel like that! There's nothing to it. You've

jumped off the pier hundreds of times. There's nothing different here."

They watched her scramble out of the boat and on to the raft. Miss Courtney maneuvered the boat around to the front of the raft. "We're right here, Liz; now go ahead. Just pretend it's the old pier you're jumping off."

"It's over my head here," moaned Elizabeth. "I can't do it! I can't!"

"If you can't, let's get back to the beach," said Miss Healey shortly. "I can't wait here all morning."

"Oh no! I've got to do it." One foot was within five inches of the edge of the raft. The slight figure was hunched over and the wide eyes stared at the water as though hypnotized.

"Liz! don't even think about it. Just jump in like Miss Healey taught you. You know you can't go way under."

"I'll go over my head! Mary Lou told me."

"What if you do, Liz. You'll come right up. It's only about four inches over your head here anyway."

"I can't!"

"Get in the boat then," said Miss Healey.

"Liz . . ."

"Don't, Em! You've got to be firm or she'll never do it," whispered Miss Healey. "Liz, I've got to get back to the beach. I can't sit here with you all morning. Either jump or get into the boat. Make up your mind."

"I'm going to jump. Im going to." She backed away from the edge, still staring at the water.

* * *

"Hey, do you mind if we come out there?" yelled Jackie from the pier.

The three figures started violently with the shock of the

sound. Then Miss Healey yelled, "Come on out, both of you!" Turning to Miss Courtney she whispered, "Maybe they can help."

The two girls splashed noisily out to the raft. They were laughing a great deal over nothing at all when they finally pulled themselves out of the water.

"Taking your test, Liz? Come on, take my hand and we'll do a 'sister jump'." Jackie seized the nervous brown hand.

With a shriek, Elizabeth tore her hand from that friendly grasp. "You'll pull me in! You'll pull me!"

"I won't, Liz. You just tell me when you're ready and we'll hold little fingers and go together," comforted Jackie.

"Look!" Mary Lou leaped into the water with a mighty splash. Elizabeth shrank back at the touch of the drops on her face. Mary Lou splashed about like a young porpoise and shouted, "You jump in and I'll save you!"

"Liz," interrupted Miss Courtney, "I'm here with a boat, Jackie's there with you and Mary Lou is in the water. Now say a Hail Mary and get it over with."

Liz tried to say a Hail Mary but her mind refused to concentrate. She moved forward and stood on the edge with her toes curled under the edge. She watched the circling Mary Lou wave her in. She looked toward shore. Classes were over and she saw the campers lined there watching her. The fear held her like a vise and squeezed the breath out of her throat.

"Liz, get in the boat, dear," said Miss Courtney. "I'll come out with you tomorrow morning."

Elizabeth turned obediently at her words and climbed back into the boat. Fear oozed slowly out of her as they pulled shorewards but the horror remained. When they

docked, she crawled out first and walked to the bath house. She hardly took time to dress properly and was out of the house and up the hill before Miss Courtney was able to leave.

Miss Courtney sat on the steps of the bath house with Miss Healey and quietly cried. "Jane, why couldn't we help her? She must be miserable! Oh, if she'd only talk to me about it, I could do something. She's got to get rid of that terrible fear she must have. I've just got to talk her out of it!"

"Emily, you won't be able to do it," said Miss Healy shaking her head. "No one can cure Liz of that fear but herself. She's got to do it alone. There's nothing you or I can do about it."

"There is! There must be. I'm going to talk to her. She has three days more to pass that test. We'll talk it out and if I can get her to face it, she'll come out all right."

The two friends walked slowly up the path. The wind sobbed through the tree tops and the first drops of rain began to fall upon their unheeding heads.

* * *

The dishes had been cleared away and the head counsellor arose to give out the awards. Everyone was quiet and even the servers stood in the doorway to listen. Elizabeth stared at the opposite wall. She knew Miss Courtney was looking down the table at her. She did not hear the names for there was no need to listen.

At length the awards were given out, the camp songs were sung and all arose to leave. Elizabeth left the hall and hurried down the long corridor, carefully avoiding Miss Courtney. She left the building and saw her parents waiting. She walked across the court and kissed her mother and hugged

her father. Her father put her bags in the car and they all got in. As they rode off down the drive, she saw Miss Courtney wave to her. She pretended not to see.

WAITING

Mary A. O'Mahony, '48

I waited so that I might some day seize
The love I knew would soon come unto me.
As buds await the summer's welcome breeze
To blossom forth, I stood expectantly.
While many passed my way I paid no heed.
As actors do till they receive a cue.
I wanted nothing till my heart was freed
By one who recognized my love as true.
We are together now, we will not part.
My restless days and longing nights are gone.
The waiting was well worth the aching heart,
It is a new found love the sun shines on.
The waiting watch so wearisome is past,
My prayers fulfilled, my love is here at last.

ROBERT FROST AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SOUND

Laure E. Thibert

The possibilities for tune from the dramatic tones of meaning struck across the rigidity of limited meter are endless.

IN THE above quotation Frost states clearly his theory concerning the psychology of sound. Revolting against the artificiality and lushness of nineteenth century poetic diction, he sought to find correctives in the intensely emotional and direct language of rural people. However, his poet's eyes were open, and from the very beginning he guarded himself against two of the greatest dangers of this naturalistic attitude; first, he would not reflect in his poetry merely the elemental passions in the speech of common men; secondly, although he recognized the inherent poetic quality of these conversational rhythms, he promised himself that he would not copy them slavishly in the Wordsworthian manner. And he set himself the goal of conveying to the reader, through this poetic naturalism, a finer gradation of meaning through sound than either Wordsworth or Coleridge had done.

So strongly does Frost feel about the sense communicated by the sound of words that he says it is possible to communicate meanings through tones of voice even when the words themselves are not understood.

This is because every meaning has a particular sound posture, says Frost, or to put it another way, the sense of every meaning has a particular sound which each individual is instinctively familiar with, and without being conscious of the exact words that are

being used, is able to understand the thought, idea, or emotion that is being conveyed. What I am most interested in emphasizing in the application this belief to art, is the sentence of sound, because to me a sentence is not interesting merely in conveying a meaning of words; it must do something more; it must convey a meaning by sound.

So, he delves deeply into the psychology of sound in words, especially as it is exemplified in Shakespeare's dialogues, from this study he draws up a sound theory of his own in which there are three separate planes of sound value. These are the three planes: Metrical Accent, Word Sounds; Sense Sounds.

Now, such an approach to poetic construction leads Frost quite naturally into a conversational idiom and the realm of dramatic dialogue and dramatic narrative. This is inevitable. Besides he feels that there are only two basic meters in our English language, strict iambic and loose iambic, and the rhythms of conversation fall naturally into these iambic patterns. He thinks that slight departures from the iambic are unimportant because his speech rhythms will always return to it. In fact, the poet gains variety and richness through deliberate variations of these conversational rhythms. This conviction of the basic rhythm of words is the first plane of Frost's sound theory.

The second sound-value plane is derived from the auditory denotation of words themselves, i.e., from the sound of the words and phrases without regard to context. As these sounds combine with the iambic rhythm they begin to add meaning to the words. But rhythm and denotation do not in themselves carry the poet's entire purpose in using certain words and phrases. The third sound plane is needed, for it is here that the tones of voice give the specially intended shades of meaning to words in their context.

Strictly speaking, there is nothing new in this theory of Frost. All poets have known these things. His originality comes only in the divisions and then the corroboration of the three planes.

The working out of Frost's seemingly involved theory of the "sound of sense" can best be understood and appreciated through a direct analysis of one of his poems. Therefore, for dissecting purposes I have chosen "Home Burial" which appeared in *North Boston*. I have taken this poem because, not only is it Frostian in this technique of sound posturing, but it is also typically Frostian in other respects. For example, it is Frostian in atmosphere; a lonely, back-country New England farmhouse; it is Frostian in situation; a poignant study of the conflict that grows between a wife and husband over the grief caused by the death of their first-born; it is Frostian in style; dramatic dialogue written in blank verse is the medium used for the psychological study of the difference between the man's pent-up grief and the woman's open sorrow.

Now let us examine "Home Burial" in the light of Robert Frost's use of those sound values which, though separate in theory, are one in analysis as well as in poetic creation.

He saw her from the bottom of the stairs
Before she saw him. She was starting down,
Looking back over her shoulder at some fear.
She took a doubtful step and then undid it
To raise herself and look again

This is the introduction of the poem; the setting of the stage, so to speak, where the tragedy will be played. By his use of variety and modulation Frost indicates the emotional conflict coming. This is an application of the psychology of sound on the first plane. The iambic rhythm of the

first verse suggests the steady gaze of the husband. There is fixity in the way he stands there wondering what she sees. The caesura in the second line is cleverly used to suggest that moment just before she sees him. The second verse by its very irregular rhythm gives the effect of the woman's movements—jerky, nervous, and frightened. The return to the iambic rhythm in the third verse reflects her attempt to steady herself, her “doubtful step”, and her effort to “look again”.

Now let us see how the basic rhythms of this passage, alternately steady and jerky, combine with the other two planes of sound values to produce the setting for the conflict to come. The predominance of the *o* vowel, the explosive *b*'s and *p*'s, the hissing *s*'s, all hint at a situation coming to its crisis for those sounds contain so much pent-up emotion.

The intended tonal value of the third plane is reached by a corroboration with the other two planes. For example, the exact contextual meaning of “some fear” is conveyed by both the rhythm of the line, which has led to two stresses here, and by the ominousness of the vowels and the consonants of the two words themselves.

It is impossible here to analyze in such technical detail every line of the poem but let us see how this sound theory works out in some of its high spots.

When the husband asked his wife what she saw up there she turned

And her face changed from terrified to dull.

Notice the swiftness of the movement in that first anapestic foot and then the graveness suggested by the proximate stresses of “face changed”; notice the same swiftness and graveness in the denotation of “terrified” and “dull”—

the nervous *t* and *f*, and the *e*'s and *i*'s in juxtaposition with the heavy *d* and *ull* sounds; and then see the tonal sullenness that the word "dull" takes on.

The husband comes nearer and says

I will find out now—you must tell me, dear.

The rhythms and the caesura of this line show the conflicting qualities of the husband, his sternness and his gentleness.

She refuses to answer

With the least stiffening of her neck and silence.

The anapestic and trochaic reversals show her deep-rooted obstinacy and suspicion by bringing the emphasis to weigh on "least", "stiff", and "neck". The words are hard and stubborn in their sounds and they reach their finality in the obdurate tone of "silence".

He did not see at first (his wife was sure he wouldn't), but at last he murmurs

. . . Oh, and again, Oh.

In such an anguished context the first "oh" is filled with his heart-breaking recognition of the little grave stone. Then the anapestic foot that follows it contains the prolonged sound value of the second syllable of "again" and thereby gives the second "oh" an almost sobbing connotation.

Then come these tense, dramatic monosyllabic words

What is it—what? she said.

Just that I see.

and the wife's unbelieving and impatient

You don't, she challenged. Tell me what it is.

Notice the intensity of rhythm and sound in that "You don't" and the terrific impact it takes in context.

The husband answers very simply and steadily

The wonder is I didn't see at once.

He talks on very evenly for about ten lines about the smallness of the graveyard, then says

But I understand; it is not the stones
But the child's mound—

His apparent unfeelingness reflected in the steady rhythm irritates her, and in near-hysteria she cries

Don't, don't, don't, don't,

Those four strong accents remind us of Lear's famous "no, no, no life!" and as in Lear, the total dramatic effect depends on the threefold integration of sound values. It is one of Frost's most powerful lines.

She gives her poor husband such a "daunting look" that he asks bewilderedly

Can't a man speak of his own child he's lost?

Then follows a conversation that is a perfect example of Frost's technical accomplishment in blending sound values.

Not you! Oh, where's my hat? Oh, I don't need it!
I must get out of here. I must get air . . .
Amy! Don't go to someone else this time.
Listen to me. I won't come down the stairs . . .
There's something I should like to ask you, dear.
You don't know how to ask it,

Help me, then.

Her fingers moved the latch for all reply.

The contrast in tones there is marvelous. The predominance of monosyllabic words, and the implied clipping of the wife's *t*'s create in the reader's ear the sound-posture which tells how the verses should be read if they are to convey her impulsive annoyance. The husband's words, contrasting so strongly against his wife's angry ones, are technically constructed to accentuate the pathos of the scene. There is

infinite patience and gentleness suggested in the length of his lines. And the trochaic reversal in "Amy" and "Help me" accentuate his hidden compassion.

There is a long passage then in which the poor, misunderstood man tries to explain his seeming insensitivity. His words are slow and thoughtful and the wife's interruption is a sharp contrast in tone. She says

There you go sneering now!
I'm not, I'm not!

Note the exasperation in the strongly accentuated "nots" 's, their sharp *t*'s. He continues,

God, what a woman! And it's come to this,
A man can't speak of his own child that's dead.

The full measure of his grief is in the weight of that last accent, enclosed within the double *d* sound of "dead". There is almost madness suggested in the wife's answer. The very rhythm of her words shows her unbalance.

If you had any feelings, you that dug
With you own hands—how could you?—his little
grave;

There is a sort of magic of madness in her next lines, an airiness implied in the recurrent *l*'s and in the assonance of *a*'s and *i*'s. They are beautiful lines:

I saw you from that very window there,
Making the gravel leap and leap in the air,
Leap up, like that, like that, and land so lightly . . .

She accuses him of brutal insensitivity because he could bury the child with his own hands. He tries vainly to understand her, to make her understand him. Bitterly he cries,

I shall laugh the worst laugh I ever laughed.
I'm cursed. God, if I don't believe I'm cursed.

In the first verse, the substitution of a trochaic foot gives the proper tonal value to "worst laugh" by that double stress. The repetitions of "laugh" and "cursed" are powerful too. She stubbornly refuses to understand him. She turns her back on the yearning love of the man. She cuts him off sharply with her hard "You *couldn't* care". He tries to calm her but inside he is shaken. His words are so intense:

You won't go now. You're crying. Close the door.

She threatens to leave the house. When she does, he summons up all his strength and cries

If you do! She was opening the door wider.
Where do you mean to go? First tell me that.
I'll follow and bring you back by force. I *will*!

The sense of tragedy is heightened in those last lines of the poem, especially in the vehemence of "If . . . you . . . do!" Those three strong words are the climax of the drama.

Here we conclude our detailed analysis. Many readers argue that such dissection destroys the inherent beauty of the poem, that it is unnecessary to the understanding and appreciation of the poem, and that the poet never thought of such technicalities when he created his poem any way! I agree with these critics on all three points (with reservations). Aesthetically, an analysis of this sort adds nothing to a poem. But technically, it is immense value to the versification student for it is the direct application of his textbook knowledge of the rules of versecraft. He derives no end of pleasure from the discovery of these technical virtues in the poetry he reads. He is like the medical student who must spend long hours in the dissection laboratory if he intends to be a good physician later on. The poet too must learn the technicalities of versecraft if he is to be a

good poet. He should make this sort of information an unconscious part of himself.

We know that Robert Frost delighted in those technical aspects of poetry. We cannot be certain that he intended to put so much "sound of sense" into "Home Burial" as we found there. Many of the modulations are undoubtedly instinctive or accidental. But, after all, the manner of their creation is far less important than the fact of their existence. All that matters here, is that through a detailed study of this poem we have come to appreciate Robert Frost as a psychologist of sound.

CONQUEROR

Anne T. McCarthy, '48

I steal into the coming dawn
Where strewn beneath my feet
A thousand sparkling dewdrops dread
The rising sun to meet.
I watch the sun's warm fingertips
Reach out to claim each one;
Now each dewdrop slowly fades
Before its absorber—the sun!

TODAY

Ann T. Corbett, '48

Alone you go, sad Monarch, to your death—
For man cannot retard your passage swift,
Lamented not, you draw your last faint breath,
And vanish through grim Past's wide yawning rift.
The bony hands of Yesterday uplift
You to your niche in Time. Your reign is done.
Already fickle man awaits the gift
The King, Tomorrow brings. His hope, bright sun
Eclipses you; Today: a new day has begun.

ESCAPE

Sally W. Rollins, '48

Enchanting music, bind me in your spell,
Entrap me by your magic, hold me fast
By haunting tones that swiftly fade, then swell;
Beneath your powers gladly I'll be cast,
And fondly hope your soothing strains will last:
Then glad, my flighty mind grows eager wings,
And bears to me impressions of the past;
Or leaps ahead to what the future brings—
Imagination feeds on strangely cherished things.

AS I SAW THEM

Patricia Rose Carroll, '47

SPRING has come and gone, but it warmed the field of drama this season and allowed to blossom forth three particularly good plays, two perennials, and one annual, which kindled the spark of life and flowered before shining eyes of eager audiences.

Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac", both classics which seem to reach the footlights at least once every year, represented the English and French drama, and both title roles were superbly done by Maurice Evans and José Ferrer respectively.

"Message for Margaret," a comparatively new play, by James Parish, represented the American drama. It starred Miriam Hopkins and Mady Christians. All three plays had short runs here in Boston.

One of the greatest tragedies of all time, "Hamlet", is very long and very difficult to produce, and it is because of the artistry and apparently easy manner in which Mr. Evans, his cast, and technicians overcame such obstacles that they deserve so much credit for their magnificent performance.

This new G.I. production, so-called because it was staged overseas for service-men, was divided into two acts of seven and nine scenes respectively. This was probably done to save time, but even with the scenes following one another rapidly, and with only one ten-minute intermission between the acts, the performance lasted three hours. This arrangement was satisfactory insofar as it added to the intensity and continuity of the play. However, even though the emo-

tionality of the actors and actresses was sustained and kept at a high pitch, the audience grew restless at times and found it difficult to concentrate upon every line towards the end of each hour and twenty-five minute stretch. The idea was theoretically good, but psychologically a little unwise. However, this is only a small flaw in comparison with the tremendous dramatic elements that Maurice Evans mastered and effected artistically. The scenery for this particular production was designed by Frederick Stover and consisted of one set, but changed for the numerous scenes by panels, curtains, and clever lighting. The Ghost of Hamlet's father was effectively and fearfully done by a dim light, through which dimness was heard the rich, emotional, pleading voice of Neilson Leigh.

Maurice Evans did a fine piece of acting and interpreting of "the piece of man" he represented. His Hamlet was a little stronger character than some Shakespeare fans might read into the play, but Mr. Evans succeeded in putting across his interpretation, arousing the fear and pity of the audience, even eliciting some good laughter. Miles Malleon in the role of Polonius deserves special commendation for his apt and entertaining portrayal of the doting father living in his second childhood. The rest of the cast supported Mr. Evans wholeheartedly and well, their diction being exceptionally clear and their projection a blessing.

Scene I of Act V in the original arrangement, the grave diggers and burial scene, was the only obvious cut in the play. This was probably done because of production difficulties, on account of the absence of actual groundlings in the present day theatre audience, or because of the pathetic episodes in this scene which would border dangerously on the ludicrous if not done to perfection. However, this latter

difficulty could be easily overcome by the sweep of the magic wand of Maurice Evans.

Thrilling, stirring, magnificent, clever, beautiful, rhythmic, all qualities characterize this Michael Todd presentation of "Hamlet" and made it a delight to the senses and stimulus to the whole man.

The natural attitude of one character toward another, which is not completely present in all Shakespearian attempts, was an outstanding quality of the production. It proved that today human nature is the same as it was in 1600, whether it be painted by Shakespeare or Eugene O'Neill.

José Ferrer's revival of Edmund Rostand's romantic drama "Cyrano de Bergerac" is brilliant theatre absorbed by thrilling artistry in acting. This production, which played in Boston recently for only one week with the same cast which carried it through a record-breaking New York run, is an improvement over the production which Mr. Ferrer presented to Boston a year ago.

Like "Hamlet", "Cyrano de Bergerac" offers the courageous actor who will attempt its portrayal a character of deep emotion which demands versatility and accomplishment in technique as well as keen interpretative ability. Mr. Evans and Mr. Ferrer were both faced with long, poetical speeches (Hamlet's soliloquies and Cyrano's long renditions written especially for the French actor Coquelin who liked such roles), a fencing scene, artistic dramatic criticism of a play within a play, which they had to live up to themselves, and a death scene. Both actors were excellent in craftsmanship and technique, but Mr. Evans showed a deeper understanding of and keener sympathy with his revenge-pricked Hamlet, than did Mr. Ferrer of his noble, smooth,

but rather too proud, Cyrano. Maurice Evans played emotions against emotions. José Ferrer played words against words.

The contrasting scenes in "Cyrano de Bergerac"—the theatre scene in the Hotel de Bourgogne, the bakery of the poets, the war and nunnery scenes, were extremely vivid. Sense appeal was stressed. The clever lighting intensified the emotional appeal. A thrilling, adventurous, sparkling revival of a great French romance, "Cyrano de Bergerac" is a credit to Ferrer and his staff.

Miriam Hopkins and Mady Christians did a fine piece of acting in the moving drama, "Message for Margaret", which was extremely popular during its two-week run at the Wilbur Theatre.

This highly emotional play is the story of two women, both of whom are in love with the same man, and both called Margaret. When David Hayden, the object of their affection, is accidentally killed, his dying words are, "Give my love to Margaret and bless her for all she has done for me." These words are relayed to Margaret Hayden, David's wife, by a friend of the family who was with him at his death. The other Margaret, who has been in love with David for two years, unknown to David's wife, receives the message via the newspapers and visits David's widow. The plot of the drama revolves around the two women, and which one of them David was thinking of when he died.

Seemingly inconsequential material for drama, yes, but such a clever, emotional, startling character study is wrought by the dramatist as to move even callous hearts.

A selfish, beautiful, vicious novelist, Adeline Chalcot (Miriam Hopkins), who writes under the penname of Margaret, is the instigator of all the trouble that arises in the

life of David's widow. She even urges the refined, usually self-controlled woman on to attempted murder. The passion, cunningness, and sustained emotion of the characters give the play a vitality and intensity that only human emotions, strained to their breaking point, can bring.

Mady Christians, in the role of David's widow who found out only after her husband's death that he loved another woman, did an excellent piece of acting. The evolution of her character from a normal, intelligent, reasonable woman to an abnormal, unintelligent piece of humanity, as a result of being tormented by the taunts of a woman who claimed her husband was unfaithful, was gradual and restrained, deserving of much praise. Roger Pryor, as Stephen Austin, the go-between, good natured friend of both women, and Peter Cookson as Robert Chalcot, the poet husband of two-timing Adeline, both performed admirably.

Different from "Hamlet" and "Cyrano de Bergerac", the three acts of "Message for Margaret" were played with one setting, the Hayden apartment in New York.

Miriam Hopkins did a very clever bit of acting in spite of the difficult role she had to portray so that in the last scene, when her true colors are revealed and she is left alone, we do feel no sympathy for her.

LANDSLIDE

Mary M. Holihan, '48

A MIRACLE had happened! Yes, and suave, sophisticated Whitman was witnessing the miracle without batting an eyelash. Governor O'Donnell found his office jammed the morning after his defeat at the polls. Newspapermen, politicians of both parties and friends filled every nook.

"Hey, what in blazes are you guys doing here? If it's the custom for the defeated governor to hand out cigars, I'm establishing a precedent." The Governor's stentorian bellow conquered the hundred murmurings.

"Oh, hiya Dan, we just thought we'd drop by for a while."

"Well, drop out again now, like good fellows. You must all have something you have to do with your mornings and besides, I'm going to be mighty busy."

"But I'm working now. This is part of my job."

"Was that you, O'Neil? Since when has the loser been news? Or maybe you were expecting me to hang myself or something? Sorry I can't oblige."

By this time the governor had worked his way to the long mahogany desk and settled his angular frame in the chair behind it.

"Come on, Gov, give us poor hard-working newspapermen a break. We want a human interest story. Do you hate the people of Whitman? Did the wife cry last night?"

"Wait a minute. If you must print something, print the truth. I said I'd serve the people of Whitman as long as they

wanted me. They just said they'd like a change and, well, it's O.K. by me. As for the family, last night we celebrated little Janey's birthday."

" 'Little' Janey? Now, Gov, how' old is that glamour girl daughter of yours?"

"Oh, I don't know—she's second oldest. You newspapermen are too darn technical. Anyway, we had a barrel of fun. All the old neighbors were up, and we entertained the kids with our versions of the latest songs and dances. You should see me do the 'Beer Barrel Polka'!"

"Did you say *latest* songs and dances, Gov?"

"Technicalities, technicalities. Will you people please clear out. I've got to get started on my housecleaning or my successor will begin his term with a very low idea of his opponent's neatness. Now where did I put those drawer keys?"

As the governor scattered the confusion on the top of his desk into a little worse order, the men slowly filed out of the office while smoke and laughter and such fragments as "People were crazy to let him go . . ."

"Conservative landslide . . ."

"No merits considered . . ."

"They never elect the able . . ." floated back to the man preparing to leave the office he had called his own for four terms—eight years.

As the last man left, leaving the door swinging, Bill Wilson got up from his seat in a far corner, closed the door, and took a key off the small table to the right of the door.

"Looking for this, Dan?"

"Thanks. Never can remember where I left it the night before. Were you here with that mob? I didn't see you."

"I had a back seat. So you don't mind getting kicked out of the governor's office, eh?"

"That's the way they wanted it, so that's the way they'll get it."

"What about all those reforms you planned, the ones you didn't reach and the ones just started that need nursing along?"

"Looks like most of the people didn't care much about them."

"Dan, how'd you like to be mayor of the old capital city here?"

"Consolation prize, Bill? No, thanks."

"Come on, Dan. You're the only one who can keep the Liberals in. You could swing the big city no matter who they ran against you."

"No soap, Bill. It's all right to work up from mayor to governor, but it's no good working down."

"You could do an awful lot of good as mayor. The city could stand plenty of your pet reforms you know. Then they might be copied by the state."

"But the fact still remains,—they wouldn't make him governor, so he tried for the mayoralty. I couldn't do it, Bill."

"Well, you can think about it anyway. It's almost lunch time. Want to have a bite with me?"

"No, I guess I'll finish up here before I eat. If I go with you now, I'll spend the afternoon and get nothing done. I'll see you at the business men's lunch tomorrow though. Going, aren't you?"

"Sure thing. I'll meet you there. So long, and don't forget my proposition."

"Don't you forget my answer."

Five o'clock, and the governor decided the rest could wait and went home. Coming up the steps of the execution mansion he collided with a young captain of the Marines.

"Gettin' blind in my old age. Sorry, Cap. Say, weren't you at the party last night?"

"Yes, Sir. Captain Foley's the name, Sir. Jimmy Foley."

"Oh, yes. Have a good time at the party last night, Cap?"

"You can call me Jimmy, Sir. Yes, Sir. I had a swell time, Sir. Best party I've ever been to, Sir."

"Trouble with people nowadays, they don't know how to enjoy themselves. Well, goodnight, Cap."

As the door slammed behind him, the governor's First Lady came rushing from the orange-bright rear of the house, bringing the warm glow of the kitchen with her.

"That you, Dan? My but it's nice having an almost private citizen for a husband. He gets home at a decent supper hour."

"But won't you miss the prestige of being the chief executive's wife, Anna?"

"Don't be silly, Dan. What's prestige? Zipping myself to death in formal dresses I was never made to wear?"

"I like my girl to have a bit of flesh on her bones."

"Then I've more than my bit. Come, supper's ready."

As they sat at the table Dan remarked, "Say, I tripped over a young Marine Captain on my way in tonight. Seems as though he's been under foot a lot lately. Probably wants some favor he can't get up the nerve to ask."

"Probably that's it."

"Have you noticed him?"

"Certainly."

"Know anything about him?"

"Surely."

"Know what he wants?"

"Which of your children is home right now?"

"Huh? Why Dan and Marie are at college, the twins at boarding school . . . Janie's at home. What's that got to do with it?"

"That's what he wants."

"What?"

"He wants to marry Jane."

"Little Janie?"

"Twenty-two seems to me a good age to be married if she likes."

"Suppose so. Doesn't seem like it though. Say, Anna, do you think it would be a good idea if I were a public official when they were married?"

"Why?"

"Glamour, color, or something. Young folks eat it up these days."

"I think it would be best if you were just plain father. Anyway, what kind of an official do you mean?"

"Mayor of Hickery, for instance."

"Well, suit yourself. If the idea of being mayor appeals to you . . ."

"Does it appeal to you, Anna?"

"I've shared you with the public a little over twenty years. I'd like to keep you to myself. Every woman is a little bit selfish that way. But I'll be happy no matter what you decide."

"You're a fine wife, but not much help when it comes to making a decision. Where's Janie? Here we are, almost all through supper and she hasn't arrived yet."

"She's spending the night with Aunt Mary. The two of them are going on a shopping spree these two days."

"Oh, well, can't get her opinion tonight either. That apple pie touched off the meal just right. Say, have you seen that new book I'm reading, *Wartime Mission in Spain*?"

"I think it's on the table by your chair in the library."

The next day at twelve sharp, Governor Dan O'Donnell closed up his office and hurried to the Hotel Biltmore where the Businessmen's Luncheon was to be held. Bill Wilson was there ahead of him and was sitting beside his place near the head of the long table.

"*The Club of the Long Table* will come to order and proceed with the business of the day," announced a huge, successful executive as a delicious man's lunch began to be served.

"Hi, Governor."

"Good food keeps him coming back."

"He's the most active honorary member of any club I ever saw."

"Where do you suppose he puts it all?"

"Is there ever a time when you're not starved, Governor?"

"Well, I'll be turning in my membership card soon, so I'm making the most of it, boys."

"Ah, you wouldn't forsake us, would you, Governor?"

"That's what I keep telling him." Bill Wilson spoke up for the first time. "You'd like him to be mayor or something and keep his honorary membership, wouldn't you?"

"Heck, I'd like to make him a legitimate member. How about General Manager of *Consolidated Gas* at thirty-five thousand a year, Dan?"

"Why you traitor. His services are needed by his country and party."

"My services are also needed by my family, Bill. What would the job be like, Jack?"

"I've a better offer, Dan. President of *Paris Creations Inc.*, at forty thousand."

"Oh ho, Dan O'Donnell, president of *Paris Creations*. When I see that, I'll know the world is coming to an end."

"It pays thirty thousand dollars a year more than the job you're offering me, Bill."

"Say, Dan, you've always like figures, haven't you?"

"I get a kick out of juggling them around a bit, why?"

"I'll give you forty-five thousand to juggle them for *International Oil*, as Financial Secretary."

"Remember the good job you did on the State budget, Governor? The city needs a new budget worse than the State ever did." Bill Wilson pleaded his case earnestly.

"Could I start that job next May, Tom?"

"Why . . ."

"You always said there's no place like politics to find true friends, Dan," Bill broke in.

"Now Bill, you've done your best and I know you mean well, but it's time I began to plan for my own future and let someone else plan for the state."

"But you're the best man for the job."

"If a child won't do what's best for him, he has to suffer the consequences. How about my proposition to start in May, Tom? You see, I'd like to take my wife on a little vacation to the South this winter. We've never been out of the state together and it would be a real treat for the both of us."

"Sure, Dan, you can start anytime you want. Boy, am I proud of myself. I was sure no one could ever induce you to leave politics."

"Well you see, I decided I'd better start being a family provider, especially since I'll probably be a grandfather before you know it."

LINKED SWEETNESS

Laure E. Thibert

AS THIS issue of *ETHOS* goes to press, the musical season in Boston is drawing to a close. Echoes of the Metropolitan arias are still ringing in our ears, the last thunderous chords of the Boston Symphony are resounding through Symphony Hall, and already we are talking about the perennially enjoyable Pops. However, before we start to make reservations for Pops or to anticipate some of next season's promising programs, let us glance back, nostalgically perhaps, at the music we have heard this year. All phases of musical entertainment considered, it has been a good season.

The length of this article does not permit a comprehensive evaluation of the entire season; therefore, in the interest especially of *ETHOS* readers, I shall confine my criticism only to those concerts given by young American artists, our own gifted contemporaries who so richly deserve our tributes and our encouragement.

In the symphonic field, two particularly praiseworthy concerts were those given by Leonard Bernstein's New York City Center Symphony on November 13, and by Malcolm Holmes' New England Conservatory Orchestra on February 13. Although the Bernstein concert got off to a bad, half hour late start, owing to some mysterious organization mix-up, yet it was one of the finest concerts of the season. No one in the audience who listened will ever forget how Mr. Bernstein, disappointed and disturbed, apologized for the delay, and then proceeded to conduct as energetically

and emotionally as if he were playing to a full house. It was at once a pathetic and admirable sight to behold.

He conducted the interesting Elgar Enigma and Variations, the richly melodious Dvorak Second Symphony and Benjamin Britten's Violin Concerto, with Werner Lywen as soloist. Leonard Bernstein's musical versatility and virtuosity are extraordinary. Here indeed is a genius on the Gershwin scale.

The Conservatory Orchestra performance, though perhaps not so polished as that of the New York group, was every bit as delightful. The variety of music played was interesting, the soloists even more so. Lovely Lois Schaefer played Griffes' Poem for Flute and Orchestra with all the delicacy and clarity of Pan. Takouhi Chorbajian gave a brilliant rendition of the first movement of Schumann's Concerto in A Minor. Her verve and accuracy quite surprised her audience; she received an overwhelming ovation.

Mildred Mueller, Nancy Trickey, and Marguerite Willauer sang the very difficult trio and duet from Der Rosenkavalier, Act III, with an effortless integration that was astonishing. The last soloist on the program was Marilyn Olson. Many of us in the audience had been to her recital three days previously and were happy to hear her play again the first movement of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, this time with full orchestral accompaniment. It is always thrilling to hear Marilyn Olson play and to see her blossom forth on occasions like these. Offstage, she is very unassuming and placid, yet at all times when concertizing, she rises to the heights of the true artist. At both these concerts this season her poise and stage presence were as lovely to behold as her artistry. Her Tchaikovsky, of course, was exquisite.

Lastly came the martial Minuet and March from Berlioz's

Damnation of Faust, played with considerable zest by the orchestra. It was the grand finale. Rarely have I seen an audience so responsive as the one in Jordan Hall that night. Although the criticism of the individual artists was uneven, yet the praise of Malcolm Holmes, the conductor, was unanimously high. The spirited coordination of his young musicians was a tribute to his fine directorship. By his patience, perseverance, and always surprising enthusiasm, he has accomplished much this year in the post-war reorganization of the Conservatory Orchestra.

On January 17, Aaron Richmond presented Pearl Primus and her Group in a program of Negro dances, which was one of the most thrilling dance recitals given in Boston in recent years. The first half of Miss Primus's program was called "Dark Rhythms" and comprised a group of African tribal dances done with tom-tom accompaniment only. They were powerful, primitive dances the intense rhythms whereof created mixed sensations in the audience. Half of the audience was Negro, and the other half, generally speaking, a very conservative group of Aaron Richmond subscribers. For those of us who belonged to neither group, it was interesting to watch their psychological reactions. The theory that our modern American Blues and so-called hot jazz have their origin in African primitive rhythms is not mere hearsay. One has only to witness such a recital to see the truth in the statement. And while the dances were interesting as rhythmic entities, many of us in the audience were somewhat distressed to find in them the basis of so much of our American music. They are so savagely sensuous, so very abandoned, that it is painful to admit that our civilization has done so little to harness them in restraint. The second half of Miss Primus's program was a group of

American Negro dances which proved this point only too well. The dances, we saw, are an undeniable part of our American heritage, but when we realized how little they had advanced from their African origin we regretted that they have taken on such importance relative to some of our other inheritances. However, such reflections did not detract from the artistry of Pearl Primus's recital. It remains one of the most interesting programs of the season.

On March 4, at last, Phyllis Knox gave her long-awaited concert at Jordan Hall. She has recently come East from Oregon to present this, her first professional recital, and it was all that we had expected. The entire program, from the Soler and Beethoven Sonatas through to the DeBussy encore, was excellent. But Phyllis Knox has a special attraction for the music of Robert Schumann, and it was in listening to her performance of his "Carnaval" that the audience received its greatest thrill. No one will forget how magically her deep love for, and understanding of this music seemed to pour from her fingertips in every note of the composition.

It is an inexplicable wonder of nature that such musical power and purpose can find their source in such a delicate, sensitive young body (she is only 24). As an artist, Phyllis Knox is an almost overpowering virtuoso who plays with astounding assurance and intensity. As a person, she is unbelievably gentle and amiable. Perhaps it is that very combination of rare qualities that makes her one of a promising young genius. Her name is worth noting and watching for.

I might have written about Koussevitsky, Marion Anderson, and Ezio Pinza in this article. But somehow, it seemed more appropriate to praise Bernstein, Primus, Phyllis Knox, and those other young artists who, in their own fledgling

ways, helped make this season such a fine musical one in Boston. I count it a rare privilege to know so many of them personally.

PLEA

Laure E. Thibert

Oh! send me not away like this,
Not understanding yet
The sudden tearing from the bliss
I had so lately met.
At least another rapturous kiss
Before I must forget:
Love, send me not away like this—
Not yet, not yet!

EDITORIALS

VERBUM SAT . . .

In recent months, public attention throughout the nation has been focused upon an impending crisis in the demands for increased salary for members of the teaching profession. Through the medium of the press and of the radio the controversial arguments have been presented. The claims of educators that the higher cost of living requires a substantial raise in salary have been dicounted by the opposing faction which controls the appropriation of the necessary funds. The dangers to the well-being of our nation, should worthy members of the teaching profession leave the ranks of education to seek their living elsewhere, as a result of inadequate compensation, have been stressed. The accusation has been made that we are failing in our duties to the children who are molded to great extent by the school teachers with whom they are in contact during the most formative years of their lives. Agitation raged rampant for many weeks, during which time varied solutions to the problem were offered. In a regrettable example of lack of professional dignity several groups of teachers elected to follow the ranks of labor in seeking a satisfactory settlement by leaving the schoolroom for a picket line.

It is difficult to evaluate the consequences of such strikes. To the general public it was somewhat repugnant to picture representatives of an honored profession bearing placards and parading before the impressionable eyes of excited youngsters. Strikes are the trend of the times? This may satisfy labor as to the validity of such action but we fail to conceive that it is in keeping with the acknowledged pro-

fessional code. The dedication of one's life to the education of youth is a noble calling. The demands placed upon educators are multiple. The responsibility to the general public which they assume is comparable in some extent to the responsibility of the doctor, the lawyer. Is it not offensive to imagine a situation wherein the doctors of the nation should desert their oath—refuse to respond to the appeals of the sick? There is a basis of comparison in that the ethics of professional standards are involved.

To deny to teachers the right to make legitimate demands would unjustly restrict their personal liberties. But they should seek some means other than that of an organized strike during the school term. A just strike, in logical definition, is a stoppage of work at the *termination* of a labor contract. Instead of striving to obtain their desires by means of refusing to teach, it seems more advisable that the teachers fulfill the terms of their immediate contract and at its conclusion endeavor to reach, by arbitration, a satisfactory agreement. Should arbitration within a specified period fail, a refusal to renew existing contracts might well succeed in forcibly presenting the absolute necessity of reaching an understanding. This method of obtaining what is justly desired might well serve a double purpose: that of achieving monetary satisfaction for a long under-paid profession, and the dignified retaining of a time-honored and respected profession.

I. F. K., '47

TROJAN HORSE?

Bostonians, through the years, have held the enviable reputation of being a bulwark and safeguard of morals in literature and in the theatre. It is not easy for one group to hold out against the opinion of the majority for ridicule is apt to follow close upon the heels of such a stand. Boston has survived the ridicule and side remarks and made herself recognized as an audience whose approval is a distinguished accolade on the artists' work. This is a credit to the discriminating taste of Bostonians. We are not stuffy or naturally cold as has been charged against us. No one can claim we do not appreciate the best. Boston merely demands that it be the best in every way.

In the past month the security of this reputation has been impaired. Books which would not have been permitted entrance a year ago are given free sale. The censorship of our theatres has fallen below standards set for them. This censorship applies not only to the legitimate stage but for shows and movies. The movies are censored by a different agency; therefore the concern of the people of Boston is only for the literature that is allowed public sale and the plays permitted to open. One wedge inserted in the stronghold of our moral code will result in its disintegration for there are many in and around the city who have no interest nor regard for stringent censorship. We must keep the barriers strong and fight against any encroachment on the rules governing our Office of Censorship. This can be the Trojan Horse for Boston, filled not with warriors but with insidious ideas and examples which are soon paraded in word or act before the people.

F. B., '47

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Senior Obituary:

May we announce the untimely demise of the senior class, which passed away recently of a broken heart, precipitated by years of untold physical and mental toil. It is survived by the generation of juniors (now incapacitated by grief), by farther removed sophs (bearing up a bit better) and by toddling freshmen (who really are too young to know). Ceremonies will be held (oh, may we have a hankie, please?) . . . ceremonies will be held when sufficient space can be secured for interment. A minute's silence shall be observed on Tib's Eve. We have here their Last Word. We open the testament with quivering hands.

Oh, farewell to the days in stacks of books, goodbye to the nights in stacks of books. So long to assignments all overdue; aloha to that second bell so blue. Adieu to the noon-day fight for meals, and fight for mirrors mid hushèd squeals. We exit on this sadly sigh (boo-hoo), Oh, dear, Oh, well—bye-bye.

But no, we came upon the wrong testament. Here is the official document bound up in black and white polka dots. The cover is raised. What, no words? No message? Well, they were a silent crew anyway.

Once Upon a Conference:

So you are wondering what kind of person you are, what you are really like, what special peccadilloes make you the only Miss Jennifer

O'Person. Well, harken, for the Society of Snoopers and Busybodies has perfected its new, amazing I.Q. Eureka Test, to facilitate your acquisition of the information, *What I Am*, and I don't believe it anyway. Answer the questionnaire with the most delicate scrupulosity. We are not mentioning that all answers should be positive, but they should.

1. *Are you a drooper of eye-lids during lecture, a yawner, or even a sleeper?*
2. *Do you procrastinate?* We say with Wilde, "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do the day after."
3. *Are you an inveterate doodler?* (But, remember, paper is now 18 cents per package, Midas-gal.)
4. *Are you a confirmed loser of articles?* Limitation is not necessarily made to concrete articles such as locker keys, notes, one ear ring, a pet plume. The "abstract" type is also permitted for qualification, for example, to lose the drift, to lose weight, one's way, one's balance. Oh, the supply is inexhaustible. But we stand corrected, for the question would be less painful and admirably more exact were we to phrase it, "Does one 'give up' one's things?" or better, "Do one's things 'disappear'?"
5. *Do you breathe?*
6. *Are you a "but" girl?* This pert question is wont to require a wee clarification. Be it known that a "but" girl is necessary to every coterie, presenting as she does the correct perspective on every subject. For example, one declares, "Gee, I feel good," and she responds, "B-u-t, it may be your 'emotional low' and you have no right to feel good." It seems the glandular secretion has petered out and one could not possibly have any energy. One must groan and growl and trip people who pass by. "I like people though," one valiantly asserts. "B-u-t," she replies, "they only show you a half of their dual personality," and it may be that Mr. Hyde is just waiting to snatch a couple of freckles. "Well, I won't worry about that," one reassures herself. "B-u-t," interjects Bright Head, "what about the Reds, Mohameds? . . ." and proceeds to fly down the gamut of those on the march, from Boy Scouts to Sea Fish Inc. To the indefatigable who have thus far staunchly retained a blissful tranquillity, she exclaims, "B-u-t, where is your little toe going?" Ah, me! what price foresight.

7. *Can you spell the word "pseudoneuropteran"? Why, very good!*
8. *Have you e-v-e-r been late for class?* Apropos of tardiness, we have commissioned Dahl to acquaint the "El" officials with the Emmanuel problem, with suggestion to blaze out a few new underground trails direct to our edifice of learning, with exclusive rights, and Time going backwards. Imagine, hearing that first bell ring!

If you reply "yes" explosively or even inaudibly to all queries, then may we invest you with the appealing appellation—normal!

Exhibit No. 1:

One client, now reaffirmed in sanity, had all fears expelled by the aforementioned personality quiz. She curtsied out excellently "normal". But how could a less princely result occur in view of the excellent preparation made during her wild and wooly childhood. It was then that she acquired the certain faculty for "doing" things. She slid down the banister at the tender age of one year and a half, and took it calmly (not even uttering a single word). The scarlet fever bug left her down but far from out; she was still interested in life. A carnival pony had a saddle, which, when the little girl sat upon it, proceeded to slip slowly and torturously until she was down on the ground and feeling it. She was for a long time proud of the broken arm obtained in the process of tripping over a croquet wicket. The culmination of this particular phase came in the second grade when she dramatically slumped to the floor during the flag salute. (The thud resounded!) And thus has she continued the stroll in normalcy.

"Thanks, No":

And the wind says, "Arise, and come away with me to fairylands afar! We'll fly above the amber sea, we'll float above the emerald lea, we'll touch the glowing moon, we'll ride upon a star."

And you say, "Oh, gladly would I go with thee, fair wind, beyond the purple sea, to leas beyond the moon. But there are dishes in the sink and I must wash them soon."

Injunctions:

Do ride on the B. & M., the Eastern Airlines, the Greyhound Buses, the Atlantic Liners. (But what if we like it here?)

Don't put that genera, *Musa sapientum* (bananas, that is) in the refrigerator.

Do join the Regular Army.

Don't eat but thrice a day. The American Dental Association gloomily declaims "snacks" as the cause of all dental deterioration. It is not the quantity, friend, but rather, that they are not connoisseurs of coffee and donuts, or even Sky Bars. Oh backward science.

Do lengthen each and every garment of clothing to the horrible new length. Do wear colored stockings (they won't show anyway). Don't dare to carry an antediluvian shoulder bag. Do remove the last vestige of shoulder pads. Do espouse the new "draped" effect. (And perhaps one cheek draped over the other would carry out the motif.)

The Panacea:

Could there be one in the maddening horde who has been swerved from deeds of greatness by the pain of inferiority, of insignificance?

There are

many

ways

of

attracting

attention

but once you have captured it you must have something to say . . . er

. . . or maybe you were happier

when

you

weren't

noticed?

Now that we have you back where you started, wasn't the trip fun?

CURRENT BOOKS

Scarlet Letter Men. By John P. Redding, S.T.D. Boston, Mass.: Emmanuel College Press, 1947. 136 pages.

The Reverend John P. Redding, S.T.D., in his study of *Scarlet Letter Men*, has analyzed the cancerous growth of immorality threatening twentieth century civilization and has offered a moral remedy. Americans, deeply concerned with political issues, have become so engrossed in these, that they have failed to note the moral degeneration of the nation. America is fast assuming pagan attitudes and few seem to care. The chief threat to America's moral life lies within the country's heart. Realizing this danger, Father Redding has fearlessly ripped the mask of pseudo-respectability from those *Scarlet Letter Men*, who insidiously wage war on morality.

Although *Scarlet Letter Men* is concerned with serious sociological problems, it is not in the nature of a textbook. Rather, it is a compelling record of the evil activities of treacherous men. The Catholic Church has ever been waging a battle against immorality. It has in turn, been spurned as old-fashioned and out-of-date. Father Redding writes to correct the fallacious ideas of our enemies. Many of our Protestant friends approve of and support so-called birth-control and ridicule the Catholic Church for its prudish stance on the question. Father Redding answers non-Catholics who advocate birth-control by unmasking the practice in its true colors of birth-prevention, and its advocates as the "Pied Pipers" who would rob a nation of its children.

Father Redding instructs man as to his dignity, much to the chagrin of those masters of malice, who claim man is but a pawn on the chess-board of life. These immoral masters sponsor and advise practices which the world condemned during World War II. Mercy killing, euthenasia, sterilization, these are the methods they advocate to make America a strong nation. As Father Redding points out, were the plans of these men put into practice, there would be no nation to make strong. There would be no nation.

Scarlet Letter Men will awaken the moral sense of a people and will clarify the relations existing between labor and the church. For too long many people have been ignorant of the attitude of the church toward labor and labor unions. They have forgotten that it was Pope Leo XIII

who first spoke of the dignity of labor and that it is the Catholic Church which urges a cooperation between labor and management for the betterment of both.

Scarlet Letter Men stands as a critical exposé of twentieth century civilization, its social, economic, and moral problems. It is not a book to be lightly read. It is one to be absorbed in its entirety. Of necessity its content controls its language. It is a direct condemnation of corrupt men and its speech is strong. Father Redding is a cleric aroused by indignation to activity because of man's inhumanity to man. His language, then, is sharp, biting, condemning. His righteous anger justifies his perfect use of satire.

Mary I. Grimes, '47

Woman of the Pharisees. By François Mauriac. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1946. 241 pages.

No creature can claim to be the mouthpiece of God. In *Woman of the Pharisees* François Mauriac demonstrates the terrifying influence of a woman so deluded. Brigitte Pian is more to be pitied than despised. She is to be pitied because she possesses a perverted sense of how she should serve her God. She is obsessed with the idea that God relies solely on her services, that He has especially ordained her to be His instrumental disciple. Brigitte takes a martyr-like gratification in tormenting herself with her continual doubts and fears regarding the efficacy of her meddling in the lives of her neighbors. When she sees the harm that she has wrought upon Monsieur Puybaraud and his wife (two of her benefactees), Brigitte's missionary complex becomes a persecution complex. When this phase has passed Brigitte realizes a final, strange, serene satisfaction in her resignation to the fact that she is but one creature in the divine order of creation.

Mauriac's style is a pleasing blend of the extraordinary and the simple. The extraordinary element is his powerful ability to express his Catholic thought. The simple element is the plan of narration: Brigitte's fervent energy invades the lives of the principal characters and establishes the character of Brigitte indirectly.

The materialistic atomic age has many pharisees whose souls would profit infinitely from a reading of *Woman of the Pharisees*. Mauriac is reiterating that the Publican was the just man.

Grace O'Neil, '47

A Testimonial to Grace. By Avery Dulles. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1946. 121 pages.

A Testimonial to Grace is the spiritual portrait of a Harvard student, a product of a preparatory school which had fitted him for life with a philosophy based on superstition. Avery Dulles had been educated to be typical of the young clique who scorned belief in God and in a soul. The story of his conversion is the history of his philosophic growth, effected by an apostate Cambridge waiter, by a converted Harvard tutor, and by Monsignor Sheen. Dulles regressed from positivism to Aristotle and Plato; he rejected Marx; he reached the ultimate truth through the Catholic philosophers Aquinas, Bonaventure, Duns Scotus, Maritain, and d'Arcy. He proved that the existence of God can be ascertained by reason alone. After having tried and refused many sects, Dulles became a Catholic. He found at first the ceremony of the Mass revolting. Gradually, through research and logic, he acknowledged the authenticity and authority of the Catholic Church.

A philosophic dissertation can hardly be highly stylistic; it must be logical. *A Testimonial to Grace* conforms with this requisite, but as an apologia, it lacks the spark of Newman's. However, Dulles is a syllogistic lawyer and not a literary genius. His apologia is concise and illuminating, a suitable exposé of his matter, handled intelligibly and intelligently. It will act as a beacon to others in pursuit of truth by its earnest affirmation of the providence of God.

Priscilla A. Plummer, '47

I Chose Freedom. By Victor Kravachenko. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1946. 496 pages.

The mere mention of Communism is sufficient to stimulate interest; any work purporting to investigate "inside Russia" is welcomed. *I Chose Freedom* is a detailed account of the rise of Communism, of a prominent Communist official's abjuration of the Party, of his impelling reasons for the break.

Victor Kravachenko was born in the Ukraine in 1905. From his youth he experienced the disastrous conditions that follow war, because the year of his birth witnessed the revolution against the Tsar. Since Kravachenko's father was a rebel, the lad's first nine years were plagued with the terrors of secret meetings, whispers, flight, bloodshed.

More violence upset Russia by the Revolution of 1917 and the conflict between the Reds and the Whites in the Russian Civil War. Confused and discouraged by the political situation, Kravachenko, like countless others, grasped at the wisp of hope being proffered by Communism. For his enthusiasm and his endeavors he received the recognition of Soviet officials; his star was in the ascendancy. But the farcical prosperity of the New Order, the brutality and self-importance of the Party leaders bred serious doubts. Nevertheless, Kravachenko continued to serve Stalin, nursing all the while a determination to repudiate the Party.

In 1943 Kravachenko was sent to America. His opportunity to seize freedom was at hand. He simply walked out of the Russian Embassy, never to return. During the consequent months of flight he wrote of why he chose freedom.

Kravachenko's report justifies the consensus that Russia has failed miserably as a political and social machine, as a proponent of Five Year Plans, and collectivism. The characters are real people, typical of the classes of the classless class. They are the people with whom our diplomats are bargaining. Through *I Chose Freedom* we are all afforded an introduction to them and a basis for appreciation of the skill of our own diplomats.

Mary Alice Whalen, '48

The Lance of Longinus. By Prince Hubestus zu Loewenstein. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1946. 166 pages.

Prince Hubestus zu Loewenstein celebrates the soul of man triumphant in the correlated stories of two persons, one Divine, the other human. Longinus, a proud Roman centurion, predominates, while cleverly woven into the background is the drama of Christ from the triumphal entry into Jerusalem to the ignominious death of Golgotha.

The ideal of Longinus is to serve, obediently and competently, the Roman state and its Emperor, the two forces to which he cannot attribute evil. After a meeting with Marcius, a young soldier gifted with faith, Longinus begins to doubt the impeccability of Roman might and prestige.

The paths of Christ and Longinus cross only twice. The first meeting is memorable for Longinus because of the charm of the fair-haired child whose eyes held a strange, indefinable sorrow. Longinus admitted the intensity of the impression made on him by the Child, but the Boy's name ever eluded him. At the second meeting, seventeen years later, Longinus read about the Crucified "Jesus of Nazareth." Longinus's tormented soul finds rest. The Roman Eagle has conceded to the Dove of Peace.

Both the narration and the description are artistically executed, but the dialogue is not in keeping with the characters. However, one flaw does not destroy the fabric of a novel whose power of probing and whose message of charity demand that it be read to be remembered.

Eleanor Hughes, '48

Green Grass of Wyoming. By Mary O'Hara. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1946. 319 pages.

Mary O'Hara has created a novel as wholesome and fresh as the very smell of Wyoming's green-grassed plains. Nowhere is it marred by the taint of pseudo-sophistication. Against a background of rugged wild, natural beauty painted with bold sweeping strokes this lively series of kaleidoscopic pictures of the McLaughlin family unfolds during the course of a year. The people we meet are of real flesh and blood treated with understanding and brilliant simplicity. Unwittingly we are lured into intimacy with them. No thoughtful reader can deny Miss O'Hara's intimate understanding of the characters and region she describes with such sincerity.

This novel is not just another animal story. Supersensitive understanding of horseflesh characterizes the feeling portrayal of Thunderhead, the theme that is skillfully interwoven with the fabric of the human saga of the novel. Particularly praiseworthy is the fact that Mary O'Hara attempts in no way to point out the marvellously "human" qualities of the animals. Her picture is completely honest: their actions even when they seem akin to intellectual prompting are always psychologically attributed to instinct.

Some chapters in this tale written with a light touch stand out in their deceptive simplicity. Mrs. McLaughlin's letter on God written from a hospital to her oldest son is more eloquent in its artlessness and sincerity than the most cleverly-turned gem of oratory. The violence of the action in the fight for life with an enraged bull tenses the reader to immobile tautness. The story of young love between Kenneth and Carey vibrates with simplicity and tenderness.

Green Grass of Wyoming is refreshingly wholesome in a day when the trend in novels is toward the spicy ethics-flaunting sagas of sin. It is not a goody-goody tale for children alone. It is a drama, powerful in its simplicity, which has held the mirror up to life and caught its reflection.

Mary E. Sweeney, '48

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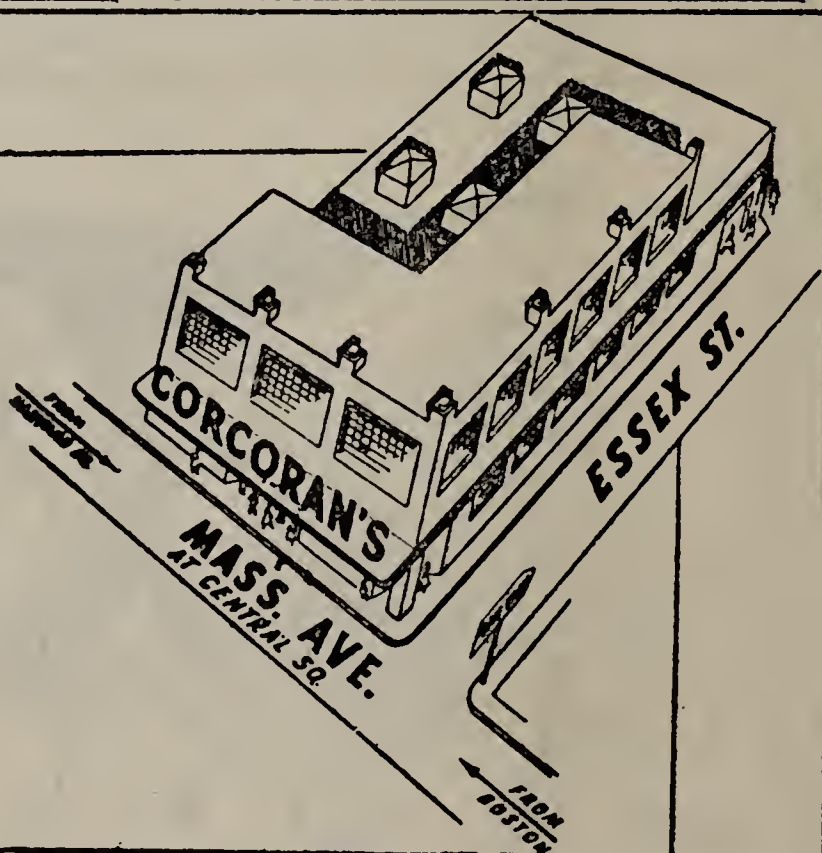
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ALICE MEYNELL
From a drawing by John Sargent

ALICE MEYNELL: SINGULAR VESSEL OF DEVOTION

Laure Thibert, '48

AT THE Alice Meynell Symposium held recently at Boston College in commemoration of her centenary, Father Terence Connelly bestowed upon Mrs. Meynell the well-merited title from the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, "Singular Vessel of Devotion". This title expresses perfectly all that is implied when we speak of Mrs. Meynell's womanliness. "Singular" describes the uniqueness of her character; "Vessel" connotes those womanly gifts of wise counsel and solicitude with which she assuaged the spirits of all who needed her; "Devotion" suggests her heart's inexhaustible capacity for love. The beautiful religious significance of this title sets Mrs. Meynell apart as a "dedicated spirit".

Inheritance and environment, as well as natural endowments, destined Alice Meynell to be the "tower of intellectual and spiritual strength" that she was to her family and literary coterie during her lifetime and that she is to the entire world of English letters today.

Despite the respectable Victorianism into which she was born in 1847, Alice Meynell remained untouched by the staid provincialism of her age because of the nomadic life she led with her highly cultured, cosmopolitan parents, Thomas and Christina Thompson. Brought up internationally, spending most of their girlhood in Italy, Alice and her sister Elizabeth felt only the most sporadic ties to their mother country, England. From their profoundly intellectual father the little girls received their early education, with lessons carried

on anywhere along the miles that stretched between Italian villas and English hamlets. Of her father's unusual teaching methods Alice wrote later in a short essay called *A Remembrance*:

" . . . his personality made laws for me. It was a subtle education. . . . Under that stimulus, which seemed to touch the ultimate springs of thoughts before they sprang, I began to discern all things in literature and in life—in the chastity of letters and in the honour of life—that I was bound to love. . . ."

And from their gifted mother, a musician and painter of talent, the girls inherited a rare, lovely zest for life. Mrs. Thompson's natural exuberance and magnetic charm influenced deeply the early lives of these daughters by whom she was so unreservedly adored.

With such a background as this, it followed naturally that Alice Thompson, at an early age, should rebel against the social status of woman in the Victorian day. At seventeen she could write passionately:

"Of all the crying evils in this depraved earth, ay, of all the sins of which the cry must surely come to Heaven, the greatest, judged by all the laws of God and humanity, is the miserable selfishness of men that keeps women from work—work, the salvation of the world . . . the strengthener of mind and body.

O my dream, my dream! When will you be realized to gladden my soul, to redeem my trampled and polluted sex? O my sisters, are you content to make bricks so long, sitting by your flesh pots? Come and eat manna in the wilderness with me, and the justice of our cause will be a pillar of fire by night and a pillar of cloud by day to us, and what if we die in the wilderness—we die with the shackles off our wrists at last. . . ."

During her girlhood she had run the entire gamut of poetic ardor from an adolescent admiration of Wordsworth at twelve to an intoxicating love for Shelley at twenty. The

spiritual influence of Shelley, in some strange way, is responsible for her attraction to Catholicism. Already ardently a Christian, there was very little emotionalism about her conversion. She wrote simply: "It was by no sudden counter-revolution, but slowly and gradually that I returned to the path of submission and self-discipline which soon brought me to the gates of the Catholic Church." One of her finest sonnets, *The Young Neophyte*, expresses her restrained intensity at this time:

Who knows what days I answer for today?
Giving the bud I give the flower. I bow
This yet unfaded and a faded brow:
Bending these knees and feeble knees, I pray.

Thoughts yet unripe in me I bend one way,
Give one repose to pain I know not now,
One check to joy that comes, I guess not how.
I dedicate my fields when Spring is grey.

O rash! (I smile) to pledge my hidden wheat.
I fold today at altars far apart
Hands trembling with what toils? In their retreat
I seal my love to be, my folded art.
I light the tapers at my head and feet,
And lay the crucifix on this silent heart.

The next eight or ten years of Alice Thompson's life were spent in an ivory-tower world of charming London society and delicate, wistful poetry. It was in 1875 that she published her first collection of lyrics, *The Preludes*, and found herself a recognized poet. Life was delightful at this time, but she was still yearning for hard work, that "strengthenener of mind and body". In 1877 her desire was realized when she plunged into tremendous journalistic activity at the time

of her marriage to Wilfrid Meynell, an energetic young journalist of the day. Strangely enough, it was now, when to all appearances she was buried under an avalanche of editing and essay-writing, that she reached the apex of maternal and womanly perfection.

As the "pencilling mama" of seven children, she was a wonder to behold. Every visitor who came to Palace Court was impressed by the spectacle of this vivacious woman, at once editing, entertaining, and raising a model family with remarkable composure. Family affairs were always of first importance to her. Throughout their lives the children were secure in the assurance she gave them of her affection. Of her last years, Viola wrote with gratitude: "Her tenderness and solicitude towards them had always been the things they could count on; but, as with years their cares and joys and opinions grew in importance, they had changing and exquisite signs of their growth of importance in her eyes . . . beyond anything that was conscious and designed, the humility of her passion for them made her prize their grown-up love as if it were more than she could expect."

Serenity was the essence of Alice Meynell's personality and from it emanated these characteristics which merited for her the title, "Singular Vessel of Devotion". This serenity was a "singular" quality arising from her soul's deep spirituality and the natural solitariness of her mind, freely flowing through a "vessel" unobstructed by worldly distractions, and pouring out directly and purely as "devotion" in her human relationships.

That a mystical atmosphere hovered about her can best be illustrated by what her family and friends felt in her presence. Her daughter, Viola, tells us in her *Memoirs*: "Those who loved her were unusually powerless to interfere

with her griefs, she was so private, so unapproachable, so convinced. . . .” Richard LaGallienne in *The Romantic 90's* writes: “The touch of exquisite asceticism about her seemed but to accent the sensitive sympathy of her manner, the manner of one quite humanly and simply in this world, with all its varied interests, and yet not of it. . . . However quietly she sat in her drawing room of an evening with her family and friends about her, her presence radiated a peculiarly lovely serenity, like a twilight gay with stars. . . .”

No one of us can know the depths another's soul may plumb in a life time. This is particularly true of any attempt that we may make to gauge Alice Meynell's spirituality, for her strong sense of privacy allowed no intrusion from the outside world. The only insight that we may get into her soul's isolation is that which we gain from reading some of her essays and poems. In *The Unknown God*, for example, she watches another communicant and meditates:

“I do confess Thee here,
Alive within this life; I know Thee near
Within this lonely conscience, closed away
Within this brother's solitary day. . . .”

Her awareness of the sacredness of each individual human soul is indicated in another of her Eucharistic poems, *A General Communion*:

“I saw the throng, so deeply separate,
Fed at one board. . . .
O struck apart! not side from human side,
But soul from human soul, . . .”

And in her essay *Solitude* she writes beautifully:

“There is loneliness for innumerable solitaries. As many days as there are in all the ages, so many solitudes are there for men. This is the open house of the earth; no one is refused. Nor is the space

shortened or the silence marred because, one by one, men in multitudes have been alone there before. Solitude is separate experience. Nay, solitudes are not to be numbered by days, but by themselves. Every man of the living and every man of the dead might have had his "privacy of light". . . .

If, in soul and mind, she was so solitary, it follows that this aloneness should manifest itself in her silences, in emotional restraint, and detachment. Her habit of silence was such an integral part of her loveliness that it could never be resented by her friends. It was a silence of selflessness, rather than one of self-conscious aloofness. Alfred Noyes called her silences "a part of her music". Katharine Tynan remarked that "even in an intimate friendship she very seldom talked of herself." Viola Meynell, from her daughter vantage point, noticed that "she broke silence less readily than most people", caring very little for the spontaneous opportunities arising in conversation and speaking volubly only after long premeditation. And George Meredith made this thoughtful observation: "Her manner presents to me the image of one accustomed to walk in holy places and keep the eye of a fresh mind on our tangled world, happier in observing than speaking; careful to speak but briefly to such ear-beaten people, and then only when reflections press. . . ."

That Mrs. Meynell herself considered quietude to be a womanly grace is revealed in a little essay, *The Foot*, in which she wrote: "Woman, who not only makes her armed heel heard, but also goes rustling like a shower, is naturally silent as snow." And in another essay, *The Hours of Sleep*, she reflected: "In order to live the life of night, a watcher must not wake too much. That is, he should not alter so greatly the character of night as to lose the solitude, the visible darkness, or the quietude. . . ."

With the well-springs of her personality so deeply imbedded in her soul's serenity, no sediments of egotism or sentimentality could flow into her human relationships. Activities of heart and intellect were purified before being channeled into physical action. Hence, the abiding harmony of tenderness and strength in all that she did as mother, writer, or friend.

John Drinkwater, speaking of her in the last years of her life, paid her this memorable tribute: "Witty, generous, of the simplest and most tender humanity, there was also in her some austerity, not of personality, but of spirit, that suggested the women of Greek tragedy. I have never known anyone so ageless. Youth, maturity, and fulness of years were here strangely at one. . . . In her home, humorously intent upon the succession of family cares and gossip, she was yet the seer always. To be with her was to be at ease in the presence of a great lady. . . ."

To know her spirit one hundred years after her birth is to discover the essence of perfect womanhood.

THANKSGIVING

Sally Rollins, '48

We thank Thee, Lord, for all Thy common gifts—
For grass that gently shields the fertile earth;
For trees, like fingers, pointing to the sky;
For children's faces glowing with a light
Reflected from Thy lasting brilliance, as
The moon must borrow brightness from the sun;
For youth, explorer, searching for the path;
For age, the conqueror of worldly goals.

We thank Thee, Lord, for all Thy higher gifts—
For Seven Hills to lift us to the height
Where once-dimmed vision may be deepened now;
For Seven Wells to reach the sweet supply
Of endless grace, our spirits to refresh;
For life, a vessel void and unadorned
Until Thou fillest it with love divine
To claim it for Thyself eternally.

OTIS

Alice T. Carew, '48

“NEXT—what’s your name?”

“Thomas Skinner. The fellows all call me Otis, sir.”

“Otis?” Jack Trainor jerked his head up from the baseball register and eyed this prospective player. “Where did you ever pick up a name like that?”

“Don’t really know.” The lanky, angular lad self-consciously twisted his baseball cap and tossed it into the air. “Guess it’s because some actress has the same last name as me—Cornelia Otis Skinner,” he added sheepishly.

Jack leaned back against the spacious elm that had shaded St. John’s C.Y.O. spring registering for ten years. He took a long, leisurely puff on his pipe. “Oh, good old Cornelia, I should have remembered her. Mighty fine actress. Not like these modern. . . .”

Young Otis cringed. Jack was quick to sense the boy’s embarrassment. “Well, how old are you, Otis?”

“Seventeen, sir.”

“That’s fine; you can try out for the intermediate team. What’s your address?”

“I-er-I.” Otis was obviously ill at ease.

“We have to keep all these records, you know.”

“94 Cambria Street.” Otis scuffed the turf with his stubby toe.

The middle aged manager ran his tongue over his lips and scratched out the name of the street in a sprawling hand. “94 Cambria Street, you say. That’s way down the other end of the parish, isn’t it?” Otis shifted his position as Jack continued. “You have a long hike up to the field. Wait a minute.

Cambria Street's not all in our parish. I guess it's only the right hand side that's ours; you live on the right hand side, don't you, Otis?" Jack took off his glasses.

"That's what I was going to tell you, sir." Otis braced himself and gripped his cap. "I do live on the left hand side, but I always go to St. John's; it's just as if I lived in the parish."

Jack watched the boy sympathetically. His eyes had that same pleading tone that Jack could remember in his little Tom's eyes when he begged him for a ride on the merry-go-round. But this boy's eyes had a touch of—what was it? You wouldn't exactly call it defiance, but . . .

He forced his sentimental musings aside. "I'm sorry, Otis, but we have to follow the League's rules. We cannot use a player outside of the parish, whether he lives one street or five miles away."

"But it's just as if I lived in the parish. I always go up to St. John's for Mass. They don't even know me down at St. Ann's."

Jack avoided Otis' pleading eyes and started to wipe his tortoise rimmed glasses. "That really doesn't alter the situation. Where do you go to Sunday School? They must have your records there."

Otis moved closer. "Oh, I don't have to go to Sunday School. I go to St. Joseph's Prep, and besides I have a relative who lives in St. John's; so anyone would think I was one of his family. He has a lot of kids."

"That really doesn't help matters, Otis," Jack continued as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "I cannot break the rule."

"No one will ever know, and, besides, who would ever bother about such a little difference?"

"You'd be surprised what lengths these fellows go to if the championship is at stake. Why, last year one team was disqualified from the finals because someone found out that the star pitcher was one month over age." Jack was firm.

"But that was different." Otis was equally determined to defend his case. "Both of those teams in the finals came from the same town. We won't have that trouble because St. Ann's never has a good team."

Jack refilled his pipe and lighted it before he answered the boy's logic. "There's no sense talking about it any more. I just won't be able to use you, that's all." The brisk words betrayed his strained emotions.

Jack stood up to survey the field. "Is there anyone else around here whom I haven't registered? Oh, yes, will you run over and get that lively red head who is trying to climb up the field house roof? I think he should be on the midget team."

Otis refused to be brushed off for a mere eight-year-old midget, but continued his defense with undaunted enthusiasm. "I still don't see why you're making such a fuss over such a little thing. I bet Mr. Carter wouldn't keep me off the team if he were manager."

Jack winced at the mention of that name. Tom Carter was notorious for his ambition to win at any cost.

"Don't bring anyone else into this matter. I'm in charge of selecting the candidates for the teams and, as I said before, I cannot break the rules for anyone, even if he were Ted Williams himself."

Otis seized the opportunity. "That's what I meant; I really am a good second base player. You wouldn't regret taking me on."

Jack skeptically viewed the slight, delicate figure before

him. Looks more like a ballet dancer than a second baseman, he thought to himself. If he has any muscles he must be hiding them. Perhaps he couldn't make the team anyway. Once he saw the other kids playing, he would realize that he . . .

Slowly he took his pipe out of his mouth and blew a smoke ring. "O.K., Otis, since you have that baseball suit on, you might as well stay and watch the fellows today; but remember, you are not going to be on the team, so don't build up any false hopes."

Otis dragged himself over to the field house and sent the tiny red head scampering over to the registration desk. Jack signed up this last recruit, shut the book with a sigh, and sauntered over to the group of men who were watching the young stars perform in the try-out game.

"Hi, fellows, what's the story?"

"Not so bad, not so bad," one of the group mused, not bothering even to look at the newcomer. "We should field a pretty good team this year. What do you think, Tom?"

Tom Carter, a burly Irishman whose stout figure still bore the traces of an athletic physique, scarcely realized that anyone was speaking to him.

"What's that, a team? Say, did you see that throw?" He slapped the arm of the man standing next to him. "That fellow's got an arm on him. Who is he, anyway? He hasn't been around before."

Jack followed Tom's pointed finger. Sure enough, there was Otis playing second base. Good heavens! How did he ever get hold of that throw? It was as wild as . . .

Jack tried to conceal his approval. "Say, where's our old second baseman, Fred Riley. He wasn't so bad, as I remember."

Tom was too absorbed to reply. "What a player! What a fielder! What did you say his name was? I think I'll go over . . ."

"Never mind that now. Let's draw up the roster before it gets dark." Anything to keep Otis from hearing Tom's extravagant praise. "Let's see: O'Neil's O.K. for first string pitcher, Donahue for catcher, Adams for first, Riley, second, Preston . . ."

"That a boy, what a hit! It's a two bagger! What did you say, Jack? Let me see that roster." Tom grabbed the book from Jack's lap and hastily read down the list while he still kept an eye on his new prodigy.

Before the enthusiastic Irishman had a chance to raise any objections, Jack drew him down to the bench beside him and in a lowered voice explained, "I didn't intend to have that boy try out, Tom; he doesn't live in the parish. You'll have to use Riley again this year."

"What! Confound you, Jack, and your Puritan rules! Can't you see that the kid's a natural? Riley's hopeless; he's the weakest man on our team."

Jack forced back an approving sigh. "You know, Tom," he said firmly, "we're out for the championship this year and we can't afford to take chances. I won't put his name on our roster. You'd better put Riley in. Let's see if he's really as bad as you claim." Jack picked the book off the ground where Tom had flung it and continued to list the players.

"O.K., O.K." Tom shrugged his shoulders in hopeless abandonment. He had met Jack Trainor's commanding gaze before. "You are the worst stickler for rules. It'd be just like you to forfeit the whole championship just because some player lived on the wrong side of the street."

Tom plodded off the field in the direction of his car. He

cast a last glance at Otis, who was rounding the bases after a home run smash. "Sometimes I wonder why I bother with this team at all. That Trainor will ruin us yet. I have a good mind to . . ."

Jack blew his whistle. "O.K., fellows, that's enough for now. You'd better get at those showers; I'll have to close up in a half hour."

While he waited for the boys to get dressed, Jack got into his car and turned on the light. He wrote out a final list of the players and sealed it up in an envelope addressed to the C.Y.O. director. If I look at that name, Riley, one minute longer, I'll erase it and put in Skinner. He stuffed the envelope into his pocket and took out his list of rules.

"Here's the key to the field house, Mr. Trainor." The bat boy reached in the car window and handed the key to Jack.

"Thanks," Jack muttered as he stared at the sheet of rules.

"'Only actual *bona fide* members may represent a parish. That is, they must be Catholics, living within the boundaries of the parish in which they play.'"

"What else can I do?" He crammed the paper back into the notebook and stamped on the starter. His tiny roadster sped away from the deserted field.

* * *

Jack Trainor lighted his well-worn pipe and breathed in the clean, brisk September air of the empty ball park. He had arrived at the stadium early and had stepped up here to be by himself for a few minutes.

Today is perfect for the game, he mused, but what does weather matter? We are the winners of our division. It certainly has been a terrific season. We had to fight every inch of the way, but it was worth it, for here we are in Roger's Stadium. My boys will be out on that field in a few hours—

Bob O'Neil up there on the mound. Oh, he'll make a magnificent picture . . . six foot three and perfectly poised. Then Tom Adams on first, Fred Riley on second, yes, Riley . . .

"Mr. Trainor, Mr. Trainor, oh, there you are." A tiny black-haired boy, in an enormous baseball jacket that labelled him as some player's little brother, rounded the corner of the ramp. "The kids are all coming in now, sir. Tom—I mean Mr. Carter, is looking for you."

"Thanks, sonny," Jack grinned. Nervously he glanced at his watch. I don't know what's the matter with me today; I guess I must be getting sentimental in my old age. Imagine that! I've been up here almost a half hour. Oh well . . .

"What did you say, Mr. Trainor?"

"Oh, did I say something? Must have been talking to myself. Don't tell Mr. Carter where you found me. I'll be right down."

Jack rushed down the stairs. People were beginning to drift into the park. Jack wondered if they realized who he was; that it was his team that was playing today. They'll know before we leave. We'll win. I'm sure of that. We just couldn't lose after getting this far.

Jack found Tom in the locker room going over St. Theresa's line-up with Bob O'Neil. "I'm glad they have about an even number of right and left handed hitters; it'll give you a chance to keep them guessing."

Jack tapped him on the shoulder. "I hear you want to see me, Tom. What's up?"

Tom reeled around. "Oh, it's about time you showed up. Here, Bob, you work over them and let me know what you decide. I want to talk to Jack for a minute."

Jack and Tom pushed past the jabbering players and went out to sit on the dugout steps. The excited coach nervously

launched right into his subject. "I've done about everything you've wanted all season, haven't I, Tom? I've run the team pretty well, don't you think?"

"I've never found much to complain about." Jack adjusted his cap.

"I want to get this championship. It's our last chance; O'Neil, Donahue, and Adams—they'll all be too old for this division next year."

"Don't worry, Tom, we haven't lost a game all season."

"I know, I know, but we almost lost a couple on those stupid plays of Riley."

"Oh, that's what you're driving at." Jack made no effort to feign surprise. "It's no use; I refuse to put that Skinner in."

"But . . ."

"Don't bother wasting your breath. We can't afford to get into an argument now." Jack paused and kicked the dirt off his shoe. "I don't know why I even let him hang around all season. I know the poor kid is dying to play and I admit that he's a good player, but I'm not going to take any chances. It's too bad he's even here today." Jack glanced at Otis, who was taking the bats out of the bag. "What did you give him a suit for?"

"But you won't be taking a chance. He's been hanging around the team all season; everyone thinks he is one of the players." Tom paused and lowered his voice. "Besides, I submitted his name on the roster."

"You what?"

"Yes, I sent his name in as a last minute entry; I thought we might use him some time." Tom looked defiantly at Jack.

"I still won't put him in. Use Riley. He's played with us

all season and I wouldn't want to take him out now that we're at the top."

"You're too much of a stickler." Tom kicked a bat off the step. "If this weren't the last game, I'd quit right now."

Jack smiled sympathetically. "I can't help it, Tom; I can't put him in. Let's just forget about it and try to win the game."

"Nothing much else I could do, anyway," muttered Tom as he disappeared into the locker room.

* * *

The last of the ninth! Jack doubted if his nerves would stand another inning. What was the matter with the boys? Imagine his boys trailing two runs to four! They only have one more time at bat! They just have to win; they just have to."

"Well, Trainor," he heard a familiar voice sneer, "what do you think of your precious Riley now? That was a marvelous play he pulled in the sixth; he even let two of St. Theresa's men get home. And when he was at bat . . ."

"I know, Tom, I know." Jack put his head in his hands. "Just wait; he'll come through! He's up this inning."

Jack gripped the post of the dugout and steeled himself for the decisive inning. Riley was going to be the third man up. Jack tried to avoid Tom's glares and the pleadings of the rest of the team. "Come on, Jack, put Otis in. He'll win the game for us. Riley doesn't mind; do you, Freddy?"

But Jack didn't look at Riley. His eyes rested on a motionless hump that occupied the far end of the players' bench. The rest of the team had moved to the outer steps of the dugout, but this pensive figure was just sitting there. He was tracing a circle with his foot in the dust that covered the cement floor.

Jack was about to speak when Otis looked up. Jack turned abruptly away. Those eyes! Sort of helpless—but still a bit determined. I'd love to put him in, but . . .

Adams walked and Donahue hit a single. Riley paused before he dared appear outside the dugout. The fans, unaware who Skinner was, took up the team's cry, "We want Skinner! We want Skinner!" Jack's head was reeling. Everyone was grouped around him. He brushed his hand across his forehead as if he could push aside the whole problem. "Go on out, Riley; I'm counting on you."

Poor Riley slumped out and took his stand at the plate. How can the poor kid do anything when those stupid fans are up there booing? Why don't they give him a chance? Jack fastened his eyes on the lad.

"Ball one!" the umpire cried.

"That a boy, Freddy, that's the way to pick them," Jack shouted encouragement. He'll show those fans.

"Strike one!"

"Take it easy, boy; don't let him fool you. Use that good old eye!" Jack managed to yell, although his heart was sinking.

"Heavens!" Jack groaned as he watched Riley take a vicious swing at the ball and merely tick its cover. He sank to the steps and covered his face in disgust. "A miserable pop fly," he muttered.

Suddenly he was pulled to his feet. "Look, Jack, the second baseman let the ball fall right through his hands! Riley's on first. The bases are loaded!"

Jack tried to yell, but his voice was powerless. When O'Neil came up and hit a long three-bagger against the left field wall, Jack raced out of the dugout. He threw his arms

around Riley as he ran across home plate with the winning run. "That a boy, Freddy. We won! We won!"

The whole team ran out to greet O'Neil, but Jack hardly knew what was going on. He just stood and watched; the tears came streaming down his face. A huge throng of enthusiastic fans were milling around O'Neil and the rest of the team. One by one they boosted the players up on their shoulders and started to march around the field.

Jack walked back to the locker room to get ahead of the returning mob. He reached the door just as Otis was disappearing out the side entrance. "Poor kid, I know how he feels," he muttered.

Tom was already there. "What do you say, old boy?" he shouted as he slapped Jack on the back. "O'Neil certainly pulled us through, didn't he? I really knew we had the championship in the bag all along, right from the first practice game. Those kids had the stuff it takes."

Jack couldn't help smiling. A vivid picture of the enraged Carter stamping off the field on registration day flashed before his mind. But here was his temperamental coach now moving about the locker room, showering everyone with congratulations. The bat boy faltered under his overpowering back slap; the doctor tried to wave the enthusiastic victor aside, but all the players tried to humor their overjoyed coach.

"We couldn't have done it without you, Tom. You certainly know your baseball."

A flush of pleasure deepened his glowing cheeks. "Thanks, boys; it sure has been a swell season." He surveyed their tired, but exalted faces. "Go out and have a grand time. You're all finished with training this season."

"Yea, Coach! Yea, Carter! Yea, Yea, Coach Carter!"

That evening, Jack, pleasantly exhausted, pounded out his

press notice on the typewriter: "Before an enthusiastic crowd of some 10,000 C.Y.O. fans, St. John's undefeated nine won the Intermediate championship by edging St. Theresa's out by a score of 5-4. Bob O'Neil, St. John's sensational slugging pitcher, in the last of the exciting ninth . . ."

"Darn that telephone," he muttered. "It's probably that man from the *Tribune* again. I told him I'd call when I finished this report. Guess I can probably manage to reel off the highlights, though."

"Hello? Telegram? Yes, this is John Trainor speaking. Sure, just a moment until I find a pencil."

Jack fumbled for his vest pocket and pulled out a stub of a pencil. "O.K., I'm ready now." He bent over to the telephone table to write. As he scribbled out the first words, the color drained from his cheeks, his hand trembled, and he sank into the chair. The last words faded into an incomprehensible wriggling line.

"What's that? No, don't bother to send a copy out." He slowly replaced the receiver. For a moment he just sat and stared blankly into space. Then he raised the scrap of paper to his tear-filled eyes: "TEAM DISQUALIFIED PROOF FROM RELIABLE SOURCE O'NEIL PROFESSIONAL PLEASE REPLY."

Jack let the paper float to the floor. He hid his face in his hands. Disqualified . . . O'Neil professional . . . I never dreamed of that . . . I wonder who . . . "Honesty . . . yes, honesty is the . . ."

THE MILKWEED

Janet Healy, '48

Like a prima donna dancing,
 Gaily skirling, whirling, small,
Like a dainty white lamb prancing,
 Milkweed freed by winds of fall.

Watch the fragile, pink, wax stars,
 With their small skies to illumine,
Form their pods on milk-filled bars,
 Frail as butterfly's cocoon.

See the downy little dancers
 Arabesquing through the air,
Pirouetting, poised, like lancers,
 With their tiny shields laid bare.

Fiery sumac, crimson ivy
 Soon will waste away and die;
Seeds of milkweed, old and dusty,
 Bring new birth, as seasons fly.

CAPRICIOUS KIT

Ann Corbett, '48

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

CHARACTERS: MRS. MADDEN, *a complacent, energetic woman of forty-three.*

TED MADDEN, *her husband, a prominent lawyer.*

KIT MADDEN, *their daughter, a capricious girl of seventeen.*

BILLY MADDEN, *their son, a precocious adolescent.*

PUDGE BENEDICT, *Billy's young friend.*

COREY BENEDICT, *Pudge's cousin, a former air corps pilot.*

TIME: *About seven o'clock in the evening.*

PLACE: *Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

SETTING: *The living room of the Madden home. It is furnished in modern style and delicate taste. To the right is a round lamp table with comfortable chairs on either side. Up right against the wall is a small telephone table. Up left is a radio with a chair beside it. There is a fireplace in center back; on either side of it are bookcases. The opening up right is curtained and leads to the dining room. When the curtain rises, Billy is stretched out on the couch. In one hand he holds an apple; in the other, a book in which he is deeply engrossed. The door bell rings, but Billy does not move.*

MRS. MADDEN (*off stage*): Billy, answer the door!

(*Billy burrows deeper into the divan. Mrs. Madden hurries in from the dining room.*)

MRS. MADDEN: Billy, why didn't you answer the door?
(*She goes off left and opens the door.*) Kit! Come in, dear.
(*They enter from L.L.*) Here, let me help you with those heavy books.

KIT (*dramatically*): I can manage, Mother. One who is trying to help mankind must learn to endure hardships.
(*She moves toward the bookcase.*)

MRS. MADDEN: By the way, Kit, do you know what happened to Dad's books on fishing?

KIT: I took them out, Mother, to make room for mine.
(*She continues to walk toward the bookcase, but fails to see several mystery books on the floor. She trips awkwardly.*) Billy! Why can't you keep those silly old mystery books off the floor?

BILLY (*unconcerned*): Just put them on the divan. I'll get them later.

KIT (*stubbornly*): No, I won't! (*She shakes her brother violently. He pushes her and she falls unceremoniously to the floor. Billy laughs uproariously.*)

MRS. MADDEN (*who has been watching the action from chair at L. R.*): Billy, stop that! Pick your sister up!

BILLY (*with a gallant air*): My hand, Duchess. (*Kit refuses to accept the proffered hand and rises.*)

KIT: Mom, I wish you'd do something about that child! Those mystery stories are poisoning his mind. If you don't watch out, you'll have a criminal on your hands.

BILLY (*sarcastically*): My dear sister—and I use the term *dear* very loosely—I hasten to inform you that mysteries have a certain educational value.

KIT (*angrily*): If you must read, why not read the classics instead of mysteries. Why, nobody ever remembers the characters in them, or even the authors.

BILLY (*motioning to his mother*): Honorable Judge, I wish to disprove the statement of my opponent by mentioning Sherlock Holmes. I dare say that my opponent has heard of Mr. Holmes?

KIT (*looking helplessly at her mother*): That boy will drive me mad!

BILLY: My dearest *soror*, madness implies mental instability; the most I can do is annoy you.

MRS. MADDEN (*helplessly*): Children! Children!

BILLY (*turning to mother*): She pores over book after book in search of knowledge . . . and when she's amassed all this knowledge, she'll write great books that will soothe mankind. (*He falls on his knees before his mother, throws up his arms, shouting*) Humanity, I am yours! (*Mrs. Madden laughs in spite of herself.*)

KIT (*with a discouraged air*): All my efforts are futile! I try to rise above mediocrity, but the demoniacal impulses of my brother are obscuring my message to mankind.

BILLY (*grinning*): Hear that, Mom? I'm obscuring her "message to mankind." (*looking at sister*) Where did you ever get the idea that you had a "message for mankind?"

KIT (*calmly*): Wordsworth had a message; so have I.

BILLY (*laughs*): Now she's comparing herself to Wordsworth.

KIT: I expect hard knocks from the world because I want to devote my life to writing . . . for mankind. But I never expected my family to laugh at me. The very least you could do is encourage me instead of treating me as though I were demented. (*Still offended, Kit takes a book, settles herself in the chair on the left side of the small table. Billy moves to the U. L. of stage and turns on the radio. Kit closes her book as she hears loud music.*)

KIT (*angrily*): Billy! Shut that radio off. That music is nothing but discordant sound.

BILLY (*feigning seriousness*): You mean it jars on your nerves?

KIT: Just that!

BILLY (*sweetly*): All right. Off it goes. I suppose one must cater to the whims of a benefactor of mankind. (*Kit glares at him and becomes absorbed in her book. The telephone rings.*)

BILLY (*goes to the U. R. of the stage and picks up the phone*): Hello. No, this is Bill . . . Hello, Margot . . . Yah, Kit's here . . . Just a minute. (*He approaches his sister*) Margot's on the phone. (*She looks up*)

KIT: Tell her I'm indisposed.

(*Billy returns to the phone and speaks loudly.*) 'Lo, Margot. This is Bill again. My sister doesn't want to talk to you . . . What? No, she's not sick . . . Haven't you heard? Kit has abandoned youthful frivolity. Why, she has even closed her ears to the subtle appeal of Spike Jones and his orchestra. What? O.K. I'll tell her. You'll call when she recovers. Yah, so long. (*He returns to the couch, while Kit tries to hide her indignation. The doorbell rings and Billy hurries to answer it without being told.*)

BILLY (*off stage*): It's Dad. (*Mr. Madden enters and crosses to kiss his wife. Billy comes in close behind.*)

MRS. MADDEN: Well, Ted, how did the bank meeting go?

MR. MADDEN: Fair, dear. (*cheerfully*) Hmm . . . Everybody's at home this evening. (*He glances at Kit*) Saw Margot down the street with some friends. She looked very . . . what is that word? (*He pauses*) Oh, yes, "glamorous."

KIT (*horrified*): Glamor is such an unsubstantial thing! (*She picks up her books and prepares to leave.*)

MRS. MADDEN: Going, Kit?

KIT: Yes. I'll go on reading up in my room. (*She goes out at U. L.*)

MRS. MADDEN (*looking at her husband*): Do you want me to fix a light supper for you, Ted?

MR. MADDEN: No, I had something to eat before I went to the meeting.

MRS. MADDEN: Well, what are you looking so upset for?

MR. MADDEN: I'm worried about Kit. None of her other whims have lasted as long as this. I believe that she is really serious about this business of writing for mankind—as she calls it.

MRS. MADDEN: Nonsense, Ted. Why, I don't see any great book that Kit has started.

MR. MADDEN: Well, I'm concerned about her. Too close attention to study isn't good for her. She isn't very strong.

MRS. MADDEN: Don't worry, dear; Kit will soon change her mind about this.

BILLY (*who has been listening to the conversation of his parents*): That's what I think too, Mom. Kit's too conscious of her appearance to keep this up for long.

MR. MADDEN: I'm not so sure.

MRS. MADDEN: Relax, Ted. Kit hasn't the perseverance that deep study will demand. She never was much of a student.

MR. MADDEN: She has just as much grey matter as any of us.

BILLY (*laughing*): Don't exaggerate, Dad.

MRS. MADDEN: Why, I remember when Kit was a freshman in high school. She was completely absorbed in general science. She used to visit the health department every week

to check up on their methods of sanitation. I thought she'd never get over that.

MR. MADDEN (*still unconvinced*): But this time, I believe that Kit thinks that she has found her life work. (*Billy picks up his father's pipe from the end table and pretends he is smoking.*)

BILLY (*mimicking the movie-type Sherlock Holmes*): Apparently, Dad, you don't agree with Mother that Kit will recover from her sudden inspirations. (*He moves over to the fireplace and rocks back and forth on his heels.*) I must admit that I can analyze my sister like a substance in Chem. Lab. It's a matter of watching her reactions to all kinds of stimuli. And so I have deduced the cause of her new interest. (*Mrs. Madden looks impressed.*)

MR. MADDEN (*shortly*): I don't see where all this nonsense is leading.

BILLY: Hold on, Dad! Give me time. (*approaching his father*) Just when did you first notice Kit's strange behavior?

MR. MADDEN: About four weeks ago.

BILLY: Do you remember anything that occurred at the same time?

MRS. MADDEN (*after a pause*): Come to think of it, it was about the time Muriel Evans announced her engagement to Chuck Adams.

BILLY: Right-o, Mater.

MR. MADDEN (*frowning*): I still don't see . . .

BILLY: It's very simple, Dad. Kit always regarded Chuck as her special property; then her college crowd began to kid her. She pretended she didn't care, but she did, all right. She was hurt because the gang thought she had lost some of her captivating charm; so she began to build herself up by developing this new interest in books.

MR. MADDEN: All this character analysis is well and good, Bill, but I still don't see . . .

BILLY: My point is this. The cause of Kit's trouble was a boy; the effect—you know. Now, if the cause was enough to produce such an effect, why couldn't a different cause produce an opposite effect?

MR. MADDEN (*gruffly*): You're talking in circles. That reasoning is faulty, Bill.

MRS. MADDEN: I understand it perfectly, Ted.

BILLY (*flattered*): Thanks, Mom.

MR. MADDEN: Suppose what you say is right; how do you propose to help matters?

BILLY: I figured that out about a week ago. (*He settles himself on the arm of his mother's chair.*) I knew I'd be needed to solve this problem.

MR. MADDEN: Now Bill, stop joking! Get to the point.

BILLY: Well, Pudge and I figured . . .

MR. MADDEN (*laughing*): Pudge? You mean that would-be scientist who's responsible for the foul odors that come from our basement?

BILLY (*offended*): Aw, Dad, Pudge is all right.

MR. MADDEN: Let's not discuss Pudge's character. What's this plan?

BILLY: Pudge has a cousin, Corey, a discharged air corps pilot. He has come from California to study at Harvard Medical. He's going to stay at Pudge's house. I asked Pudge to bring him over and he can meet Kit. He's coming tonight. If she likes him, she'll forget this sudden hunger for knowledge.

MR. MADDEN (*dubious*): It won't work.

BILLY: Why not? It would prove to the crowd that she

hadn't lost any of her fatal charm. Besides, Corey is what the girls term "irresistible". Even *I* approve of him.

MR. MADDEN: Well, if he can pass your inspection, he must be a wonder.

MRS. MADDEN (*looking at the clock*): It's after nine.

BILLY: The evening's still young. (*He goes to door at L. R. and listens.*) I hear them coming up the walk. Say, Dad, you and Mom better go out of the room. I want the meeting to be casual.

MRS. MADDEN: All right, dear. We'll be in the kitchen. (*Mr. and Mrs. Madden exit right. Doorbell rings, Billy hurries to L. L. to answer it. Enters living-room again, accompanied by Pudge and Corey.*)

BILLY (*jovially*): Well, Pudge, thought you weren't coming.

PUDGE: Greetings, Bill! I brought my cousin Corey along . . . wanted to hear your new records. (*They exchange sly glances.*)

BILLY (*with pleasure*): Glad to see you, Corey. (*They shake hands.*)

PUDGE: Hey, Bill, put on the records! (*Bill begins to play a modern jive record; it can be heard throughout the house.*)

KIT (*off stage*): Billy, shut off that record! (*Billy ignores the command.*)

KIT (*angrily*): B-i-lly!

COREY (*puzzled*): Say Fella, I think somebody's calling you.

BILLY (*nonchalantly*): It's just your imagination. (*Kit appears at U. L. Her hair is pulled back severely into a knot at the nape of her neck. She is wearing a black dress which emphasizes her aloofness. She dashes toward Billy and catches*

sight of Corey. She looks at him steadily for a minute, then hastily retreats into the dining room.)

KIT (*off stage*) Billy! (*sweetly*) May I see you for a minute? (*Billy excuses himself and exits through U. L. After a few moments he returns with a look of triumph on his face. He notices that Corey is examining some records and quietly walks towards Pudge's chair. They speak in low tones.*)

BILLY (*gleefully*): Everything's set, Pudge.

PUDGE: Wow! I never expected results so soon . . . What happened?

BILLY: She asked me all about him, and, boy! did I build him up. (*They talk in low whispers. Kit enters again. This time she looks very feminine in a soft pink dress; her hair is fluffed around her face.*)

KIT (*enthusiastically*): Good evening, Pudge.

PUDGE (*amazed*): 'Lo, Kit. Meet my cousin Corey. (*Corey is standing in the center of the room; he is visibly impressed.*)

BILLY: Say, Pudge, let's do a little work on our experiment down in the basement.

PUDGE: Okay with me, Bill. (*They exit U. L.*)

KIT: Billy tells me you're going to Harvard, Corey . . . I think it's wonderful. You can do so much good by being a doctor.

COREY (*pleased*): You're the first girl I've met who has spoken intelligently about medicine . . . Most girls say, "Oh, you'll be an old man before you're through studying."

KIT (*philosophically*): That's because most girls haven't matured enough to weigh the important things in life.

COREY (*sincerely*): You're not like the average college

girl. You speak so sensibly. It amazes me. (*Kit is about to speak, but Billy and Pudge re-enter through U. L.*)

PUDGE: Say, Corey, we'd better head for home or Mom will be calling up for me.

COREY (*reluctant to go*): Sure . . . thing, Fella.

BILLY: Why not come over tomorrow night, Pudge; we'll go on with the experiment.

COREY (*looking at Kit*): Wouldn't need a lab assistant by any chance, would you, Bill?

BILLY (*grinning*): The more the merrier! (*Billy and Kit go to L. L. and exit with their guests; the door closes and Billy and Kit return to the living room. Mr. and Mrs. Madden also enter.*)

MR. MADDEN: Kit, I found this book on the dining room table.

KIT (*abstractedly*): Oh, he's too, too divine!

MR. MADDEN: Who?

KIT (*sentimentally*): C-Corey!

MR. MADDEN: About this book . . .

KIT: What book, Dad? . . . Never mind. (*She sighs happily.*) I think medicine is much more interesting. (*Mr. Madden walks over to the bookcase and begins to take out the new books.*)

BILLY: Hey, Dad, what are you doing?

MR. MADDEN: I'm going to put my books on fishing back where they belong.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

CONTRASTS

Laure Thibert, '48

Swiftly
as fawn will flee
the stirring
tree,

sharply
as wind will tear
the ripened bloom,

softly
as snow will lie
muted,
in sea,

the heart breaks.

Slowly
as sap will flow
through frozen
maple-veins,

the heart heals.

SECRET OF THE SEA

Dorothy R. Hingston, '48

MARGARET stood at the broad windows overlooking the sea. The last rays of the setting sun had vanished, leaving thin streamers of purple in their wake. Screeching seagulls floated and circled over the bleak ocean, and the sea grass rustled protestingly under the whipping salt breeze that had sprung up as darkness settled upon the grey, rock-lined coast. The desolate scene sent a shudder through the girl's slight figure. Why had she ever decided to accept her Great-Aunt Emily's invitation to spend the spring holiday with her? If she had known that New England was as cheerless and barren as this, she would never have left Maryland. She let the lace curtain slip back into place again before the window. Turning back to the room, she stood for a moment watching the darting fingers of fire playing upon the hearth. A nervous rustle from the chair beside the fireplace told her that her aunt was watching her.

"Dear, why don't you sit down and read something? Put the lights on, if you like. I often sit here after supper and forget that it's dark. But you're young and . . . Turn on the light, dear."

Margaret pressed a light switch on the wall nearby and the old room came to life in the soft glow. The panelled walls, polished with age, and the rows of books in the deep shelves beside the fireplace emerged from the shadows.

"I think I will read, Aunt Emily. It's lonely being away from home. I haven't been very much. None of the family ever seems to want to leave home." She laughed a little. "I guess we inherit it."

"I can understand that, Margaret. When Henry was alive, we never liked to leave home. We always sat here of a night and Henry would read and I'd knit. Henry read from his poetry books, and I liked to hear him. He made it so . . . so . . . real, almost." The voice quavered. "But since he was taken, I haven't read any poetry." "Yes," she sighed, stirring in her chair, "it is lonely."

"I tell you what, Auntie, let me read to you. I'd like to, and it'll pass the time for us." She hurried to the bookcase, glad to forget her own feelings in her compassion for her aunt. She frowned up at the books. "What would you like to hear?"

"Oh, anything, anything, dear. Just read me something that you like." The old voice was happy and the white head nodded delightedly over the knitting.

Margaret looked at the volumes. Tennyson, Keats, Browning caught her eye as she glanced up at the shelves. Great-Uncle Henry's taste in books was discriminating. She examined the exquisite old leather bindings of maroon, brown, and black. The gilt-edged leaves and gold letters had darkened with the years.

"Oh, they're beautiful, Aunt Emily, just beautiful." She took down the volume of *Romeo and Juliet* to examine the fine leather and paper. "Uncle Henry must have loved books."

"Oh, he did . . . he did. There wasn't anything he liked better than reading . . . except, of course, the sea and his ships."

Margaret hastily took down the copy of Keats and returned with it to her chair. She turned the pages over, enjoying, as she always did, the haunting odor peculiar to old books. She wondered if it could be from Uncle Henry that she had inherited her own love of reading. She paused in her

search, and after a moment began to read aloud. As she read the familiar lines

“Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;”

the sound of the sea gradually faded from her hearing, and she forgot that just outside the window a half-world of ocean rolled.

The next morning Margaret awoke to hear the light insistent patter of rain on the window of her small room. She shivered at the muffled sound of the ocean as she hurriedly washed and dressed in the grey light. As she went down the hall toward the stairway, she heard the voice of Martha, Aunt Emily’s maid, coming from her aunt’s room. Looking in through the half-open door, she saw Martha’s spare, gaunt figure leaning over the bed. Margaret knocked lightly on the door-frame, and Martha turned toward her with a start.

“I didn’t know you were up. Your aunt’s been took and don’t feel good.”

“Now, Martha, I’m all right. You are just babying me.” Aunt Emily tried to sit up against the pillows, but failed and lay white and quiet against them.

Martha adjusted the blankets, and then taking Margaret by the elbow propelled her unceremoniously out of the room.

“Miss Margaret, will you walk into town and get a prescription for your aunt? She’s had these attacks before and the doctor suggested this remedy. It always sets her right up, and then she’s fine. I didn’t want to ask you, but Jerry’s not here and there’s no one else. They don’t send prescriptions out, or I’d phone.”

"Just tell me how to get there and lend me a raincoat," said Margaret as the two hurried down the stairway. "How far is it?"

"Oh, about a mile and a half, I guess," said Martha, holding tight to the railing. "You can't miss it. Go straight down our street till you come to a main one crossin' it. Follow that straight and you'll be in the Square. The drugstore's on the corner of Elm and Standish. Just tell Mr. Wilkins it's for your aunt, Mis' Tolliver."

"I can remember that all right. But what can I wear? It's raining."

Martha opened the hall closet. "Seems to me . . . I saw . . . Umph . . . Here it is! It used to be your great-uncle's. He wore it down to the ship yards when it rained. I guess you won't be gettin' wet in these!" She disentangled an ancient oilskin slicker and hat from the dark interior.

Even in her anxiety Margaret laughed at the picture she made when dressed. Martha produced a pair of rubber boots to complete the outfit. "Oh, Martha," she said, "I won't need those. Haven't you anything smaller?"

"No. And you're wearin' them. What would your aunt say to me if I let you go out to catch pneumonia? Set down and put 'em on."

When the door closed on Martha's solemn face, Margaret sloshed along in the rain. She passed the large weather-beaten house next door and wondered why hardly anyone along this coast ever seemed to paint his house. She thought of the beach houses in Maryland, gleaming white in the warm, yellow sun. But then, in Maryland the sea seemed withdrawn and almost polite. Here, the sea seemed to be a friend . . . or an enemy. She wondered which. Impatiently she asked

herself why these people stayed. It would be simple enough to leave the sea behind and move inland.

When she reached the drug store, she was completely out of sorts with the weather and anything remotely connected with New England. The small town had nothing but narrow, winding streets that ran helter-skelter among the houses. She stopped for a moment outside the store and looked down toward the harbor. The tall masts of fishing schooners creaked and swayed in the wind. The storm was growing worse.

She hurried inside, almost forgetting her strange outfit. The old man behind the counter turned from the cases where he had been arranging jars of tobacco.

"Mornin'," he greeted, curtly. "What can I do for you?" He appeared not in the least surprised at her appearance. Margaret handed him the prescription.

"It is for my aunt, Mrs. Tolliver," she said swiftly. "She was taken suddenly ill this morning." The old man took the slip of paper without a word and disappeared quickly into the back room. In a few minutes he returned and set a small bottle down on the counter.

"That'll be one dollar and twenty-five cents," he said abruptly; then in a gentler tone—as if business were one thing and the social amenities quite another—"Was Mrs. Tolliver very bad when you left?"

His eyes were not exactly friendly, as she thought of friendly, but rather concerned. His whole appearance was still grave, yet for a moment she glimpsed a flicker of what might be a smile on his face. She had the sudden thought that if she could know him, she would like him.

"Martha said she didn't look very well to her, but that she

thought the prescription would help." Margaret put the slicker hat back on her head, suddenly feeling better. "I hope she'll be all right."

"Well, Fred Collins is takin' care of her and I guess he knows best. He's a good doctor. Still, she's not as young as she could be. You watch out, now, and if she seems worse when you get back, you call the doctor." He came out from behind the counter to open the door for her. "Wait a minute. I think I can get a ride back for you. That's Mrs. Fallon's car stoppin' outside. She lives next door to your aunt." He peered through the wet glass of the door. "Yup. Thought so. She's comin' in here." He opened the door to admit a large, well-bundled woman. Her ruddy face fairly beamed as she loosened the collar of her battered tweed coat.

"Did you ever see such weather, Mr. Wilkins? I declare, we haven't had such mean weather in a long time. I hardly dared think of coming out, but I did need some medicine for the baby. He's got a wicked cough." She looked suddenly at Margaret. "Why, you're Emily Tolliver's niece, aren't you? I saw you get out of the car when Jerry drove you up from the station. I'm Mrs. Fallon, your next door neighbor."

"I'm givin' you the cocillana syrup again, Mrs. Fallon," said Mr. Wilkins, wrapping a brightly-labelled bottle. "I think it's the best and so does Dr. Collins. How old is the baby now?"

Mrs. Fallon stood in the middle of the store and rummaged through the cavernous depths of her bulging pocketbook. "Fourteen months . . . Oh, don't go, Margaret! I'm going to take you home with me, of course. Why didn't you let me know you were coming in town? I'd have been glad to bring you. Why in the world did Emily let you walk down

in this storm?" She lowered her bag and stared in amazement at Margaret.

"Aunt Emily was ill this morning and it was Martha who asked me to come down," explained Margaret, picking up a notebook, a comb, and a penny that had fallen from the forgotten bag.

"Isn't that just like Martha?" snapped Mrs. Fallon in exasperation. "She knows very well that I'd be glad to pick you up. Just wait till I see her. I'll give her a piece of my mind."

Mr. Wilkins chuckled as he held out the package, his eyes alight with dry humor. "Forty-five cents, Mrs. Fallon. And don't be too hard on Martha."

"Oh, you know very well I won't be, Mr. Wilkins. And don't stand there like that. I know you're just dyin' to laugh." She turned to Margaret. "Everyone in town knows I can't get mad at anyone. And they take advantage of me!" She glared with mock ferocity at Mr. Wilkins and handed him a five dollar bill. He chuckled again as he made the change.

"Some day I'm going to get real mad at some one and I think it'll be you," said Mrs. Fallon as the door closed behind them. A chuckle from behind the counter was her only answer.

Outside, the rain whipped against them, and Margaret could almost taste the salt tang, so fiercely bitter it was in the stinging air. She jumped into the car beside Mrs. Fallon. Strangely enough she began to feel invigorated, almost excited by the turbulent mood of nature as she watched the wild rain swish about the car.

"Those houses look so old; they must be very ancient," she said, peering through the windows at the buildings they

were passing. "Why did they build them right out on the street like that? I should think they'd want them set back farther."

"That's the way they built in the old days. Just good strong houses built to last and not for show." Mrs. Fallon wiped the inside of the windshield with her gloved hand. "This certainly is a bad time for you to come visiting. I imagine you think it's pretty dreary here." She turned to look at the young girl beside her.

Margaret hesitated. "Last night I thought this was the dreariest place in the world. But now . . . I don't know what it is . . . but there's some kind of a fascination about it. I don't know. Nature seems so . . . sort of independent almost." She laughed at her own words.

Mrs. Fallon laughed, too. "I know what you mean. I wasn't born here either. I moved here at nineteen when I married John. You can imagine how I felt, finding myself sitting in a house practically *in* the ocean. And I couldn't tell John. He was so wrapped up in his sailing that he couldn't imagine anyone not loving the ocean the way he did. So I just had to learn for myself." She laughed at the memory. "Yes . . . I learned all right."

"But how do you feel about it now? I mean . . . could you ever make yourself like the ocean and *like* the people here? . . . Oh, I didn't mean that! I really didn't. . . ." She stopped in confusion.

Mrs. Fallon patted her hand comfortingly. "Now I know exactly what you meant because I felt the same way myself—only worse. I was brought up with people who liked to show their emotions and feelings just as they felt them. And to come to live with people who seemed so stiff and strange . . . Well . . . I was pretty unhappy at the time."

Margaret murmured in sympathy.

"But I found out," Mrs. Fallon went on, "that these people are like their houses. They look uninteresting and indifferent on the outside, but inside they're as cheerful and kindly as any you could find anywhere."

She turned up the drive to Aunt Emily's house. "Here we are. I'll just drop in and see how Emily's getting on." She puffed a little as they went up the walk together. "We're going to have to watch her. She's not as well as she's lettin' on."

Before they could reach the door, Martha had opened it and stood in the doorway peering anxiously at the two grotesque figures.

"Oh, thank goodness you're back, Miss Margaret. Your aunt's feelin' better, and I'm afraid you've had your walk in the rain for nothin'."

"Martha Rawlins, would you mind explaining to me why you let this child walk clear down town in the rain when you knew you had a perfectly good neighbor who would have been glad to take her?" Mrs. Fallon stopped for lack of breath.

Martha stood with Margaret's slicker in her arms. "I would have called you, only I didn't think it was goin' to rain so much as this. I knew you'd have been willin', but I didn't want to get you out in the rain unless we couldn't take care of it ourselves."

Margaret took off the clumsy boots and the queer storm hat and slipped behind Martha up the stairs. As she ran into her aunt's room, she could still hear the two voices lecturing each other. Her aunt was sitting up in bed. She dropped her knitting to stretch out her arms to her.

"Oh, Margaret, I'm so glad you're back. I told Martha it was nothing, but she wouldn't believe me. I'm so sorry you had such a long walk, dear." The gentle eyes were anxious.

"Oh, Aunt Emily, I'm not sorry. I had a grand time! It was . . . exciting!" Her eyes shone at her aunt as she recalled the glow that she had felt. "It was something I'd never done before. I've never seen a storm like this." She looked toward the window at the grey sea rolling just beyond the rocks. "It *is* wonderful to live here by the sea, isn't it?" She looked at her aunt.

"Why," said her aunt, not hearing her last words, "that's the way Henry used to look when he'd been sailing. I could always tell when he'd been out in his sloop. You're very much like Henry, my dear." The wrinkled hand stroked the rain-spattered hair.

Margaret kissed the slim fingers and felt a tear drop on her own cheek. She got up from the bed as she heard Martha and Mrs. Fallon outside on the stairs.

"Well, well! Not in bed! What can I expect now when Emily Tolliver goes to bed on a whim! I never!" Mrs. Fallon plumped down in a soft chair and settled herself for a friendly bit of town gossip.

Margaret moved over to the windows and looked down on the sea. It wasn't just the people who were different, she thought. It was the sea that was different and that had made them different. Living by the sea, depending on it for their living, and watching the ebb and flow of its great moods had changed them. They had grown wise by the sea and had absorbed the largeness and the fullness of its bounty. They might be taciturn and stiff with outsiders, but with their

own people they were kindness itself. Her heart pounded as she felt the wildness, the attraction, the fascination of the sea's beauty. And turning at length from the window, she saw her aunt smiling gently, happily to her in the firelight.

DEATH OF SUMMER

Miriam Hingston, '50

Summer dies the gayest death—
Feels no pain and grows not old,
Dancing on through stolen hours,
Swirling standards, gay and gold;
Splashing skies with flaming hue,
Flinging the swallow-song to sea.

Summer dies the gayest death—
Smiling while her glories wane,
Drawing with her dying breath
Lace upon a window pane.

GRANDMOTHER HAS HER SAY

Monica Cotter, '49

BUT, Mother, this is my first date!"

"It makes no difference! I'll not have you piling your braids on top of your head. That's final!" Mrs. Fuller vehemently stabbed the potatoes.

The late afternoon sun played fitfully upon the walls of the green and white kitchen. It bathed in warmth the gray tabby cat sunning himself beside the soap-stone sink; it followed Mrs. Fuller as she hurried back and forth from stove to pantry.

"Mother!" Patsy shifted her position.

"Now let's see: the potatoes, carrots, beans, the ham. And the snow pudding is all ready. Merciful heavens! My pies! Hand me that pot holder, Patsy."

"Mother, I—"

"Did you put the napkins on, Patsy?"

"Yes, Mother, but—"

"And are the chair rungs dusted? You know your grandmother!"

"Yes they are, but I'm sure she won't be getting down on her knees to inspect them, with her lumbago." Patsy gave the washing machine a vicious kick. "Now, Mother—"

"Twenty minutes of six. She'll be here at quarter past. I'll just have time to change. Watch the vegetables, Patsy, and see that they don't boil over."

Patsy trailed across the dining room after her mother. "Don't you realize what tonight means to me, Mother? I've just got to make an impression!"

"I won't hear any more of this," said Mrs. Fuller, continu-

ing up the stairs. "The very idea! Fourteen years old and your hair up! And making all this fuss when your grandmother is coming!"

"Fourteen years old and my hair up!" mimicked Patsy. "Do you think the captain of the football team wants to take a baby to the Hop?" Mrs. Fuller went into her bedroom without a word and Patsy struck a belligerent pose on the stairs. "I'd die first before I'd wear pigtails to the Hop. I'll just cut them off, that's all!"

"Stop that silly nonsense or you'll hop to a different tune!" Mr. Fuller strode out of his bedroom and glared down at his daughter. "What in thunder has got into you? Don't you know your grandmother's coming? Isn't the house upset enough? Oh, my happy family! Eleanor! Come out here and help me with these confounded cuff links!"

"I'm coming, dear. Patsy, see to the vegetables and tell Alexander to come in and clean up this very instant!" Patsy retreated to the lower hall.

"Grandmother! Grandmother! Grandmother! She's the only one you care about. I'm probably adopted, anyhow. And all she's interested in is my being another Portia or the first woman governor of Massachusetts. Does she care if I ever get married? None of you do! You all want to make an old maid of—"

"This has gone just far enough, young lady!" roared the master of the house. "Get to your room and stay there till dinner! And if there is any more of this nonsense while Mother is here, you'll have something to whine about." Patsy swept haughtily up the stairs, head held high and nose tilted skyward. With an air of utter boredom and nonchalance, she breezed past her irate parent into her bedroom and slammed the door.

"Life just isn't worth living," she moaned. "Malcolm will never ask me out again." And Patsy buried her face in her pillow.

The soft gray haze of Indian Summer hung like a veil along the horizon. Some rascallions had set fire to the peat in the Great Meadows; this had become a yearly rite. The air was heavy with the pungent smoke. Children romped about great piles of leaves; they loved to hear the "scrunch" "scrunch" beneath their feet.

Patsy raised her head to catch the joyful shouts of Alexander and his "gang" playing "Red Rover" in the back yard. What a child he was! She turned her attention to the trees; never had the colors been so beautiful. The oaks were a bit conservative and did not show much color. And the elms were a colorless lot, too. But the maples . . . the maples paraded up and down the avenue in flame and gold, like beautiful girls all dressed up to dance. And tears trickled down a turned-up nose.

She saw herself greeting Malcolm that evening; gently giving him back her first corsage, the corsage she had dreamed of for so long. A fresh flow of tears streamed down her cheeks. Tragic! Tragic! "Star-crossed" lovers, like Romeo and Juliet. She would say:

"Malcolm, you must never come to see me again. Our love cannot be." And he would turn pale and whisper:

"But, why not, my Princess? You are my breath! You are my life! I cannot live without you!"

"My darling, it must be thus."

"Ah, you are so brave and so beautiful, my Patricia. 'Oh, you do teach the torches to burn bright.'"

And then she would gently break the news to him; tell him how her family would never let her marry. And she

would try to persuade him to take Lydia to the prom. But he would sob that he could never love another and turn away and walk sadly down the path. Then she would shut the door and lean against it weeping softly and saying:

“‘Parting is all we know of heaven and all we need of hell.’” Ah, such sweet, sweet sorrow! And she licked the salt tears off her lips.

And then her family, who had heard everything, would realize what they had done to her. Her mother would take her in her arms and Dad would tell her she could have anything she wanted. Even Alexander’s eyes would be brimming with tears.

But she would be proud; she would have none of them. She would make them suffer. She would go away somewhere and take only her cat and her books. She would live all alone and never see anyone. She would be another Emily Dickinson. And she would write poems about the trees, and the grass, and l-love. And finally she would pine away and die. And when she was dead and buried, Alexander’s daughter would find her p-poems and p-publish them. And everyone would say what a wonderful poet she had been, but how terribly unhappy. And Patsy wept unconsolably over the sad lot that had been hers.

* * *

“Patsy’s in l-love! Patsy’s in l-love! Patsy’s in l-love! And she looks like Pocahontas! Poky! Poky!” With one leap Patsy was at the window glowering down at her better half.

“You shut up, Alexander!”

“Try and make me! Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Poky loves Malcolm!”

“Carrot head! Carrot head!

“Poky! Poky!

“Freckle face! Freckle face!

"Poky! Poky!" Alexander danced mischievously up and down beneath the window. "And you'd better get ready, cuz the old battle-axe will be here any minute."

"Shut up!" And with that, Patsy grabbed one of her loafers, took careful aim, and neatly caught her antagonist squarely on the head.

"I'll get even with you, Patsy Fuller. You just wait! And nursing his wounds, Alexander took to his heels.

* * *

Darkness had fallen and enveloped the whole town in its soft blanket. A ruddy harvest moon hung above the tree tops. The lights from the little box houses streamed like glad beacons across the lawns. The Fuller family were half through their evening meal. The silver gleamed on the spotless table cloth. A bowl piled high with polished apples adorned the center of the table. The savory aroma of fresh coffee filled the air. In the old colonial fireplace a log burned merrily; the flames leaped up and down casting grotesque shadows upon the walls.

At the head of the table sat Mr. Fuller, looking very handsome in his gray pencil-stripe suit. His graying temples added to his look of distinction. He had almost forgotten to say the grace at the beginning of the meal, but he had caught his wife's eye in time.

Mrs. Fuller sat opposite her husband. For the first time that day she relaxed. Everything was going wonderfully. Grandmother was enjoying the dinner and the children were behaving beautifully. She smoothed the drape of her best black crêpe as she passed her mother the cream.

Patsy and Alexander sat beside each other on one side of the table. Patsy had been quiet all evening. She looked a little pale and her eyes were puffed with weeping. As for

Alexander, he was clean for once, and quiet. A few times during the meal he had forgotten himself and put his elbows on the table, but a warning kick from mother had remedied matters.

Grandmother Fuller sat opposite the children. She had arrived promptly, of course. She didn't drive anymore because of her lumbago, but she had told Charles, her chauffeur, to pick her up at eight. "It's nice to be rich," thought Patsy looking at her grandmother, "and have everything you want." She marveled at the way the pince-nez stayed on her nose; it looked right at home there. She had probably come directly from the hair dresser, for her fine white hair looked blue from a recent rinse. The heavy green crêpe was tailor made without a doubt and was set off by a silver choker and bracelet to match.

Mrs. Fuller, Sr. stirred her coffee thoughtfully.

"Well, you all look well. That is, all except Patsy. And she looks as if she's been having an over secretion of the lachrymal glands." The sputter of the burning log was the only sound in the room. Patsy squirmed in her chair; she shot a furtive glance at her mother, who sat waiting tensely, hoping the remark would be passed off.

"Oh, there's nothing wrong with her," piped up Alexander, "except that she's an awful cry baby. She's going to a da-ance tonight and she's been crying cuz she can't put her pigtails on top of her head." And having dropped that bombshell, he felt that he had his revenge and turned his full attention to his pudding.

"You nasty thing! I hate you!" wailed Patsy.

"Leave the table; the two of you!" Mr. Fuller half rose from his chair.

"Tut, tut, Regie. Calm yourself and leave those children

alone," commanded Mrs. Fuller, Sr. "Now what's all this about Patsy's wearing her hair up? Why—"

"Yes, Mother," moaned Mrs. Fuller, "we know, she's too young. It's too bad it had to come up now to spoil your dinner, but maybe you can reason with her."

"But I don't think she's too young. I think it would look lovely."

"But, Mother," remonstrated Mr. Fuller, "she's only fourteen and too young for a fancy hair-do."

"Oh, fiddlesticks, Reginald, it won't hurt the child for one night. And don't you forget, young man," she scolded, shaking a jeweled finger at her son, "the war I waged for you when you wanted your first tux. That's the end of that! Now don't just stand there child! Go and get ready or you'll be keeping that young man waiting half the night. And, by the way, I'll do your hair up myself."

* * *

Malcolm Bailey had arrived; and, what is more, the whole neighborhood knew it. Indeed, they had followed with awe the dizzy progress of "Leaping Lena" down Massachusetts Avenue.

"Hm," remarked Grandmother Fuller from within, "the carriage awaits!"

Malcolm adjusted his tie, tugged at his three-quarter-length sleeves, and grabbed the florist box. He leaped up the walk to the green front door, but before he could ring the bell, the door was opened by Mrs. Fuller, Sr. herself.

"Come in, young man. You're calling for Patsy, I suppose?"

"Yes'm," he gulped.

"She'll be right down. Now, mind you, young man, take good care of her and bring her home at a decent hour."

"Yes'm." Patsy came floating down the stairs in her green organdy, her black braids pinned up in coronet fashion. "Gosh! Gee!" breathed Malcolm.

"Hello, Malcolm."

"Hi, Patsy! Well, gee whiz! What are we waiting for? Let's go!"

"YOUR YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS . . ."

Mary Alice O'Mahony, '48

The young girl has her visions
She cannot put in phrases;
The old man has his dreams,
Covered by aged hazes.

If she but had his memories
And he her boundless fire,
What wealth of poems there would be
To fill the world's desire!

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EDITORIALS

AROUND THE CORNER

During her visit to America in 1901, Alice Meynell wrote to her daughter Madeline that she had met several unusual persons in Boston, among whom was "Mrs. Gardner, who has that almost miraculous Venetian palace." A Venetian palace in Boston in 1901? Yes, in 1901, and in 1947. In fact the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum is just around the corner from Emmanuel, a three minutes' walk to Fenway Court.

As you pass through the marble doors of the palace and through the turnstile, which is the last vestige of the materialistic world, you enter a home that is not only miraculous but fascinating. The atmosphere of the palace is not that of a stiff, antiquated museum or curio shop, but rather that of the home of a cultured Italian noble. Mrs. Gardner, almost eccentric in her zeal for masterpieces of art, devoted

her life and fortune to collecting the treasures which furnish the palace.

Her museum is not solely a haven for art connoisseurs; it is a delight even for a lay observer to wander through the pillared cloisters and tapestry-hung rooms, pausing to examine a stone gargoyle or to read the titles of some of the books hidden in Renaissance book cases.

Three floors of treasure rooms, filled with varied specimens of the arts, surround an Old World patio. Tastefully arrayed with seasonal flowers and appropriate marble statues, the Venetian garden possesses an atmosphere of Graeco-Roman culture. The limestone sarcophagus and ancient marble throne provide an unusual background for the golden chrysanthemums or slender lilies. However, each piece of decoration—the Roman mosaic center floor, the fountain with its Istrian stone dolphins, the marble bas-relief—fits into the artistic arrangement of the entire garden.

At every turn, in every nook, the enchanted visitor views a new treasure. From the Spanish cloister on the garden floor, with its impressive chapel and skillfully lighted "El Jaleo" by John Sargent, to the secluded Gothic chapel on the third floor, every table, every pillar, every grating is a masterpiece of exquisite workmanship.

Room after room reveals another world to explore. The tapestry room, however, has a dual charm; its Flemish tapestries, Gothic stone windows, and religious paintings provide an ideal setting for the Thursday and Sunday afternoon concerts. The hushed audience, seated in the dusky room lighted by mellow candelabra, listens to a young pianist play the familiar strains of Schumann's *Scenes from Childhood* or a vigorous baritone sing dramatically the aria from *The Marriage of Figaro*.

Every visitor to the museum has his pet corner, his best loved painting. He may study at will the firm, determined features of Velazquez's *Innocent X*, gaze from Mrs. Gardner's favorite balcony over the colorful patterned gardens, or wander among the religious masterpieces of the room of early Italian paintings. Every season, every hour brings new beauty to the home. A different slant or shade of light cast on a familiar statue will reveal an undiscovered beauty. A single orchid blooming beside a marble pillar presents a new contrast in color that you may have overlooked a month before. Whether you drop in for a moment's relaxation in the soothing calm of the patio or linger for hours, examining the delicate carvings of the Gothic Room, you can never leave the museum without feeling that you have lived, if only for a moment, in the cultural tranquillity of a "miraculous palace".

A. T. C., '48

UNION CONSCIOUS?

One needs but look about to realize the union-consciousness of all classes, races, and creeds at the present time. The recent conventions of the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. has focused the eyes of the world upon the position and power of labor unions in the United States. But these labor unions are not the only organizations gaining in strength and reputation. This is the era also of student unions. Of particular interest to Emmanuel students is the fully matured National Federation of Catholic College Students, familiarly referred to as the NFCCS.

At the national convention of the NFCCS in Toledo last April, over two hundred delegates, representing one hundred and fifty colleges, ratified a constitution. But why the need

of such an organization? What does it hope to accomplish? This organization seeks to unite Catholic college students on the spiritual, intellectual, and social levels. The first suggests common devotions and instructions; the second plans such projects as inter-collegiate debates and forums; the third promotes joint concerts, dramatic productions, and dances.

There is a still more significant program that a national Catholic organization must emphasize. Catholic delegates to nonsectarian conventions have been amazed at the well-trained student leaders who represent various denominational groups. Regional and national assemblies of these groups have provided their members with actual apprenticeship in the field of student leadership. These students have gained valuable experience in public thinking as well as in public speaking. The NFCCS can provide similar training ground for Catholic students who will not only represent Catholic colleges at nonsectarian meetings, but will later represent the Catholic layman in public life.

Emmanuel College, member of the New England region of the NFCCS, is indicating by positive, individual participation her faith in this organization which has for its national episcopal moderator our own Archbishop Cushing. Only time and the Catholic students of the United States will reveal the place that NFCCS will gain among the student organizations of the world. If the student is aroused to a realization of the world strife outside his own campus enclosure, if by supporting such common projects as the NFCCS, the present Student Relief Campaign, and the Radio Acceptance Poll he feels more strongly the bond of union between Catholic students, he will become a better student and, eventually, a better citizen.

G. C. C., '48

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Camouflage:

Behind the dignity, grace, and academic solemnity of our seniors lately enrobed in the traditional cap and gown, a lighter side is seen. Oh seniors, we know that your robe is covering a multitude of sins. We know that you are wearing your clothes—horrors!—that have been hanging for three long years in the back of your closets. But beware, seniors! Beware of a windy day in the Emmanuel driveway!

Anchors Away:

Anchors away! Yes, anchors are always far away each day when we don our chapel veils. Is there one among us who remembers to carry an extra bobby pin for the purpose of anchoring her chapel veil? It is distressing to find, as we kneel at prayer, that our head-covering has slipped from our silken locks. Go ahead, senior! Smile complacently! We know you wear a cap!

Conversation Piece:

Is there any wonder that I am distracted so often in class? I have a question in my mind for which I cannot find an answer. What do some girls talk about when they date the man who has been the only topic of conversation for weeks?

Cross My Heart

As I stood admiring a display of Hallowe'en pumpkins in a shop the other day, I heard a little boy pleading with his mother to buy him one. Mother was quite distressed.

"No, dear, I haven't the money today. The lady won't give it to me."

"Well, Mummy, just give her what you have and cross your heart that you'll bring the rest tomorrow."

Oh, to purchase a mink coat today and cross my heart that I shall pay the bill tomorrow!

A Winsockie Buckles Down:

And so we are back! Once again we take up our battered notebooks and uncap our leaking pens. Once again the battle of head over heart begins.

So speaks the heart:

"Dream on, dream on, oh wistful one!
Remember summer fun.
Dream on, dream on, oh wistful one!
Leave not a dream undone."

So speaks the head:

"Wake up, wake up, you foolish one!
There's work that must be done.
Wake up, wake up, you foolish one!
Forget your summer fun."

Like Winsockie, we try to buckle down. But the heart has a way of recalling lazy summer days. The battle continues until all at once a white flag appears. The student cannot overlook it, for the white flag has assumed the form of assignments, due any day now.

Then speaks the head:

"Now look at that!
Now look at that!
You foolish lazy heart.
Dust off your brain!
Dust off your brain!
Be practical and start!"

"Well":

"Going up! "Going down!" "No, this isn't the Jones boy asking for a lift to town. Wrong again! It isn't the corner grocer speculating on the cost of food. One more try. Ah come on. Think hard. You're getting it . . . Concentrate . . . store . . . you're close . . . What! An elevator employee? Gosh, no! I was just wondering if skirts were . . .

"Wanted: A Gun":

A poor commuter enters the Boston El., carrying under one arm a stack of books of various sizes and under the other a bulky package. The poor unfortunate soul has the choice of standing in the middle of the car, trying to stand, or of standing in the middle of the car, trying to stand. At each stop the books slip more, the package containing clothes (which are dragging on the floor) becomes more awkward and conspicuous. Ah, one more stop . . . "Dear, let me hold the package for you!" "All out, end of the line." (Thud.)

CURRENT BOOKS

American Memoir. By Henry Seidel Canby. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1947. 433 pages.

History relates the facts of the past and the present in relation to the future. Autobiography details the events in the life of a man. *American Memoir* by Henry Seidel Canby, while not in either classification, specifically, has certain characteristics of both. It describes the era of American life from the eighteen-eighties through the nineteen-forties as one man views it who has lived in that eventful period of history. The book is historical, but not merely factual; it is personal, yet not wholly biographical.

Part One of *American Memoir* is aptly entitled "The Age of Confidence." The home of the eighties and nineties is here described as the most impressive influence in the life of the younger generation. The house with its large, decorous parlor—reserved for company and weddings and funerals—the comfortable family sitting room, the formal dining room and spacious kitchen fostered a sense of security in the growing child. Parents felt responsibility for the family, and children

respected the authority of the parents. The atmosphere in the home was one of peaceful harmony, for the era of self-expression for children was yet to come. Assembly dances and terrapin suppers constituted the traditional entertainment in society. In Wilmington, Delaware, as in other cities of our democratic country, Protestantism as a dogmatic religion was dead. One attended church on Sunday because tradition and decorum decreed it, not because one felt the immanence of God. It was deference to the social code in family life and dominance of the small town business in community life rather than the influence of the church that produced an "Age of Confidence" in the latter decades of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Canby devotes the second part of *American Memoir* to a description of his life as student and teacher at Yale. Like Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Ruskin, Mr. Canby does not hesitate to criticize severely the colleges of his day. College life of the early nineteen-hundreds he finds vastly different from that of today. The average college student in the late nineteenth century was a small town boy who came to the school of his choice with the romantic illusions of youth. Loyalty to the college was the first principle to be learned and the very basis of college life. The student became wholeheartedly "collegiate." He fought with Latin subjunctives, the binomial theorem, Tennyson's morality, and the poetry of Keats because as a college graduate he was expected to know something of higher learning. Real interest, however, centered in keen competition for places on the athletic teams, or on the school paper and magazine, or for offices in the clubs. Mr. Canby notes the irony of the fact that it is the gifts of the alumni of the nineteen-hundreds which has destroyed the old college life of romantic irresponsibility and fashioned today's universities of scientific research.

The last chapters of his book, Mr. Canby entitles "Brief Golden Age." Here, he relates his experiences as editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and as judge for "The Book-of-the-Month Club." There is hardly a figure of note in modern literature with whom Mr. Canby has not been acquainted. He recalls Clarence Day as a man who had the rare gift of making people talk with complete honesty about themselves—a trait that aided him immeasurably in studying human nature. Willa Cather he describes as one of the few writers who could talk of the craft of good writing with only indirect reference to her own work.

We meet Sinclair Lewis through his imaginary conversation between Shakespeare and Ben Johnson—a dialogue that characterized the two friends more vividly than a historian's portrait. Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, James Joyce, Thomas Wolfe become more than just great literary names to the reader as Mr. Canby presents them.

American Memoir is a book that is best enjoyed in leisurely reading—a book to take up when the concerns of the moment become too pressing, and one needs to take time for reflection. Occasionally, perhaps, the style becomes a little too pedantic for comfort; but this defect is obscured by the pleasure that is felt in sharing the wealth of culture that Mr. Canby offers to us here.

WINIFRED T. McDONOUGH, '48

The Show Piece. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1947. 212 pages.

The Show Piece is an unfinished work of Tarkington published by his wife out of respect for what she considered her husband's wishes. Whether or not it should ever have been published is a debatable question. Certainly it adds nothing to the author's reputation as a novelist. Most of us will prefer to remember him as the creator of *Penrod* and *Monsieur Beaucaire* and the unforgettable hero and heroine of *Seventeen*. One cannot but feel while reading the book that Mr. Tarkington presented adolescents with far more skill and understanding than he shows in his treatment of the modern youth.

The plot is rather commonplace. It tells the story of Irving Pease, a young egotist whose faults of character are undoubtedly due to his upbringing. From childhood he had been pampered and flattered by doting parents and friends, with the result that he developed into a selfish and highly conceited youth. His desire for recognition is so great that he even stoops to the practice of deception to gain his ends. His selfishness brings out the cowardice that is fundamental in his nature and that causes his final ruin.

The author might possibly have removed many of the blemishes in structure and style had he lived to publish this work himself. In its present form, it is too obviously a tentative draft of a proposed narrative, handled quite superficially.

ELEANOR F. HANNIGAN, '48

Reilly of the White House. By Michael Reilly, as told to William J. Slocum. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1947. 258 pages.

Readers of *Starling of the White House* have welcomed Mr. Slocum's interesting sequel to this story of the activities of the secret service agent whose duty and privilege it was to serve as personal guard of President Wilson, President Harding, President Coolidge, and President Roosevelt up to the time of our entrance into the war. Mr. Reilly was a worthy successor of the loyal and devoted Starling. He was placed in charge of the White House detail, a young man of thirty-three, at a momentous time in the history of our country, the day after the Pearl Harbor disaster. For the four war years following this tragedy, more than ordinary precautions had to be taken to protect President Roosevelt from possible assassins, from bombings and accidents, and even from mobs of too enthusiastic admirers. *Reilly of the White House* tells the story of a faithful steward, as prepared and willing to buy White House groceries as to plan his part in the famous conferences at Cairo, Casablanca, Yalta, and Teheran, where the secret service agent watched from the wings while the Big Three made history. In terms of nervous strain and weight of responsibility, his work was second in importance only to that of the commander-in-chief himself.

Through the eyes of a close but impartial associate we are able to meet Roosevelt, the man of every day life. The friendliness, the sympathy, the tolerance of this great leader are revealed through the delightful anecdotes that brighten the pages of the book. There was the occasion, for instance, when Reilly accompanied the President to church. Vastly amused by the spectacle of a Roman Catholic attending Episcopal service, Roosevelt remarked, "Michael Reilly in an Episcopal Church? Michael, if you aren't a good boy, I'll tell my friend, the Pope, that you are nothing but a left-footer."

There was that other very touching scene which describes the meeting between the President and the late General Patton, a short time after the incident which brought disgrace to the headstrong and impulsive commander. The General approached his chief hesitatingly, withholding his hand as if to acknowledge his guilt. Before many assembled army officers and newspaper reporters, Roosevelt heartily greeted his old friend, making no reference to the unfortunate affair which was in the minds of all present. On one of the rare occasions that Reilly allowed his eyes to

leave the President, he saw Patton wiping the tears from his cheeks, as he walked away.

The book has, to be sure, no great literary value. Its style is typically journalistic and unadorned. Nor will it serve in a scholarly way to further the researches of the student of history. It will take its place perhaps with such books as Pepys' *Diary*, giving us the pleasant gossip, the behind-the-curtain scenes in the lives of some of the makers of our history, lending color to our study of the social background of our times. It is the student of human nature who will profit most from the reading of this book.

ANN SHAUGHNESSY, '48

Our Lady of Light. By Chanoine C. Barthas and Père G. Da Fonseca, S.J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1947. 225 pages.

In his remarkable and thought-provoking work, *The Crisis of Our Age*, published in 1941, Dr. Sorokin, Chairman of the Department of Sociology at Harvard University, has presented to us a convincing analysis of the crisis through which our western civilization is passing. The remedy that he offers for the illness of the world is significant.

"Our remedy," he writes, "demands a complete change of the contemporary mentality, a fundamental transformation of our system of values, and the profoundest modification of our conduct toward other new cultural values, and the world at large . . . During all the comparable crises of the past . . . the way out consisted in a replacement of the withered root of sensate (materialistic) culture by an ideational or idealistic root and eventually in the substitution of a more spiritual culture for the decadent sensate form. The societies of the past were preserved from dissolution, not so much through the practical and expert manipulation of economic, political, genetic, or other factors, but mainly through the . . . spiritualization of mentality, and the socialization of conduct, and ennoblement of social relations effected through the medium of religion."

The author of *The Crisis of Our Age* sees the world of today in the last stages of a decline that has had its origin in a materialism that is sapping its vitality. Our present civilization must either end because of

its own insufficiency or substitute a higher and more spiritual set of values for its present standards.

Dr. Sorokin does not speak as one having prophetic vision. He is a student of history, and it is from the study of the rise and fall of civilizations of the past that he has reached his conclusions. What is significant about his message, however, is the fact that his warning to our age, if not proclaimed in the same terms, has the exact connotation as that given to the world by the Old Testament prophets and by many of the saints of our Christian era.

At times of great spiritual crises in history, God has spoken to men in warning voice by direct revelation through heavenly messengers, or, indirectly, through men and women who were raised up to save the world from moral disaster.

It is not surprising, then, if in our own times, when the world is in such confusion, God should reveal to men His Will. One of the forms that His message has taken in this century is in the apparition of Our Lady to little children.

The general outlines of the story of Fatima are now well known. The account of the apparitions as given in the book entitled *Our Lady of Light*, is a straightforward, unemotional, simple narrative of all the details connected with this remarkable experience of the three children in Portugal who were entrusted by Our Lady with the message that was to save the world from spiritual ruin: "Men must amend their lives and ask pardon for their sins."

As a piece of literature the book may have slight value. It is too factual to be artistic. It is the message of the work that has most significance.

Dr. Sorokin ends his historical work with the words: "Let us hope that the grace of understanding may be vouchsafed us and that we may choose, before it is too late, the road that leads not to death but to the further realization of man's unique creative mission on this planet! *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.*" Is it not "Our Lady of Light" who has come to us "in the name of the Lord?"

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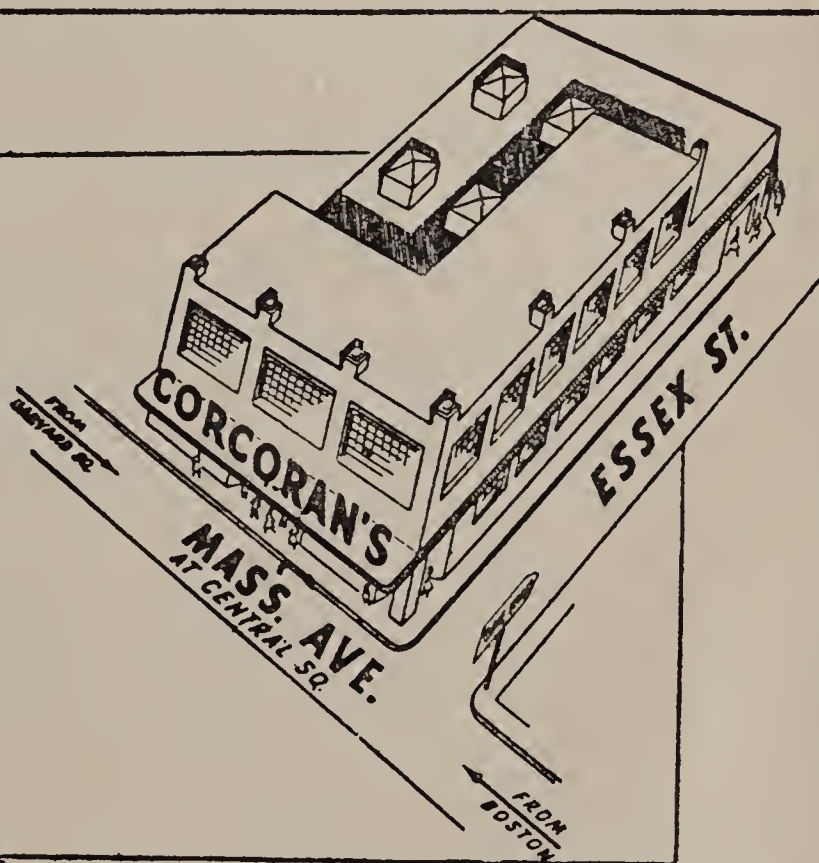
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